

PHOTOPLAY



CLAUDETTE COLBERT

THE TEST THAT WILLIAM POWELL DARED FACE

WAS BORN INTO ENCHANTMENT BY TEMPLE BAILEY

Her First and Fascinating
Weeks About Hollywood



Let's Look at her

From shining hair to shapely ankles—she's *smart*.

A man would say: "Isn't *she* good-looking?"

A woman: "How well she chooses clothes, and how clever she is about her hosiery."

For styles may come and go—but trim ankles remain always the fundamental of smartness.

Davencrepes by Humming Bird have become America's High Fashion Hosiery because women who know this simple secret of dress, insist on them, remain faithful to the stores that sell them.

Accenting smartly, slimming cleverly, Humming Birds are preferred for their lively color, exceptional fit, and for the Invisible Extra silk that makes them both sheer and durable.

WEAR *Davencrepes*

BY **Humming Bird**

GUARDED BY INVISIBLE EXTRA SILK

Just Out! A BOOK YOU'LL TREASURE

Because it teaches you to make the most of your figure. McClelland Barclay and Shera Ames have written a book that every woman should have who would dress well on a moderate budget. 10c per copy from your Humming Bird dealer, or send the coupon to



DAVENPORT HOSIERY MILLS
CHATTANOOGA, TENNESSEE

Enclosed please find 10c for my copy of "How to STAY in STYLE"

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

The HIGH FASHION HOSIERY



was averaging \$45⁰⁰ a Week as a Saleswoman...



At twenty-six I had worked myself up to be the best saleswoman in an exclusive women's shop. Two of the wealthiest women in town were my regular customers and because of their patronage I was averaging \$45 a week. Sylvia, whom I disliked, approached my record.



2 A grand job, a good salary, a cute apartment, and a nice man interested in me—no wonder I was happy. Ned and I were made for each other. Little did I dream how soon his attitude would change.



3 Ned got in the habit of phoning to break dates. And if he did call he acted indifferent and left very early. He wouldn't tell me what was wrong. I was miserable. But worse still...

suspected dirty work...

I arrived a few seconds late one morning to find my two best customers practically buying out the store—and buying from Sylvia! Why hadn't they waited for me? They greeted me pleasantly, but greetings don't pay my expenses. I immediately suspected Sylvia of trickery, I lost my head and my temper and...



5... in the dressing room I hotly accused her. In an instant we were in a disgraceful hair-pulling match. But Sylvia got in the last bitter word: "Any girl with a breath like yours ought to lose her customers!"

winning back my Business and my Boy Friend...



That was my trouble—bad breath—the very thing I had been criticized in other saleswomen. That night I started using Listerine—it's the best breath deodorant there is.



7 Next day I called up Mrs. W—and Mrs. J—; apologized, and begged them to come back—to give me another chance. And, bless their hearts, they came! "We wanted to suggest Listerine Antiseptic for your trouble," they said, "but it seemed so personal. You've had your lesson."



8 My next problem was Ned. No wonder he had been indifferent. I "came clean" to him also, and now we're billing and cooing again—thanks to Listerine Antiseptic. We'll announce our engagement soon.

AN EMPLOYMENT MANAGER SAYS:

NO CUSTOMER WANTS TO DEAL WITH A SALESPERSON WHOSE BREATH IS BAD. KNOWING **LISTERINE** TO BE THE OUTSTANDING BREATH DEODORANT, WE SUGGEST ITS USE TO ALL EMPLOYEES. NO GIRL—NO MAN—IN CONTACT WITH THE PUBLIC SHOULD RUN THE RISK OF BAD BREATH



LISTERINE for HALITOSIS (bad breath)

... Torn from a million souls!



Out of the inferno of war came three men and a woman—to live their lives, to strive for happiness, to seek love . . . The most heart-touching romance of our time, brilliantly re-created upon the screen, from the world-renowned novel by the author of "All Quiet on the Western Front".

ROBERT TAYLOR **MARGARET SULLAVAN**
FRANCHOT TONE **ROBERT YOUNG**

in Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's Vivid Drama of Today

Three Comrades

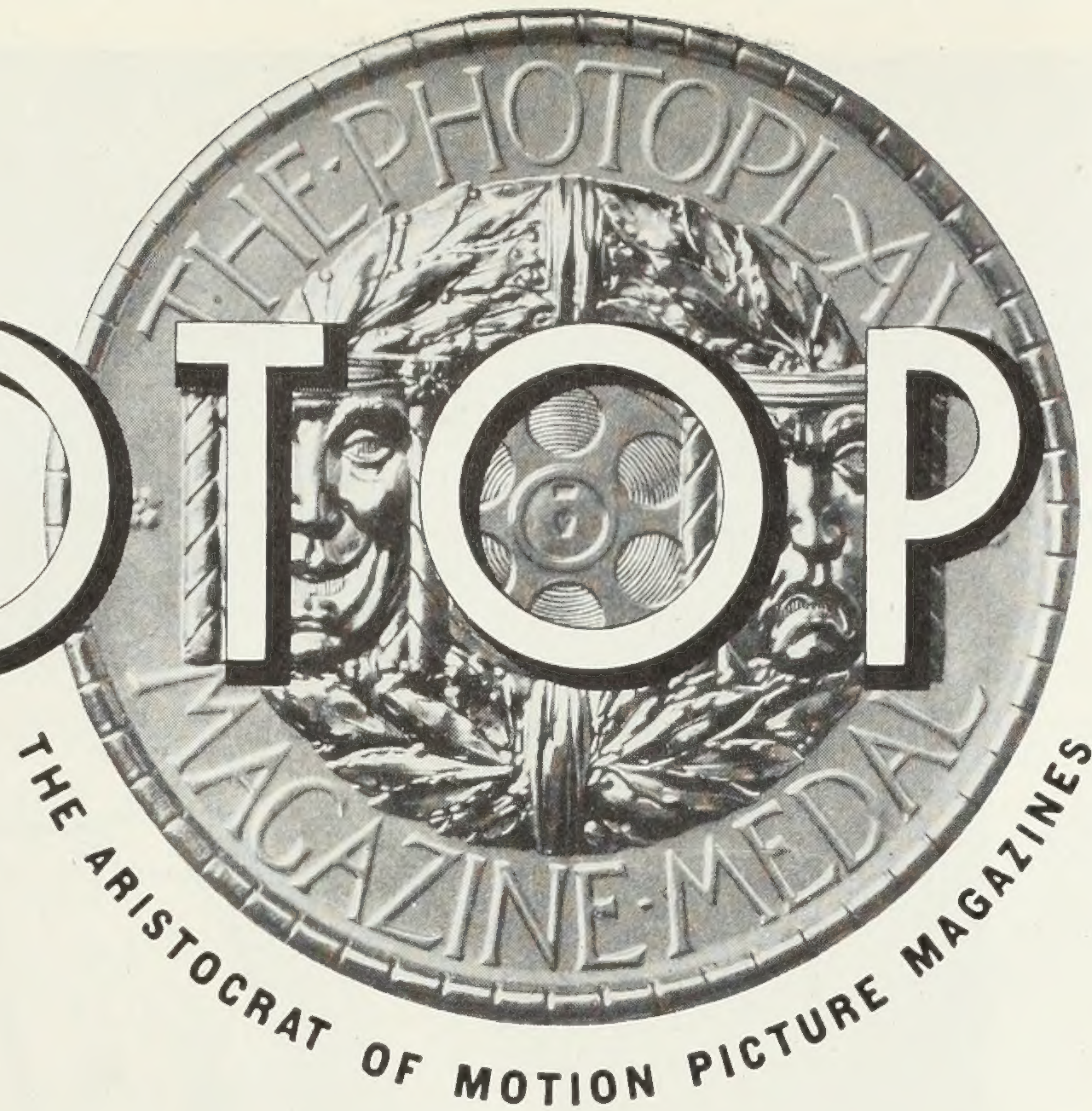
with **GUY KIBBEE • LIONEL ATWILL • HENRY HULL**

A **FRANK BORZAGE** Production • A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture
Directed by **FRANK BORZAGE** • Produced by **Joseph L. Mankiewicz**

Screenplay by **F. Scott Fitzgerald** and **Edward E. Paramore**



PHOTOPLAY



ERNEST V. HEYN
EXECUTIVE EDITOR

HEYWORTH CAMPBELL
ART EDITOR

RUTH WATERBURY
EDITOR

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BRIEF REVIEWS

★ INDICATES PICTURE WAS ONE OF THE BEST OF THE MONTH WHEN REVIEWED

★ **ACTION FOR SLANDER—Korda-United Artists**

This is Clive Brook's best picture in years. Playing an English army man, he falls in love with a brother officer's wife, is accused of being a card shark, tries to vindicate himself in court. Fine direction allows exceptional suspense and a superlative cast assists. Buy British and go. (April)

★ **ADVENTURES OF MARCO POLO, THE—Goldwyn-United Artists**

The travels and romantic mishaps of the Venetian stalwart who opened the trade routes from Europe to Asia in the 13th Century. Gary Cooper is ably supported by Sigrid Gurie (a newcomer), Basil Rathbone, Alan Hale, Binnie Barnes and others. Humor and excitement in settings of incredible beauty. Distinguished. (April)

★ **ADVENTURES OF TOM SAWYER, THE—Selznick-United Artists**

Two little stars, Tommy Kelly and Ann Gillis, once more prove David Selznick (discoverer of Freddie Bartholomew) a genius in choosing new talent. Mark Twain's loved classic of Mississippi village life in 1845 is faithfully and beautifully reproduced in Technicolor, and *Muff Potter* (Walter Brennan), *Aunt Polly* (May Robson), and *Huckleberry Finn* (Jackie Moran), are all here. Need we say more? (April)

★ **ARSENE LUPIN RETURNS—M-G-M**

The polish of Melvyn Douglas as the renowned French *Raffles* overcomes the lackluster of this antiquated story of missing "jools." With the aid of Warren William, Douglas convinces the gem of his heart, Virginia Bruce, that he is innocent of stealing her baubles. Average. (April)

★ **BAD MAN OF BRIMSTONE—M-G-M**

Utah's beautiful scenery forms the background for this equally rugged tale of the early Western bad man. Wally Beery hasn't been so good since "Viva Villa" and Dennis O'Keefe, as the son who never recognized his father in the killer, will give Gary Cooper a run for his money some day. Virginia Bruce, Guy Kibbee, Lewis Stone and Bruce Cabot are superior. Good. (March)

★ **BARONESS AND THE BUTLER, THE—20th Century-Fox**

A confused political satire built around a domestic's attempts to get elected to Parliament in Hungary. He succeeds and the havoc it creates in his social relationships is amusingly outlined by Bill Powell, Annabella, Henry Stephenson and Joseph Schildkraut. The actors are much better than the story material. (May)

★ **BELOVED BRAT, THE—Warners**

A sadly unconvincing story of a spoiled, rebellious child's transformation into a cherub through the kindness of a reform school superintendent. Bonita Granville, Dolores Costello, Natalie Moorhead and Donald Crisp are in the cast, but the picture is a yawn. (May)

★ **BIG BROADCAST OF 1938, THE—Paramount**

Offering a diversity of entertainment, this elaborate vaudeville brings back W. C. Fields to the screen after a two years' absence. Kirsten Flagstad, the famous Wagnerian, sings Brünnhilde's "Battle Cry," Tito Guizar warbles Spanish ballads, Martha Raye and Ben Blue clown; Bob Hope and Shirley Ross duet, but the whole show belongs to Fields! (May)

★ **BLACK DOLL, THE—Universal**

Mystery and lowdown comedy abound in this, the latest of the Crime Club series. It deals with the attempt of C. Henry Gordon to conceal a murder and his own extermination by *The Doll*. Nan Grey is lyrical, Donald Woods is lackadaisical, Edgar Kennedy is simply hysterical. (April)

★ **BLUEBEARD'S EIGHTH WIFE—Paramount**

Claudette Colbert and Gary Cooper in a reckless, highly amusing comedy of no manners, directed by Ernest Lubitsch with his usual gay skill. Cooper, believe it or not, has had seven wives before he meets the penniless daughter of a nobleman, who thereupon becomes the eighth and leads him a merry chase. David Niven and E. E. Horton are able coplayers. Celluloid sex at its best. (May)

★ **BRINGING UP BABY—RKO-Radio**

This chronicles the chase of a young heiress after a shy collector of bones for a museum, and their problem in hiding a baby panther on a Connecticut farm. Katie Hepburn and Cary Grant give their respective rôles their best; May Robson as the eccentric aunt, Charley Ruggles as a big game hunter, and above all, the leopard and Asta of "Thin Man" fame, make this a magnificently funny picture. (May)

★ **BUCCANEER, THE—Paramount**

With a stirring story woven from American history, an exceptional cast, lavish production and some dazzling photography, C. B. De Mille has achieved a masterpiece. The plot revolves around pirate Jean Lafitte's love life and patriotic efforts on behalf of the U. S. during the War of 1812. Freddie March, Francisca Gaal (Paramount's new little Hungarian star), and notably Hugh Sothern as *Andrew Jackson* are knockouts. Don't miss this for anything. (March)

★ **CHANGE OF HEART—20th Century-Fox**

Love here finds a novel way to take the conceit out of a misguided executive; the result is mildly entertaining. Gloria Stuart is the gal who uses Cupid as Bergen uses McCarthy; Michael Whalen is the one who profits by the experiment. Two-bit material. (April)

★ **CHECKERS—20th Century-Fox**

Jane Withers clicks again in this story of a race horse that endangers the romance between Una Merkel and Stuart Erwin. When the horse breaks a leg, and Una listens to the blandishments of the town banker, Miss Fix-It Withers steps in and does her stuff. (March)

★ **DAUGHTER OF SHANGHAI—Paramount**

Anna May Wong enlists in the U. S. Government's campaign to capture leaders in the smuggling racket on the Pacific coast, and contributes considerably to a tame picture. Snarling Charles Bickford, J. Carrol Naish and barrel-chested Larry Crabbe have outstanding rôles. Just another movie. (March)



Consult This Movie Shopping Guide and Save Your Time, Money and Disposition

Presenting Dick Powell in a kiyippe mood, equipped with steer, ranch regalia and yodel—all for the sake of Warner Brothers' new semi-musical, "Cowboy from Brooklyn"

★ **DIVORCE OF LADY X, THE—Korda-United Artists**

Merle Oberon's lusciousness, the enticements of the English countryside in Technicolor, and a side-splitting characterization of a drunken nobleman by Ralph Richardson, are well worth your admission. The silly story involving mistaken identity will bore you, but pay no attention and go anyway. (April)

★ **DOUBLE DANGER—RKO-Radio**

This might be labeled "On the Trail of the Missing Preston Foster," for it is he, in the guise of a gentleman crook, who keeps policemen late for their chicken stew. Whitney Bourne is an attractive accomplice. Vapid. (April)

★ **EVERYBODY SING—M-G-M**

More pictures like this and the recession would be over! It's funny, bright with music, the cast happily chosen, the production good. It concerns a mad family with Billie Burke (mother), Reginald Owen (father), Judy Garland (daughter), Fanny Brice (maid) and Allan Jones (chef). Their antics will delight you. (April)

★ **EVERY DAY'S A HOLIDAY—Paramount**

They'll all be holidays for Mae if this little number is any indication. This is a lavish story of a female crook who dabbles in politics at the end of the century. Edmund Lowe, Charles Butterworth, Lloyd Nolan and Charles Winninger try hard but the picture drags like the West infection. (March)

★ **GIRL WAS YOUNG, THE—GB**

One always expects a deft handling of suspense, sane dialogue and expert delineation of character in Director Alfred Hitchcock's pictures and this one is no disappointment. Nova Pilbeam, sweetly grown-up, is the constable's daughter; Derrick De Marney, the man suspected of murder with whom she falls in love. You will like this. (March)

(Continued on page 93)

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One of the Best Pictures you'll see this year! . . .

A new-slant love-story made to order for red-headed Ginger's blue fire, and wishful Jimmie's come-and-get-me charm! . . . It's a revelation in rich romance and heart-lined laughs! . . . Night-club Ginger married to college-professor Jim! . . . What a blow to culture in that moss-grown college town, when she tries to adjust herself to patterned life in a world where they use six-syllable words to say good-night! . . . **IT'S POSITIVELY PRICELESS!**



**GINGER ROGERS
JAMES STEWART**

***Vivacious*
Lady**

**JAMES ELLISON
BEULAH BONDI
CHARLES COBURN**

**PANDRO S. BERMAN
IN CHARGE OF PRODUCTION**

A GEORGE STEVENS PRODUCTION
Screen Play by P. J. Wolfson
and Ernest Pagano

***Don't Miss the
Big Fight . . .***

when Ginger locks claws
with the prissy miss who
tried to claim her man!

Hear Ginger Sing!

the tantalizing new blue bal-
lad, "I'll Be Reminded of You"

RKO • RADIO • PICTURE

Color

ERROL FLYNN

OLIVIA DE HAVILLAND • BARRY
RATHBONE • CLAUDE RAINS
PATRIC KNOWLES • EUGENE PALLETTE
ALAN HALE • MELVILLE COOPER
IAN HUNTER • UNA O'CONNOR

Directed by Michael Curtiz and William Keighley

Original Screen Play by Norman Reilly Raine and
I. Miller • Based Upon Ancient Robin Hood Legends •
Erich Wolfgang Korngold • A FIRST NATIONAL PICTURE



W PAINTS

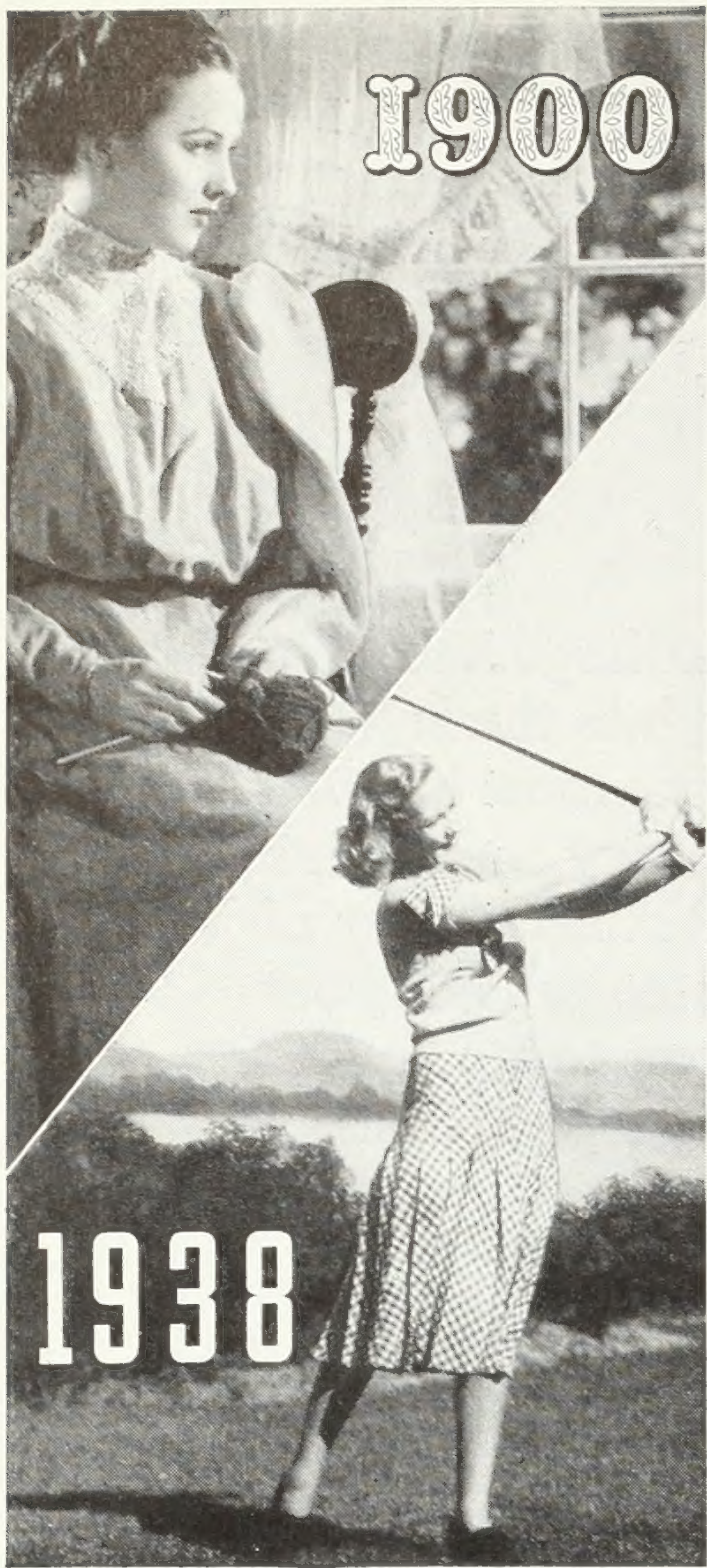
THEIR DASHING DEEDS TO LIVE FOR THE AGES!

Loving, roistering, battling . . . blazing their deeds of daring into the legends of the world! History's most beloved rogue and all his merry men come fighting again for Richard, King of the Lion's Heart! Come galloping out of their outlaws' forest to storm and take forever the castle of romance!

Robin Hood

Presented by
WARNER BROS.
in
TECHNICOLOR





thanks to Wix!

Imagine sanitary protection without a pad, pin or belt! Imagine protection that is absolutely certain, yet entirely *invisible*, even with a bathing suit! Imagine protection so efficient that there is not the slightest chance to give offense through odor! Imagine the *comfort* of protection with nothing to rub or irritate to cause chafing, with no belt to bind.

Such is the sensational new freedom offered by Wix, the original internal protector. Wix is a scientifically designed roll of absorbent cotton that absorbs internally, naturally.

Developed by two physicians, *successfully used for more than eight years* by millions of American women, Wix is not an experiment. Wix has successfully met every demand put to it by America's most fastidious women. Ask for Wix at department, drug, 5c and 10c stores.



WIX

NOTE: If you have tried an imitation of Wix and were not satisfied, do not become discouraged with internal protection. Ask for Wix, the original product, manufactured under exclusive patents. Then you will know the full comfort and convenience of internal protection.

THE WIX COMPANY
Minneapolis, Minnesota

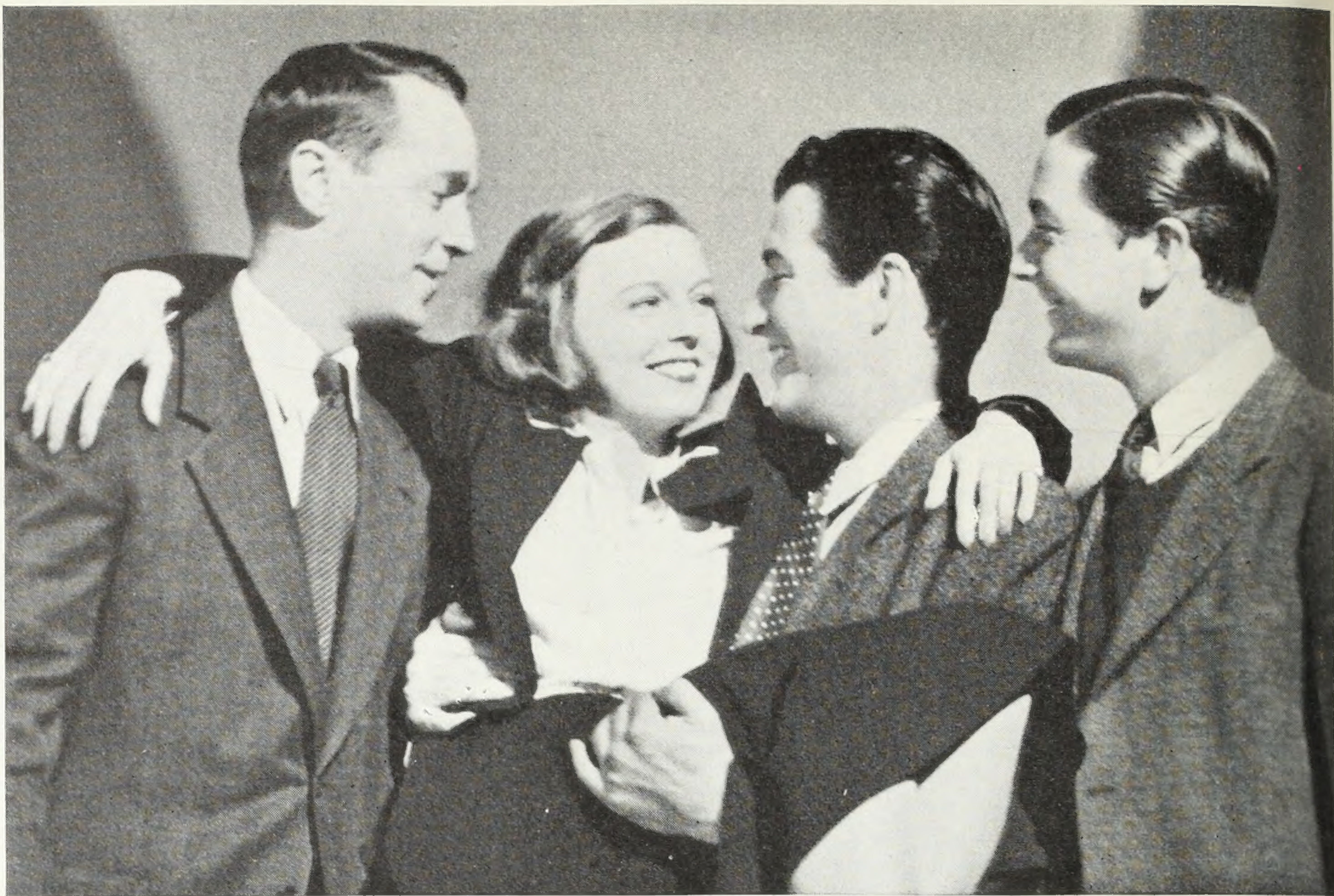
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For the enclosed 10c (stamps or coin) please send me an introductory package of Wix.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....State.....



M-G-M's way of Killing the Fatted Calf for Maggie Sullivan's return to films was to assign her "Three Comrades," i.e., the Messieurs Tone, Taylor and Young

BOOS AND BOUQUETS

FIRST PRIZE \$25.00

THE WINNER!

GLAMOUR, intangible as it is, is the thing that fills box-office receipt drawers. It also fills millions of hearts with ecstatic dreams.

So, must we stand idly by and watch the glamour of the movies murdered slowly and surely by thoughtless columnists?

PHOTOPLAY has proved that the truth can be told of the movies, and yet that none of the glamour need be sacrificed.

Newspaper columnists—many of them, at least—seem to wish only to disillusion their readers — giving them inside and unnecessary dope on how certain sound effects are achieved by rubbing this against that, or by the rattling of a lot of little whatsitis in a whoozit.

It's all right to state that Miss So-and-So is divorcing Mr. So-and-So. In fact, to a certain type of performer, a divorce or a marital entanglement seems to lend only enchantment. But must we know that Mr. So-and-So has a bad temper? That Miss So-and-So likes liver and onions? Or, that Mae West is really a quiet home-loving girl? Or, that Janet Gaynor loves to party, and isn't at all like her screen self?

I grew up in the theater, and I saw the theater killed right in front of my frightened eyes. I saw the public admitted backstage, where

PHOTOPLAY awards the following prizes for the best letters received each month: \$25 first prize, \$10 second, \$5 third, and \$1 for every other letter published. PHOTOPLAY reserves the right to use the letters submitted in whole or in part. Contributions will not be returned. Contributors are warned that if letters are copied or adapted from previously published material, which constitutes plagiarism, they will be prosecuted to the full extent of the law. Letters submitted to this magazine should not be submitted to any other publication. Address: Boos & Bouquets, PHOTOPLAY, 122 East 42nd St., New York City.

they learned that actors are just like everyone else. That was fatal. I saw popular plays depicting backstage life. I read books on it, saw movies of it. And the theater died—a slow, sure death.

I don't know anything about pictures—and let me say, I don't want to know about 'em. Let me think that thunder is thunder; that a frog croaking is a frog croaking; that my Western hero can really ride the devil out of a horse; and that my heroine is really that—a heroine.

Let PHOTOPLAY keep up its fine work, printing the truth, but sparing "too-ugly" details; and let the columnists remember what they did to Broadway—and spare Hollywood. The movies are capable of doing a lot of good in this world—as long as the public is allowed to take them seriously—as long as the illusion lasts.

WES CORNELL,
Chicago, Ill.

SECOND PRIZE \$10.00

SPENCER, SENTIMENTAL, SAGACIOUS AND SUCCESSFUL!

There should be a relieved undertone of gratitude among the country's enormous group of "pretty" men. Spencer Tracy, this year's Academy Winner, has definitely glorified them all.

He's a rustic individual, sweet and sentimental. He's homely, to them wouldn't waste a foot of celluloid on his profile alone because isn't worth it. The close-up to make of him isn't meant to be a pretty picture—it's to show his tender eyes that are so transparent, you can see his soul. You wouldn't want him handsome—it would be like costume jewelry against the Kohinoor diamond. He's rough-looking, and a white tie and tails wouldn't be very becoming. As you watch him you have a feeling he isn't acting—that's Spencer himself, not a portrayal.

As the millionaire from Hollywood Street in "Mannequin" he was that was necessary. If there had been a story, and if there had been a girl, it really wouldn't have mattered. His great capacity for sympathetic understanding completely envelops you.

We have had Spencer Tracy before. Now, in reaching "Spencer Tracy Faces Forty," in our recent PHOTOPLAY, we have Spencer Tracy, the man, and we love him.

desperately. A new movie hero has come into being.

DIANE SANDERS,
Oklahoma City, Okla.

Ill in the hospital after an operation, Academy Winner Tracy heard the presentation over the radio—his wife received "Oscar" in his place.

\$1.00 PRIZE

TEXAS TAUNT

"Boos" and more "boos" to "Of Human Hearts," starring Walter Huston and James Stewart. For a real tear jerker it made Eliza crossing the ice seem almost a comedy in comparison.

All the old stage props came painfully into view, one by one:

The drunken doctor with a heart of gold.

The half-starved mother trudging bravely through the snow to pawn her wedding ring, so that her boy may spend it on luxuries.

Walter Huston, an able and experienced actor, trying nobly to do something with a stereotyped part of the father, who, seemingly cruel, in reality only following the dictates of his own conscience.

But, as hard as these are to swallow, the final insult comes when Lincoln, in the midst of the crucial battle of the Civil War, calls an ace surgeon, James Stewart, from an understaffed field hospital to Washington so that he can personally

supervise a letter to the boy's mother, whom the young doctor had neglected for two years!

DOROTHY OSBORN BRICKNER,
San Antonio, Texas.

\$1.00 PRIZE

MAYTIME IN BERLIN

Maytime in Berlin! You will say, "Maytime in Berlin?" That does not interest me!" But I do not mean the season spring, or the month of May, but your American film, "Maytime."

The picture has just come to our capital. Ever since I can think I have seen rows of people before the cinema where "Maytime" is showing.

Patiently they waited till it was their turn. And when we came out of the cinema, new rows stood already there. Some steps before us there went a plain middle-aged man with his wife—he was so full of enthusiasm that he said to the waiting people: "Oh boy! I can say you go and see this film—never have you seen such a wonderful picture!" And that is very seldom here—we are so stiff and never speak to strange persons.

Never will "Maytime" be forgotten, it was too beautiful—too charming. If one thinks of it one smiles with a happy smile and yet one's eyes are full of tears. Why? I do not know.

ROSEMARIE KLIEM,
Berlin, Germany.

\$1.00 PRIZE

VIENNESE SWAN SONG

I am living in Vienna, Austria, famous city situated beautifully between green hills and the Danube River. With about 2,000,000 inhabitants, Vienna was formerly the capital of the rich Austrian-Hungarian monarchy; after the Great War, this empire was divided into small countries, but Vienna has always remained the cultural center of these nations.

With great admiration we realize the immense progress the American films have made since "The Singing Fool," far surpassing the German productions as well as the English. Lots of Viennese have perfected their English for better enjoying your films. Although our taste is regarded as the most subtle one, and our criticisms the severest, we find American pictures perfect.

It is not only because of the films we are so fond of America. Within a short time you have learned from us everything that was worth learning, and have made the best out of it by your own gifts; this goes for your writers too, as Sinclair Lewis and Maxwell Anderson are well known to us. Therefore, I have come to the conclusion—you Americans must not be proud of your technique only, of your skyscrapers, your Boulder Dam and your motors, but also of your high culture and civilization. I, and lots of others,

consider America as the greatest hope for the future—maybe the only one.

ERICH REICH,
Vienna, Austria.

Both the above letters were mailed the day before Austria was "incorporated" into Germany. We think they are interesting as showing that ultimatums and war scares may come and go, but romance, music and the typically American comedy antics of the delightful Miss Lombard still help the people of all countries to find for a few hours some happiness too many of them have missed. We feel that all Americans should be truly proud of the motion-picture industry.

\$1.00 PRIZE

ALL TAYLOR AND A YARD WIDE

You may think me a traitor or something, but it seems to me it took an English film to hit Robert Taylor just right.

As "A Yank at Oxford" he is superb. His characterization of the two-fisted American with a gift of "gab" and his collegiate air in the picture bring out his naturalness.

True enough is the fact that he had an excellent cast supporting him, but it was all Taylor and more.

More "Yankee" power to Taylor and his pictures!

KING MAURICE,
Trenton, N. J.

What a moment to lose S.A.

* [STOCKING APPEAL]

They couldn't help noticing Betty's great big RUN

POOR BETTY! Just as she had captured the two most attractive men in the room, that awful run had to pop. They couldn't help noticing how dowdy it made her look . . . how it killed S.A.*

SAVE ELASTICITY! Why not cut down runs . . . guard S.A. . . . with Lux? Lux saves the elasticity of stockings so the silk can stretch without snapping so easily . . . then spring back into shape. You cut down runs, avoid wrinkles, wobbly seams, too.

Cake-soap rubbing and soaps with harmful alkali weaken elasticity, rob you of S.A. Lux has no harmful alkali. Buy the economical *big* box.

LUX guards S.A.*

LIGHT-PROOF FACE POWDER!

*The greatest make-up
improvement in years*

THIS is what happens when your make-up reflects every ray of light.



SEE the difference with light-proof powder that modifies the light rays.

Luxor powder is light-proof.
If you use it, your face will not shine. Trial box sent postpaid for a dime!

• At parties, do you instinctively avoid certain lights that you can just feel are playing havoc with your complexion? All that trouble with fickle make-up will be overcome when you finish with powder whose particles do not glisten in every strong light.

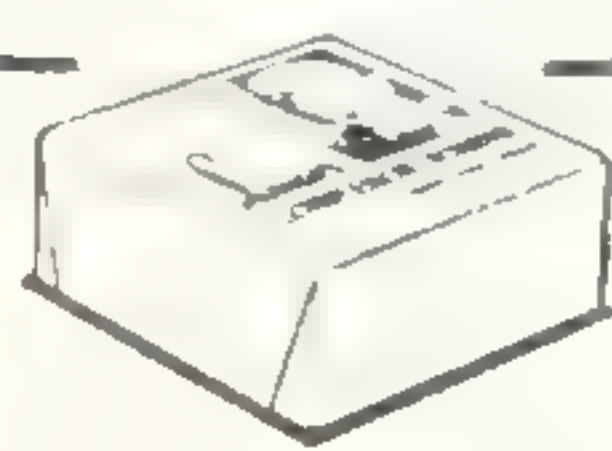
Many women think they have a shiny skin, when the shine is due entirely to their powder!

With a finishing touch of light-proof powder, your complexion will not constantly be light-struck. In any light. Day or night. Nor will you have to worry over shine.

Seeing is believing

You have doubtless bought expensive boxes of powder on claims and promises, only to find that you wasted the money. You don't run much risk with Luxor, because your first box will cost you only ten cents!

Test it in all lights, day and night—under all conditions. See for yourself the lovely softness and absence of shine when you use light-proof powder. See how it subdues those highlights of cheek-bones and chin, and nose.



LUXOR, Ltd.,
Chicago

Send me a trial box of Luxor light-proof powder, postpaid. I enclose 10c (silver dime).

☐ Flesh ☐ Rachel ☐ Rose Rachel
☐ Rachel No. 2 ☐ Brunette

Name

St. & No.

P. O. State

(This offer not good in Canada)

PHOTOPLAY'S

own
Beauty Shop

CAROLYN VAN WYCK
PROP.



Fair warning! Your summer figure is just around the corner, so take some cues for a pre-season workout from Penny Singleton and June Storey. June, above, banishes stenographer's hips, while Penny, left, tackles that winter slump

BUILD YOURSELF A LOVELY figure—This is the time of the year when we become uneasily conscious of the fact that any minute now we'll be called upon to display our figures on the public beaches. That's all very well if you've been keeping up with your exercises all winter and can simply step into a bathing suit to reveal a slim, perfectly proportioned figure, with no bulges around the waist or tummy. But, unfortunately, too many of us have been slumped over desks for months, getting round-shouldered and flat-chested. Or chasing around to cocktail parties, drinking too much and letting our hips and tummies go into a dreary sag.

Take a good look at yourself in a full-length mirror. I know just how you feel. That spare tire around the waist isn't going to look any too good in a bathing suit, and you've been sitting around so much that you have an advanced case of stenographer's hips. Don't get discouraged, though,

because in one month, by faithfully following certain exercises, you can restore your figure to its natural symmetry and slimness.

Hollywood stars have the advantage over us, because they have to keep fit all year round. We sort of relax after the summer, and, first thing we know, we're not what we used to be.

So here we go, girls, getting ourselves a figure to be proud of in one of the streamlined bathing suits for the summer.

First of all, your figure is a direct result of your posture. That's an old, trite remark that you've all heard before, but the reason it's trite and why it's been so emphasized is because it's all too true. When you allow your head to slump forward and your shoulders to curve, you throw your body all out of balance—your stomach protrudes, your muscles become slack, and what is coyly called your "derrière" sticks out in back. So the first important

thing to do is analyze your posture habits, get rid of the bad ones, and cultivate a beautiful carriage, which automatically throws your figure back into its proper balance.

MADGE EVANS stands in a doorway with her arms down. Then she raises them at the sides above her head and stretches up to try to reach the top of the doorway. She does this fifteen times each morning, and always makes a conscious effort to hold herself very tall and to sit erect. Besides keeping her posture always correct, she finds that this exercise builds and strengthens the abdominal muscles and keeps her waist slim.

A splendid exercise to develop a beautiful carriage is this one, which the physical training department of every studio uses with each new actress to give her a graceful walk and teach her to hold herself correctly. You stand in your stocking

(Continued on page 90)

A TIP ABOUT BATHING TO A GIRL WITH A DATE TONIGHT



After your bath, don't fail to give underarms Mum's sure care!

WHAT a wonderful *lift* a bath gives to a girl who is going out in the evening. It "does things" for your body and your spirit—it starts you off gloriously fresh and alive. But even the most perfect bath can't protect you all evening long. Underarms need *special* care—that's why smart girls follow every bath with Mum! For they know that just a hint of underarm odor can spoil the best evenings. They know that a touch of Mum takes care of *past* perspiration—but Mum keeps underarms sweet through the hours ahead—makes unpleasant odor impossible. Any girl who starts out fresh loses that freshness before the evening's over. If you want

to avoid worry about underarm odor—if you want to be a girl who gets a *second* date and a *third*—remember, no bath protects you like a bath plus Mum.

With Mum, you are always certain that your charm is safe and lasting. You never risk offending others, spoiling your own good times.

Mum is a gentle, inviting cream that

simply, but *surely*, takes the odor out of perspiration. Make Mum a daily habit—the first thing every morning and after every bath. You'll find Mum has all the things you like—

MUM IS QUICK! Just half a minute is all Mum takes—enough to smooth a bit under each arm.

MUM IS HARMLESS TO FABRIC! How convenient to be able to use Mum, even *after* you're dressed. Mum holds the Textile Approval Seal of the Amer-

ican Institute of Laundering as being harmless to every kind of fabric.

MUM IS SAFE! Mum is actually soothing to the skin. You can use it immediately after shaving the underarms.

MUM IS SURE! Mum does not stop perspiration—it simply banishes all odor, all day or all evening long. Hours after your bath, Mum will keep you as fresh and sweet as when you started out. Underarm odor is one offense friends cannot forgive. Always use Mum.

ONE HALF MINUTE AND YOUR CHARM IS SAFE



ANOTHER IMPORTANT USE—Thousands of women use Mum for Sanitary Napkins because they know it's gentle, safe, sure. Avoid worries and embarrassment, with Mum.

MUM
takes the odor
out of perspiration

IT'S FUN O'CLOCK, MOUNTAIN TIME!
... and how the fun keeps mountin' up!

Jeepers Creepers! Wait'll you see those Ritzes as imitation hillbillies on a rampage in the corn likker country! They've cooked up the con-sarndest mess of fun since Grampaw shot the galluses off'n that revenooer! "Life Begins In College" was just a warm-up for Public Maniacs No.'s 1, 2 and 3!



...and there's romance
in them thar hills!

Tony Martin as the singin' radio talent scout "discovers" cute little Marjorie Weaver in Coma, Ky....and they've been in a coma of love ever since!

The RITZ BROTHERS *in* KENTUCKY MOONSHINE

A 20th Century-Fox Picture with

TONY MARJORIE
MARTIN • WEAVER

Slim Summerville • John
Carradine • Wally Vernon
Berton Churchill • Eddie Collins

Directed by David Butler

Associate Producer Kenneth Macgowan • Screen Play by Art Arthur and
M. M. Musselman • Original story by M. M. Musselman and Jack Lait, Jr.
Additional Dialogue and Comedy Songs by Sid Kuller and Ray Golden

Darryl F. Zanuck in Charge of Production

Songs!

Pollack and Mitchell's
tunefullest, swingin'-
est, best!

CLOSE UPS AND



LONG SHOTS



BY RUTH WATERBURY

HOW actors keep from going completely wacky in deciding which rôles are good for their careers is beyond me . . . take the case of Barbara Stanwyck and "Condemned Women" for example . . . Barbara, though under contract to two studios . . . Twentieth Century-Fox and RKO . . . hadn't worked a day or earned a dollar since last November until she signed for "Always Goodbye" . . . that was because she had turned down all the stories either studio had previously submitted to her . . . feeling that no pictures at all would do her career less harm than a couple of bad pictures. . . .

But among the stories submitted to her was one called "Condemned Women" . . . this Barbara refused . . . I can see how she might very well have believed this was the wisest course . . . being smart she was probably aware that Columbia had an unimportant women-in-prison picture in the make which would release just before "Condemned Women" which would hurt the earnings of her production . . . her rôle as written was a pretty merciless one . . . it kept her in the confines of prison all the time with no chance to wear attractive clothes or look particularly appealing . . . the outlines of the plot were drab . . . at any rate Barbara refused it. . . .

RKO then turned the picture over to Sally Eilers . . . Sally being less important than Barbara they spent only a fraction of the cost in making the picture that they would have spent on a Stanwyck vehicle . . . Louis Hayward was engaged for the male lead where the chances are if Barbara had been the star a bigger masculine "name" would have been put opposite her . . . the only thing that wasn't "cheaped down" was the original story . . . now that writer named William Shakespeare said a long while ago that the play's the thing and now this simple little production of "Condemned Women" proves it . . . for along it comes with no big investment, no big money, no big names in it and turns out to be as sincere, as moving and as satisfactory a picture as has been shown in months . . . Sally gives a very stirring performance . . . one so intense and colorful that it will do her career indefinite good . . . that too goes for Anne Shirley and

Her Paramount career well under control, Claudette Colbert vacations in the Tyrol with her husband, Dr. Pressman (right foreground); but it's still hard sledding on the home lot for Paramount stars Lamour and Milland in "Her Jungle Love"

Louis Hayward . . . and meanwhile Barbara sat on her Marwyck Ranch and waited for a good rôle to turn up . . . Meanwhile, the fate that haunts all actors was dogging her . . . that is the danger of staying away too long and gradually see the personality procession pass her. . . .

OF COURSE, Barbara is a star with the power to choose her own stories . . . but think of the plight of actors who are under straight contracts and must take what they get and do the best they can with it . . . consider Dorothy Lamour and Ray Milland forced to wander around in "Her Jungle Love" . . . one of Hollywood's most fixed and silliest ideas is that the possession of a good figure makes for a sultry personality . . . the Lamour girl, in reality, is more demure than Shirley Temple . . . she lives as quietly as any suburban spinster . . . when her husband, Herbie Kay, cannot be with her because of the demands of their individual careers, the distinctly old-fashioned Dorothy sits at home night after night all alone, her love being such that she prefers this faithful loneliness to even creating the possibility for jealousy in her husband's mind . . . but on the screen her producers have insisted that she stay always at the boiling point . . . as Tura in "Her Jungle Love" she is made so untamed and torrid that you expect Ray Milland to die of second-degree burns

Ruth Waterbury, by Lazlo Willinger

after kissing her . . . Ray looks so embarrassed throughout . . . he apparently is the orphan actor at Paramount, just as Bob Young is Metro's stepchild . . . neither of these two fine actors seems appreciated on his own home lot . . . as much as I admire Fred MacMurray, which is very much indeed, I still feel Milland has more personality and distinctly more sex appeal . . . so this is my very personal plea for Paramount to give the guy a break. . . .

IF HOLLYWOOD stars are going to keep on having managers, agents, and what not, I think they could well afford to have literary advisors, too . . . I mean that seriously . . . whatever salary they paid such aides they could at least deduct from their income taxes . . . and there are lots of people on magazine staffs in this country who do know a story when they see one . . . it is the stars who guess it right on stories who stay up and the ones who don't who sink. . . . Look at Herbert Marshall . . . when you see him in "Mad About Music" . . . which, incidentally, is my favorite picture of the last several months and you really will be cheating yourself of much pleasure if you miss it . . . you will respond all over again to his really

(Continued on page 91)

HAVE THEY THE RIGHT TO LOVE ON PAROLE?

Have this man and woman paid the debt of their tattered past in full, now the prison gates have opened for them? Have they the right to hope, to dream, to make their dreams come true? Have they the right to love on parole? They place their case before you, ask you to be their judge and jury. Read these pages. See the flaming story of their battle for life, for love in Paramount's daring drama of the mighty parole problem. Then search your heart and speak your honest answer!



Joe (George Raft), on parole, gets job in store.



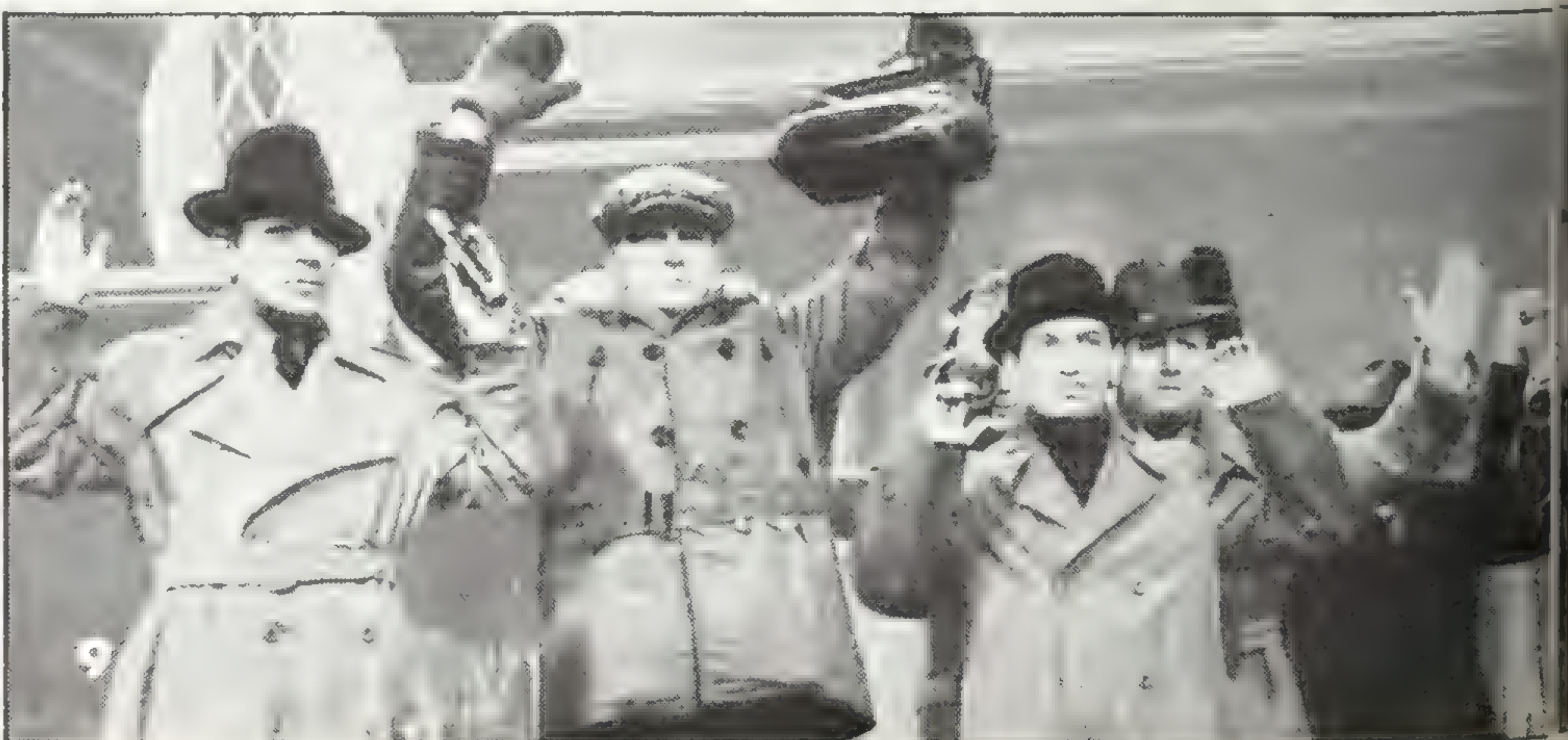
They meet, like each other, make their first date.



Encouraged by their friends they dare to marry.



Comes the dread shadow of the past, the parole officer..



Again the finger of the law levels at Joe, accusing...





Helen (Sylvia Sidney), on parole, gets similar job.



Soon they are daring to speak of love, of marriage.



Happy in their new love, they face the world together.



Again Joe is fleeing the law...



Must they again pay the terrible price?



ADOLPH ZUKOR PRESENTS

Sylvia SIDNEY • George RAFT

"YOU AND ME"

Barton MacLane • Harry Carey • Roscoe Karns
 George E. Stone • Warren Hymer • Robert Cummings

Produced and Directed by **FRITZ LANG**

A
 PARAMOUNT
 PICTURE

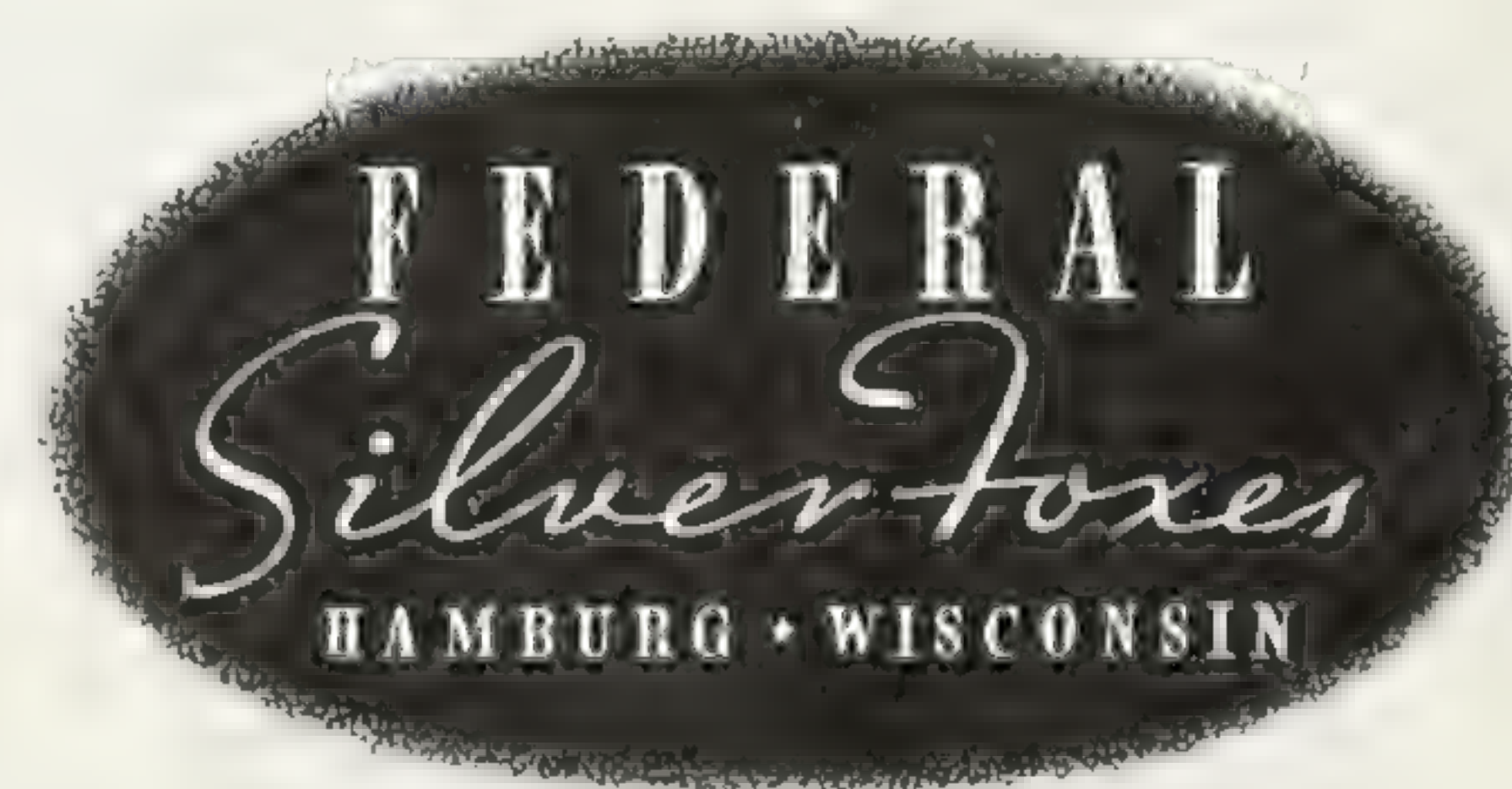


"DIVINE FOR MY TROUSSEAU

... AND PRACTICAL, TOO"

*"—an evening wrap now,
a street bolero in the fall"*

For the time in your life when you want to look your loveliest—FEDERAL Silver Fox. Flattering past your fondest hopes! Richly silvered . . . luxurious as a trousseau fur should be. A wrap with a happy future, for it will be as glamorously smart with your wool dresses, next fall, as it is over your June dance frocks, now. FEDERAL Silver Foxes . . . *lasting* in loveliness . . . are easily recognized by the FEDERAL name, clipped to an ear and stamped on the leather side of each pelt. Featured by better stores everywhere.





Drawing by Russell Patterson, associated in production with Paramount Studios

THE GAME"

The famous artist, Russell Patterson, presents his version of a pepped-up parlor pastime known, to some, as "Indications" or "Quotations"; to most, as simply "The Game." The most popular of its many variations requires two teams. The members of each team write down a single slogan, phrase or title (such as "Gone with the Wind"). Each member of the opposing team gets one of these slogans, and, in turn, must convey its meaning by pantomime to his teammates. The team that does the fastest job of guessing its fellow members' slogans is the Winnah! For beginners, two may act out the slogan together; for brighties, a guessing time limit is imposed. Reckless teams play for money. In any version, "The Game" is definitely the gayest game of smart Hollywood.



Jeanette MacDonald

ESCAPE

INTO

Enchantment

BY TEMPLE BAILEY



John Barrymore



Herbert Marshall



Temple Bailey

For well over a decade, Temple Bailey has endeared herself to millions by her heart-warming love stories. Now, for Photoplay, we have succeeded in persuading her to turn, after a long lapse, to article writing—to give, for the first time, her impressions of Hollywood. More, perhaps, than any other writer of the modern era, this famous romantic novelist is qualified to write about that city that is synonymous the world over with romance.

AS I write in my home in Washington, with Hollywood three thousand miles away, it is an exciting experience to weigh the likenesses and the differences of these two most dramatized cities of these United States.

They are alike in this, it seems, that each runs a great show, news goes out from each to an eagerly waiting public, the most popular commentators are those who deal with politics and with moving pictures, each city is a keen rival of the other in striving for spectacular effects, each has its stars in the ascendant and on the wane.

The differences are, however, significant. Washington's show is social and political. It is a melting pot in which senators and representatives, lobbyists and laborites, plutocrats and proletarians, diplomatists, department employees, "cave dwellers" with aristocratic inhibitions and climbers with no inhibitions, all meet and mingle and seethe and boil and produce a kind of elixir which makes it lovely to live in, with never a dull moment.

Washington is, however, limited in the scope of its appeal. Outside of the United States only a few of its great names are known, only a few names are familiar to the people of other countries, only a few of its national problems are intelligible to the European, the Asiatic, the African, or to the America south of us.

Hollywood, on the contrary, goes everywhere. From the cosmopolitan centers of the world to the most remote outpost of civilization the faces of Gable and Garbo, of Boyer and Barrymore, of Crawford and Hepburn, and a thousand others are both familiar and beloved. Hollywood steals the show from Washington because it sets the pace for glamour and enchantment and that fairytale delight which is the relief of this distracted sphere from the problems of its present sordid complications. For Hollywood's show is essentially one of escape. The people of the pictures are gay and romantic and amusing, and we fly to them from the commonplace-ness of our lives to dwell for a time in a bewitching world of make-believe.

THE Hollywood of today is known to me only through the eyes of others or from what I see on the screen. My last visit to California was in 1917. I arrived in April of that year, at the very moment of America's entrance into the Great War. The whole country was at fever-heat. Those who had voted for Wilson because "he had kept us out of war" were damning him because he had not, and those who had preached earlier cooperation with the Allies were saying, "I told you so," when the world waked to the tragedy of unpreparedness.

Hollywood, however, when we reached it—



In war days, Wally Reid helped the author forget the tragic times

and by "we" I mean my lovely mother and myself—had matters other than war on its mind. Hitherto it had been a small and somewhat smug suburb and it had liked itself that way. Then suddenly, unexpectedly, amazingly, a new colony had moved in, a colony which wanted to rent and buy houses and was impatient when it could not get them, a colony which was willing to spend mints of money for everything, a colony which was spectacular and lime-lighted, a colony which was press-agented and publicity-conscious, a colony which spread its stage settings over the hills and valleys, which built papier-mâché cities and towns against a background of sea and sky, a colony which "shot" its scenes on the streets or, with insouciance, on anyone's front lawn, a colony which, in other words, was not in the least concerned with the indignations and frustrations of the old inhabitants and which in the end swept them away.

There was, of course, no other possible outcome. What Hollywood wanted, it got. It paid good prices in rents and lands and houses, and the former residents, having pocketed big profits, sought other strongholds of exclusiveness in which to continue a lotus-eating existence amid other pepper trees and other eucalyptus.

Now, three thousand miles away, I look back at it and know that the Hollywood of 1917 was as water unto wine as compared to the glamorous city of 1938. For the moving pictures of those days were set for the silent scene, and the stars whose names shone bright are dimmed by the light from later stars.

My mother and I went often at night to the snug neighborhood theaters where those talented pioneers of pantomime—Mary Pickford, Douglas Fairbanks, Marguerite Clark, Wally Reid, Charles Ray, and all the rest—made us forget the heaviness of our hearts. Our days were busy ones. As members of the Navy

(Continued on page 88)



Miss Bailey's new idea for a talking film was inspired by Mary Pickford



The Hollywood of Charles Ray's heyday, and which Miss Bailey knows so well, was far removed from the glamour city of 1938

Nelson Eddy, as the eternal Galahad, brings romance to feminine hearts



Marguerite Clark, lovely star of the silent screen, made it hard for the author to like talking films

The True and Tender Story of

IRENE



"You'll suddenly find she longs here," said Irene's mother, speaking of Missy. The star and her husband, Dr. Griffin, have a reason to remember those

IRENE DUNNE adopted her little daughter for two reasons.

First of all, Irene wanted a baby. She believed that having a baby, loving her, being loved by her, watching her grow and develop as an individual would prove one of the greatest experiences life could offer.

Secondly, Irene felt that she and her husband, Doctor Francis Griffin, had a considerable amount to offer a child. But recently she has had cause to wonder if she were wrong about this, to wonder if the things a baby loses when she is adopted by a motion-picture star aren't greater than the things she gains.

The things little Mary Frances Griffin (called Missy) has gained are wonderful and many. Missy and her nurse have their own suite in the Dunne-Griffin house which sits on the crest of one of the exclusive Holmby Hills. The furni-

ture in this suite is built to scale. The sunny rooms are lined with shelves stacked with the picture books and the toys that are dear to a child's heart. Outside, in the garden, there are stretches of bright, sweet-smelling flowers and an old gardener who has stories to tell about the flowers he tends, some incredibly true, others fanciful. In the center of the lawn, around which the cars approaching the house swish on a blue gravel driveway, there is a huge oak tree. When the sun is high and there is cause to be grateful for the deep shade this old tree provides, Missy plays beneath it with her dolls, her nurse, and a faithful Scottie dog.

To go on: every month or two, a renowned pediatrician, wise about the hygienic care of children, observes Missy to see that she is growing straight and strong. Even now, when she is only two and a half, her education is being

thoughtfully planned. And the stocks and bonds which have been placed in trust for her guarantee her financial security all the days of her life.

THEN there is the debit side of the ledger. It reared its ugly head only recently and Irene would eliminate it if she could. And it is in the hope of doing this that she has given PHOTOPLAY this exclusive story.

It all began when Missy had been with Irene for the year of trial which the law requires and the time had come to sign her final adoption papers.

"We could have signed those papers in Los Angeles," Irene explains, "but I dreaded the reporters and cameramen who would wait for us outside the Judge's chambers. In New York, we were assured everything could be done quickly and quietly, with the dignity which had come to mean so much to the doctor and to me."

So they came to New York . . . Irene and Doctor Griffin and Missy and Missy's nurse and Missy's favorite doll, Donnie—named after a little boy who lives down the road in Holmby Hills, who is Missy's idol. They came to New York in spite of the difficulties that attend a trip across the continent with a baby when you are a famous star and professional demands are made upon you at every stop.

UNNE'S DAUGHTER



False rumors are dispelled, poignant facts revealed, in this first authorized report on Missy, recent addition to Hollywood's baby set

BY

ADELE WHITELY FLETCHER

The final adoption papers were drawn up and signed in privacy, as Irene had been assured they would be. But immediately she and her husband returned to the hotel where they were stopping, the storm broke. Cameramen and reporters besieged the lobby. Irene saw no one, made no statement. But sob sisters and columnists printed sensational stories anyway. They announced Irene had adopted a foundling. By their stories they proclaimed Missy a baby who had been deserted by unknown parents. "There are times, of course," says Irene, "when circumstances might force an unfortunate and desperate mother to leave her baby on a strange doorstep. But, generally speaking, those who cast off their babies are irresponsible people, not people from whom you would be proud to have come."

"And I want to make it very clear that Mary Frances Griffin was not a foundling. I want to erase any blight which Missy might feel clung to her ancestry because the press, in a desire to be sensational, reached beyond the truth. "Perhaps those sob sisters and columnists confuse a foundling with an orphan," she went on, as if she sought to make excuses for those who had printed untruths about her baby.

IRENE has no plan to keep the fact that Missy adopted a secret.

"Immediately Missy is old enough to understand," she explains, "I will tell her how she came to live with us. But I want to put an end to all those untrue stories that have been published; so they will not arise later on to cast any shadow of doubt upon the true story I have to tell her."

"I would be glad to tell all I know about Missy's parentage if I did not feel this might do all of us unhappiness later on. And it would be sufficient to say that Missy is as bright as the I.Q. tests the doctors have given her. I love her to be because of the splendid heritage she gets from her mother and her father. Besides, Doctor Griffin and I have met her grandparents. They are delightful and charming old people."

"It wouldn't make any difference to me—now that I've come to know Missy and to love

her—what her background happened to be," Irene went on gently. "It's on her account that I resent the improper stories that have been published about her. And it's because of these stories that I begin to wonder if it will cost Missy more than it will gain her to have been adopted by us."

"For the things the doctor and I can give Missy will count for little if the unhappy publicity she is subjected to because I am her mother causes her to have any doubts about the people to whom she was born . . . and of whom she has every right to be proud, as proud as I hope she always will be of us, too."

WHEN Irene Dunne adopted the little girl with hair like corn silk and questioning blue eyes and a sensitive little mouth, I think she felt she was doing as much for the child, in a way, as she was doing for Doctor Griffin and herself. As I said in the beginning of this story, they wanted a family. But they also felt they had much to offer a child.

Now it is clear Irene feels Missy gives them far more than they ever will be able to give her in return. Which is another reason she is as concerned as she is about the stories that were published recently.

There is one incident which concerns Missy and Irene Dunne's mother that Irene will never forget. It happened only a short time after Missy's arrival.

One Thursday, about ten days before Christmas, when Irene was in bed with influenza and Missy's nurse was out, Irene's mother had charge of Missy for the afternoon.

"She's one of the sweetest children I've ever seen," Mrs. Dunne told Irene after Missy was in bed. "I'm glad you have her. It's a little difficult now for all of you. You're all strange. But wait, you'll suddenly find she belongs here. And then you'll be surprised that you ever found life good enough without her."

It was later that same evening, following a dinner party at her home, that Mrs. Dunne returned to Irene's house to see that she was all right. She collapsed at the front door.

Hearing the commotion downstairs, Irene pressed the alarm beside her bed. And so

amazing is the private police system in those Holmby Hills that there were officers taking charge of everything a few minutes after Irene had slipped into a dressing gown and gone downstairs to discover what had happened. Doctors were summoned at once. Everything that could be done was done. But Irene's mother never regained consciousness. She died early the next morning.

And the first thing Irene remembers being aware of, after they had told her that her mother was gone, was Missy playing under the old oak tree, with her dolls, her nurse and the faithful Scottie dog.

"Curious the way things happen sometimes," she says. "When I looked out of my bedroom window and saw Missy there, I was very grateful. Her nurse spoke to her and she looked up and waved at me and smiled. And a little warmth stirred inside of me. Suddenly, just as my mother had predicted the night before, I knew she belonged. Somehow it was as if one life had gone out and another had come in . . ."

CHRISTMAS 1936, which came along only a few days later, would have been an ordeal for Irene and Doctor Griffin if they had had only themselves to think about. But with Missy there, they made an effort, and some of the peace of the season found its way into their hearts.

Christmas 1937, just a month or two before they came to New York with Missy to sign the final papers of her adoption, was a gala day. The Christmas tree was wondrously beautiful to Irene and the doctor, too, because they saw it through Missy's awed and starry eyes. And no acclaim either of them ever has known in their professions, no grand party they ever have attended has thrilled them as much as Missy did that day.

Tears in their eyes, feeling just a little foolish, they watched her go up to her nursery, bring her old dolls downstairs, and install them in the new carriage and chairs she had found under the tree with new dolls sitting in them.

"It was so sweetly loyal," Irene says.

(Continued on page 91)

WHAT'S HAPPENED TO

RAINER?

In this rare interview with the famed but elusive Award winner, she answers a question all Hollywood is asking

BY SARA HAMILTON

THEY speak of it in Hollywood as the eclipse of Rainer.

"In heaven's name, what has happened to Rainer?" Hollywood kept repeating between its recessions and retrenchments. "Where is she? What's happened to her? Is it true that she'll never make another picture? Where is she hiding and why?"

After Luise's appearance in "Big City," a picture greeted by the public with a strange mixture of wonder and bewilderment, the little actress suddenly dropped from the limelight. As weeks rolled into months and still nothing was heard of Rainer, who, in her two short years in Hollywood had turned in two of the screen's finest performances, it became almost an accepted fact that little Rainer had been just another luminary that had come and gone.

And then with unexpected suddenness something happened. Rainer appeared out of her obscurity to become again the focus of all eyes in Hollywood. For Rainer was about to make screen history when the Academy Award was given the actress the second time in her short screen life for her performance in "Good Earth," Rainer's rôle in "The Great Ziegfeld" having won her the first award.

"How could an actress that good be neglected and almost forgotten?" Hollywood wondered, and again took up the old question of, "What happened to Rainer?" Why hadn't the studio given the public more of this acclaimed star? Why let her step into forgotten oblivion for almost a year at a time?

IN one of her very rare interviews given a few days after the Academy Banquet, Luise told us exactly what had happened to her. Slender as a reed, her dark eyes glowing with much life within, Luise sat in the dressing room that had once belonged to Jean Harlow and told us this story.

"Three years ago I came into a new life. From my native Vienna I came to America, a new country, a new language and new work. I had never made a motion picture. Never faced a camera. Always I had worked on the stage.

"Exactly as some people choose painting, some writing to give what they have to others, I chose acting as my form of expression. So, after four years on the stage, I came to Holly-

wood and went to work. All the little things that came up and seemed so important to the studio I pushed aside as not necessary. Looking over my stills and photographs, giving so much time to publicity and interviews, seemed small things beside my desire to give something really warm and living and understanding to people.

"Gradually I began to see I was but a part of a huge business. So big, the individual became lost in the great mass of machinery. The studio had me under contract and I must work even if there was nothing suitable for me. All this is not their fault, I see that now. They must make pictures and I am here under contract. What is there to do?

"But one day they decide I should be glamorous. 'Oh my god,' I cried, 'don't make me glamorous.' There are so many lovely girls here, so many, I tell them. Please just let me act from the heart and pay no attention to the outward. But after 'Good Earth' they were afraid the public might think I am homely and can play only such rôles.

"So for 'The Emperor's Candlesticks' they wanted me to be glamorous—which is something I can't be. It weighed me down more than the character of O-Lan in 'Good Earth.' I was unhappy. I thought of all the things in my life I want to do. The world is so big—not just here before a camera in Hollywood—but so big a world and people waiting—I began to feel that I must get away from Hollywood, not to become terribly unhappy.

"I felt as if cameramen on the set whispered and looked at me, saying, 'She looks strange to me this morning.' I thought to myself with heavy heart, well, this is my face. I can't help it if I'm not glamorous. What has that got to do with my rôle? And again I begged them not to try to make me glamorous.

"Then they gave me another story. I didn't like it much.

"No, no, I can't," I said. 'Please let us do the right one. Not one on just a chance.' But, of course, I did not understand the studio's viewpoint that pictures must be made and often cannot wait for the right story.

"WHEN I saw my great plans going, I knew not where, I lost all perspective. I grew ill. My mental confusion made me ill physically. I would not talk. I could not sleep. I could not eat. I grew thinner and more ill. All life seemed blank despair to me.

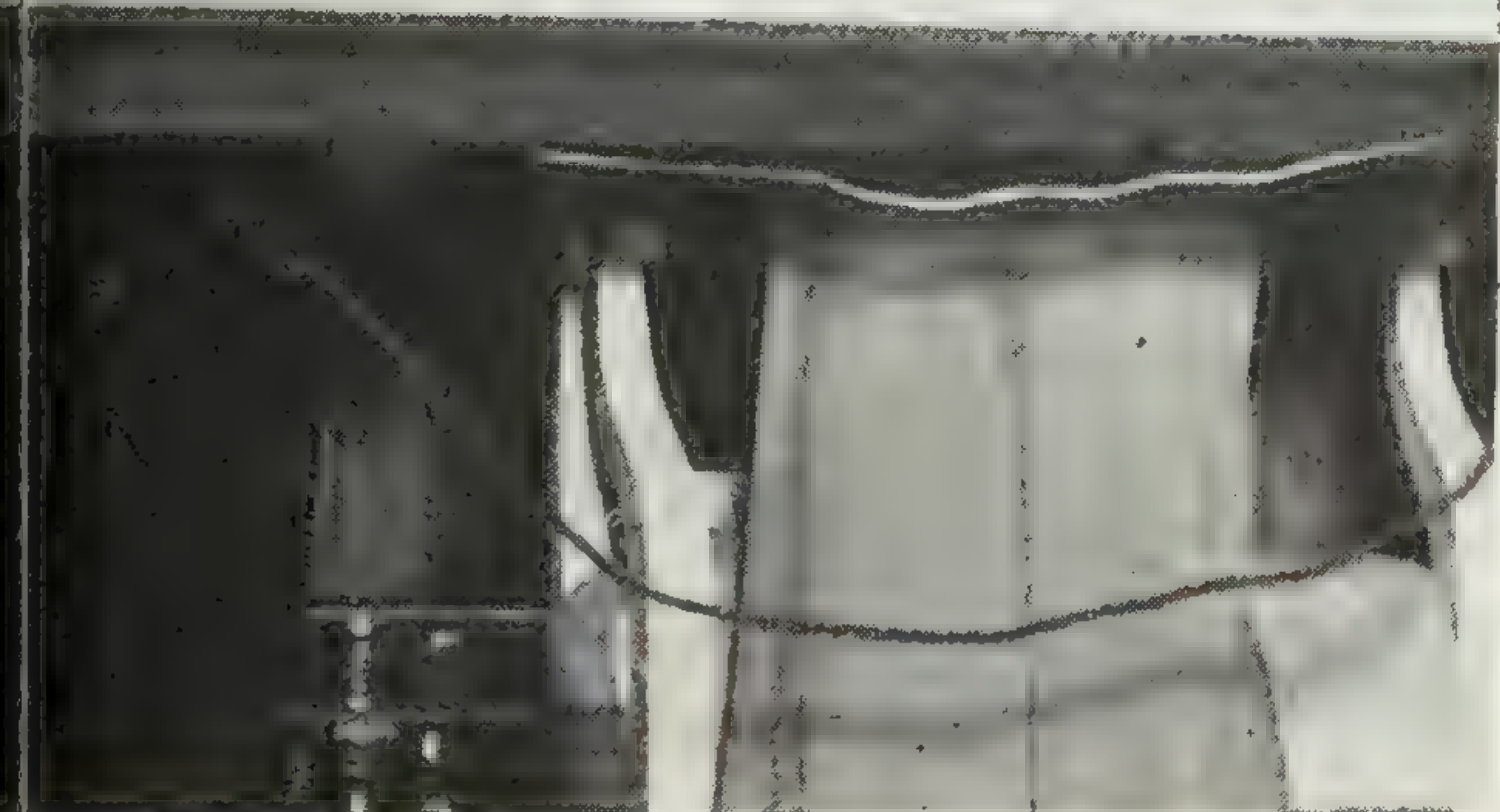
"Of course my studio could not understand why I should not go on. 'Is she difficult?' they said, and I wasn't being difficult. I was suffering mentally, physically, spiritually because I felt my whole world had crashed around me.

"No one knows this but I went away to a little town outside of New York, a place my husband found for me, and I stayed there many months. Dark, black months in which all sense of value was gone. I tell you I was in despair.

"Gradually, as I regained some of my lost self, I began to see the light again. (Continued on page 85)



Hollywood wondered about her marriage to Clifford Odets. Luise herself explains it



...receiving her "Oscar" from C. Aubrey Smith



In two years she won two Awards: in 1938, as O-Lan in "Good Earth" . . .



. . . in 1937, as Anna Held in "The Great Ziegfeld"



ILLUSTRATION BY REA IRVIN

HOLLYWOOD WAKES

*Baby talk's out, big words are in; it's smart to be
brainy, it's dull to be dumb—since the day the movie
folk discovered the world outside their city limits*

BY RUTH RANKIN

ANYTHING can happen now. Hollywood has discovered the world! Suddenly, there are other people, too.

Suddenly, overnight, Hollywood has become politically and socially conscious. No, not cocktail-party-social or buffet-supper-social; these affairs still go on, of course, but mainly as an excuse to get together and—believe it or not—talk politics! The whole town, with one great concerted gasp of astonishment, has discovered society, in the most aggregate sense of the word, and is as thrilled over the discovery as if she had invented it.

The world discovered Hollywood twenty years ago, and, being a little late with her own discovery, Hollywood is making up for lost time. Now, when our village sets about reconstructing time lost, it is no halfhearted endeavor. Literally, we leap off the springboard.

To think, for instance, that we've actually seen the day when a movie star would wear cotton stockings—and brag about it! But you would be amazed at the number of very smartly dressed stars who are doing just that—buying and wearing only the sheer lisle hose manufactured in this country.

"My legs," remarked a certain star, whose what-she-mentioned are not exactly unknown to the public, "are pinched black-and-blue. Oh, from a purely academic interest, I assure you. No one believes these stockings really are cotton."

A silk evening gown, too, is positively dated. If, perchance, you do see one, the wearer hastens to explain she bought it "before the war."

Thus, by their hose and clothes will you know one group of Hollywood's political-conscious—the boycott sympathizers.

But this is just the beginning! Lifelong friendships are being formed and broken every day over the Wagner Act, the Spanish War, the C.I.O., Hitler and Mussolini.

It is no more possible for a Fascist approver and an anti-Fascist to be friends than for two stars who are candidates for the same rôle. To call a man a Nazi is, in some circles, tantamount to calling him an unprintable name. Hollywood's political awareness is changing even its vocabulary!

THUS Hollywood today!

Last year you could accurately have described our town as an insular and self-centered place which regarded itself as the entire area in the only spotlight; the locale on which the eyes of all the world were focused.

But things have happened. A most radical change has occurred to jolt this hamlet out of a smug complacency. Somebody switched the spotlight to shine on Washington, Detroit, Kansas City—on Spain, Russia, China, Germany, Italy and Japan. So, within the space of six months, the town of Hollywood has about-faced and become the diametrical opposite of itself. (Johnny, draw a diagram.)

Where once it was smart to be a snob, it is now smarter to be conversant with labor problems. The hallmark of the new aristocracy is a conversational acquaintance with the men who are physically responsible for picture production; the carpenters, technicians, "juicers," props.

Where once the "smartest" girls were the



—and overnight, stars turn soap-box orators, Brentwood drawing rooms become debating forums

dumbest (and blondest), it is suddenly smart to be intellectual (and brunette). The star who cannot give a comprehensive resumé of President Roosevelt's Chicago speech, or discourse knowingly on the siege of Teruel and the menace of Fascism; or who does not know the difference between the C. I. O. and the A. F. of L., had just as well give over to her well-informed rival.

The baby stare is out. The girls have discovered eyes are also to read with. (And all of them know better than to end a sentence with a preposition.)

Even the local beauty parlor, that last stand against interference with the rampant feminine personal pronoun "I," has become a political salon. In fact, the beauty shops are where you can hear some of the best debates in town. The other day the girls were taking war to pieces, and from one of our hitherto fluffy-witted stars came the best solution so far advanced, i.e.: that armament factories all over the world be scrapped. There wouldn't be any ammunition, so how could there be any war?

Everybody present swooned in a body when this same star, who has made an international reputation, both personal and public, playing frivolous and completely wing-dinged dames, tossed this one at us: "I have just written our congressman," she said, "and asked him for a definitive statement concerning his attitude toward our foreign policy."

"Before I vote for him again, I want to know whether he will support the revision of the Neutrality Act to impose economic boycotts

against aggressor nations." Then she opened her book—"Theory and Practice of Socialism"—and began reading.

Well, you could have slapped us down with a hairpin. Nobody ever even suspected she knew all those words.

BESIDE the undeclared Japanese boycott, Hollywood is not a bit backward in subscribing to other boycotts, if convinced they are in a good cause. A certain large Los Angeles department store persisted in vast imports from Germany, after Hitler declared his non-Aryan policy.

Leading Jewish producers, directors, and actors quietly withdrew their patronage, to the tune of many thousands of dollars. The shelves of that store are stocked now principally with American-made goods.

Not only does Hollywood argue and discuss politics, war and international events—it is becoming also highly politically developed. It has a conscience. Pictures such as "Zola" and "They Won't Forget" have contributed to that conscience. The world has become a very small place, and it has dawned upon us that what affects the people in China and Spain and the boys in Scottsboro, affects every person in the world. That we are in very truth our brother's keeper.

THE natives of Hollywood no longer are simply Democrats or Republicans on election day, and forget it the rest of the year. They are for the open or closed shop; they are Nazi or anti-Nazi, Fascist or anti-Fascist, Rebel or Loyalist,

conservative or liberal. There is not one person remaining, from porter to producer, from scrub-woman to star, who is a hold-over from the days of political apathy when "politics belong to the politicians."

The town has become Cause-conscious in a big way, and not to be the sponsor of at least one Cause is just not to be, that's all.

They form leagues and guilds and do something about it.

There is the Hollywood Anti-Nazi League for the Defense of American Democracy. It started in June, 1936, with seven charter members: Donald Ogden Stewart, Dorothy Parker, Mr. and Mrs. Fredric March, Gloria Stuart, and two others. The League now has a membership of five thousand, in which are included hundreds of other top-flight picture names.

Any doubt of Hollywood's concern over world affairs in general (and the League's anti-Nazi campaign in particular) would have been amply dispelled by the League rally held out here on January 30, 1938. The vast Shrine Auditorium was jammed with 7500 people, and hundreds were turned away. It seemed as if every other face present was one familiar in pictures, in spite of the fact that it was Sunday night, the favorite night-club evening.

Dorothy Parker was chairman, to a rousing ovation. Speakers included John ("The Informer") Ford, Irving Pichel, and Jerry O'Connell, congressman from Montana. The demonstrations and applause and understanding from that great audience could have come only from

(Continued on page 86)



In Capri—at the end of a four months' trip

New Day

FOR

BILL POWELL

BY RUTH WATERBURY



In Hollywood today—the new Bill

The first story to tell of the test

William Powell dared face—a test

that makes him today a changed man

A WEAK man would have lost his courage under the blows that death and disease have been raining on William Powell in the last year.

Bill has survived, however, because he isn't a weak man; because by temperament and will and training over years he is a wily, successful fighter who means to win.

Bill's cycle of ill health began early last spring with that strange malady that the doctors could not diagnose accurately, but which, for one horrible week, threatened Bill with blindness. That danger safely passed, Bill currently is recovering from a serious operation, only now leaving the hospital for an enforced vacation of a month or two.

Death reached its climax for Bill when it took Jean Harlow away from him last June and he was barely able to face the knowledge of that when the wife of one of his closest friends, and therefore one of his closest friends, Mrs. Eddie Mannix, was killed in an automobile accident. Bill was, in fact, returning from a trip abroad, where he had fled in his attempt to get over Jean's passing, and just when he thought he had the courage to return to Hollywood and take up his work again, fate demanded that he get off the train and go straight to Mrs. Mannix' funeral.

Most recently, he had made plans for the vacation following this recent operation. He was going to sail away for awhile with Austin Parker, the writer, and Miriam Hopkins' ex-husband. But while Bill was in the hospital, Parker died, suddenly and unexpectedly.

Still, Bill has come out of the hospital. He's still smiling, and he's probably going away now with Ronnie Colman.

Now that should give you the measure of Bill Powell somewhat—let you know that he is the type of man whom his friends follow wordlessly; the type who does his duty, no matter how hard it may be to accomplish; the kind of man who can, when he must, put aside his private emotions until he has time to comprehend them. Yet, as marked as these things are, in order to understand him you have to know more, since he is not only one of the most complex humans under the bright golden sun of Hollywood, but under the bright golden sun of the whole earth.

TO begin with, you have to know that he isn't, really, an actor. Oh, I grant that he does know his job magnificently, backward, forward, and in the clinches. He can take the dopiest line and make it sound like something George Bernard Shaw has written in his most inspired moments. But he would see to it that he could do that, since it is exactly a part of his day's work. Just as he would know the causes of labor turnover and the best type of mill operation if he had happened to go into the steel business.

I'll grant you that when he dresses he has about him the bright gloss that you usually associate with a well-bred Thespian, but, on the other hand, he would never in his most abandoned moods have dressed as conspicuously as did O. O. McIntyre, the columnist. His rows of perfectly tailored suits hung for yards in a closet big enough to make a vain woman sick with envy; his stately rows of shoes, all neatly treed, and his chests upon chests of socks and shirts and accessories still do not, I'll wager, surpass in number the wardrobe sported by, let's say, Herbert Bayard Swope, the publisher.

When he was a boy in Kansas City (he was an only child), his parents decided they wanted him to become a lawyer. Willie took a go at it and it was there that he discovered the power of his voice and the persuasion he could put into the simplest language. He claims now that he realized even then that he could never learn all the dull intricacies of the law, but he saw, instantly, what a satisfactory, easy thing it was to stand up before people and influence them. So he came to New York, on money borrowed from a kindly aunt, went to the American Academy of Dramatic Art, and in a really very short time was duly launched on an acting career.

Whereupon you can shout and say, "What do you mean, not an actor? The man was a natural actor!" But I still say no, and for this reason. Do you know what was the first thing Bill did after graduation? He bought a notebook in which to record his salary and made himself a vow that no matter what happened that salary, successively, must always go up. No decision, you notice, about just when he would charm the world with his *Hamlet*, followed by his *Romeo*; no decision about how to make himself more devastating to the ladies and his voice more mellifluous. Just a quiet, calm decision about money. And he has kept not only the notebook but the vow to this day. His salary has always gone up—and currently, a very rich man, when new contracts are brought to him to sign he does not haggle over rôles, directors, leading women, but solemnly he argues about the cash therein—and gets more than ever before.

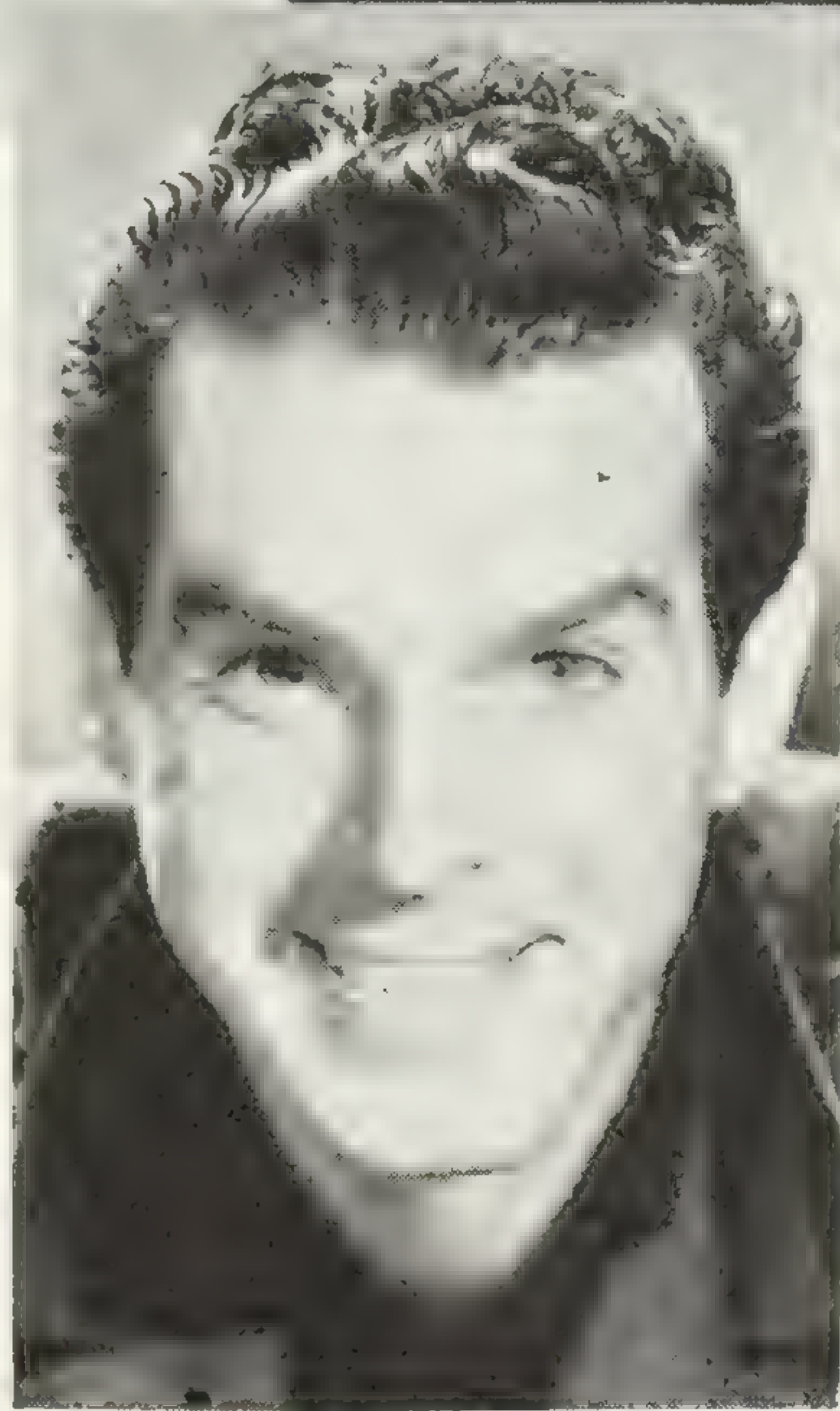
Bring him a script and you won't hear him say, "That's a great scene for me in the last reel, I'll take it." Instead he comes back with remarks about the general plot, whether or not the characters are real people and that there is a grand rôle in it for Myrna. The limpid Loy is far and away his favorite leading lady and her being in the part opposite him will influence him even on a script that he thinks is a little weak. He sees Mr. Powell as part of the whole, rather than the standard ham reaction that the whole is there merely to glorify the star.

He is, you see, a businessman first, and knowing how to read a line to get the maximum of laughs, knowing how to dress and how to squeeze an effective double take into a scene are all a part of mastering a business that enthalls him because it pays such enormous salaries.

But because he is a businessman and lays business aside when he leaves the studio, his private life is most important to him. He does not and never will live in full view of the Trocadero floor or always within reach of Hymie Fink's camera. He will make all the sensible concessions to publicity, but the private life of William Powell, gentleman, is the goal toward which his eyes are directed. And in that private life, Jean Harlow with her golden beauty, her youth and her gift for sensitive

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NEW DAY FOR FRED MAC MURRAY



The problem that instigated these unusual plans is a problem that almost every young Hollywood couple faces. The MacMurrays are the first to admit it, the first to speak openly of this subject that other young married stars evade

waiting for Fred's inevitable small gifts, his hourly phone calls—his impatient step at evening.

It always came.

Young, vitally human, Fred forsook the gaiety Hollywood offered him, overworked so he could make his vacations longer to spend with Lillian; spurned the beckoning night club, abjured the luresome party.

I PUSHED myself up on my elbow and looked across the wide pool at the MacMurray house. I thought with envy of its owner, whose career had taken a definite stride forward with his last film, "Cocoanut Grove."

"But why, when the children come, must you take them out of this place?" I wondered aloud. "The schools here are the best in the world. The whole country's a summer resort for them to play in—and anyway they'd have the advantage of being your kids in this town. I mean they'd have an edge because their pappy was a movie star."

"You call that an advantage?" Fred asked seriously. "I don't think it's any kind of an advantage to have to battle against the name of a father who's been glamorized all over the world."

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And the next day, when Fred MacMurray swings off his train, his famous eyes, too, will hold a brighter gleam, his flashing grin—mirrored from so many screens—will be the wider for his happiness.

* * * * *

THIS is Fred's dream. He dares now, at last, to let the idea of the future roll uncensored through his mind.

You know the story. He eloped with Lillian Lamont in 1936, and almost immediately she had appendicitis. Her recovery, slow and with many relapses, took a long time; then, when she was well enough to go out a little, she went with Fred to location at Santa Cruz and he took her fishing. This time her relapse was sullen, almost fatal. For months she was in a hospital, and for further months she sat in bed at home,

A "Main Street" heritage has given

the boy from Beaver Dam happiness

for today, unique plans for tomorrow

BY HOWARD SHARPE

It is a clear, hot day in the early part of the next decade: picture it. Beaver Dam, Wisconsin, acclaimed back in 1938 as the Typical Small Town of America, lies like a Sinclair Lewis word portrait among the Midwestern hills; its Main Street lined with medium-priced cars, its one modern high school comfortably filled with healthy, intelligent youngsters, its few industries working in direct conjunction with the average of all the nation's other industries.

Here there is no more or no less unemployment than elsewhere. Here God is worshiped with rather more than usual sincerity in the simple churches. Here the Kiwanis and Lions and Elks Clubs meet to further the ends of commerce and to swap smoking-room stories and to slap backs. Here the hearty American citizen, in essence, is born; fights his way through childhood; is educated and married and continues the endless cycle of the Rooseveltian dream. Or, if he must, leaves to do a bigger job in a bigger place.

It is afternoon, and, from the service porch of a smart Colonial house in the best district, a boy emerges—he is of the age of Penrod, or of Tom Sawyer. He hitches up his corduroys with their baggy pockets, gets a fishing rod with sundry equipment from the garage, and sets off down the street. He may or may not have a fist-fight with a contemporary on his way to the stream, but if he does he will win it, because he is a big boy for his age.

He will catch some fish, too, for, in this boy's family, success in things, big and small, is a kind of heritage. And when he arrives home, belatedly, with his fish and his black eye, there will be nice news for him. News that will make his brown eyes light with pleasure and his dreams be troubled with excited anticipations that night.

"Your pop," he will be told, "gets in tomorrow. All the way from Hollywood. He'll be here six months, to go hunting with you."

FORBIDDEN GREAT LOVES OF

III. THE WOMAN HABIT

THIS is a hitherto unrevealed chapter in the romantic experiences of one of Hollywood's greatest lovers.

When it began he wasn't a great lover and his name, which is one of the most famous Hollywood has ever known, hadn't even been heard of. If the end had ever been known it would have been on every front page in the land, only a short time ago. But it wasn't known, except to a few of us, and that is why we shall call him Richard, which isn't his name, and we'll call her Viola, because somehow that name seems to suit her dark-eyed loveliness. They met, those two, at a costume ball. She wore hoop skirts of shining white satin upon which bloomed little garlands of roses and there was a garland of roses in her soft hair that hung



The third in a fascinating series: the story of a man whom

all women adored—a charming Lothario, who, because he

learned to play the game of love too well, lost it in the end

The ocean murmured at their feet, and, while he held her close, he whispered to her all his bright dreams and plans for the future

in ringlets against her slim young neck. He was tall and dark and romantic in a glittering uniform. The ballroom was a miracle of stately beauty and the music was achingly sweet and the lights were soft and low. She was just seventeen and he was not quite twenty.

They were motion-picture extras. They danced together because the director told them to. "The girl in the white satin—yes, you, with the roses—and the tall one with the black hair. They'll make a good couple." But had it been a real ball and the choice their own, they would have danced together just the same. I am almost sure that they thought it was a real ball, for they were very young and what with the lights and the music and the wonderful set it wasn't hard to pretend that he was really a flashing young officer and she a Southern belle. Her voice, her soft Southern accent aided the illusion, and he was a real actor, even then.

Extras in those days—and it is the same now—didn't make much money. Five dollars a day, maybe seven-fifty. And, of course, they didn't work every day. So, when the picture was over and the extras' brief day of glory faded, he couldn't ask her out to dine and dance, as he wanted to do. Fortunately for him it was summertime and he had an old tin lizzie and the best things in life, such as the moon and the stars and the sands and the sea, were as free as they'd ever been.

They used to put newspapers on the floor and the seat of the car so she wouldn't get grease on her dress and then they'd drive down to the beach and sit on the sand. The ocean murmured at their feet and they murmured to each other, telling the stories of their short and simple pasts. But, more important, he told her his dreams and plans for the future.

He had wanted to be an actor from the time he spoke his first piece in school. His restless mind had absorbed books and plays and history and

adventure and now that, so he said, the great days of adventure were over in a workaday world, the next best thing was to act them. He was going to be a movie star. And not just an ordinary movie star, either. A great actor. He wanted to bring to life all the great characters from history's pages, from the classic plays and stories—Napoleon, and bonny Prince Charlie, and the Count of Monte Cristo, and our own Alexander Hamilton.

"I shall do it, too," he told her, with his eager, triumphant laugh. "You'll see. I know it's in me."

His ambition was like a flare, it lighted everything around him.

She didn't say much about her dreams. It wasn't necessary to talk because he could fill up hours with word pictures and she was content to listen. It is no wonder, when you stop to think of it, that she was dazzled, entranced, lost to everything but him, for he gave her then all the warmth and vitality, and the joy of life and vivid charm, the flashing black eyes and irresistible smiles that were later to make him the idol of millions of women. Then, they were all for her alone.

So she didn't say much. The truth was that she didn't want to be a movie star. She hadn't, actually, even wanted to be a movie extra. But a girl must eat and people in her home town in Kentucky had told her she was prettier than most movie stars and maybe she was. But she was a sensible little thing, too, and now that she was actually in Hollywood she knew that just being a very pretty girl wasn't nearly enough. In her was none of that glorified spirit of make-believe that animated his every breath. Acting made her shy and self-conscious and awkward.

Besides, the whole thing frightened her out of her wits. When she saw, at first hand, all the things a movie star had to do—all the hard work, the long hours of being photographed, fitted, interviewed, the exercising, the dieting,

the business details, the crowds of people—it made her feel cold all over. She was really shy and then, too, she was a little bit lazy. A nice, comfortable kind of lazy. It just seemed to her that being a movie star was an awful lot of trouble.

Of course, it was glamorous and wonderful and exciting; but secretly she thought it would be much nicer to be married to a movie star than to be one.

"I would make a very good wife," she thought secretly. "That is much more what I am cut out for. I'd be happier."

Oddly enough, she had arrived at the truth about herself. She was particularly designed by nature to be a wife. Her tradition was all in favor of it. By some instinct, she understood men. She liked to please them and make them comfortable. She was a loyal little thing and there was a sturdy streak in her that was quite willing to take the worse with the better. Also, she could cook and sew and keep house, because her mother had brought her up exactly as *her* mother had brought *her* up. That still happens in the South.

THEY fell in love, of course, at the ball. But they kept it secret from each other, breathless with wonder and fear. Then, one night, he took her in his arms and kissed her and told her that he loved her. He was a great lover even then, though she was at once his leading lady and his audience. He did it magnificently because, in all sincerity, he always gave a scene all the imagination he had, whether he was playing it or living it. Perhaps he never played a truer love scene than that, though in times to come packed theaters sat breathless while he made love to glamour girls and glittering beauties.

"We won't have very much just at first, my darling," he told her, "but let's not wait. And

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DRAWINGS BY VINCENTINI



They danced together because the director told them to, but, if it had been a real ball, they would have danced together just the same





The circumstances that marked her marriage to actor James Crane and the birth of their son might have upset an ordinary person—but not the invincible Brady

Remembering the vivid legend of Bill Brady, old-timers understand his daughter Alice

THE UNBREAKABLE

BY DOROTHY SPENSLEY

Death trailed the happiness of this brave woman. Like her father, she led with her chin when it came to hard luck, but always came back for more

FOR a woman, Alice Brady has more essential courage than many men. Being entirely feminine, she denies it, of course. No man is going to rush to the rescue of a courageous female. "She's like her dad," say old-timers of show business. "He may have led with his chin when it came to hard luck, but he always came back for more. Why, I remember when he was handling Jim Jeffries, before he ever started producing Broadway plays . . ."

At this moment the flexible mouth of Miss Brady makes an unmistakable *moue*. Unmis-

takably, the last thing this versatile, vivid member of the Tribe Brady desires to listen to is a rehash of Old Days. "It takes me right back to New York and the fireplace at home and Father sitting around with a few old cronies, talking about the things that have gone before," she says. And even in this everyday conversation you feel the rhythmic swing of words that is a distinguishing part of Brady's professional spell-casting.

"I have never been one to live in my yesterdays. Today is what counts, and tomorrow," she continued. "When people ask me for photographs made when I was a girl and just starting in the theater, I never have them. I don't know where they have gone. It's the same way with clippings. I know I shall never clutter up book stalls with volumes of my memoirs, so why bother about hoarding such things?"

"Once a woman who was getting together some sort of book asked me to write for her what I wanted out of life. 'I have had the heights, and I have known the depths,' I wrote. 'Now all I want is the peaceful in-between.' That explains, perhaps, why I want to close my ears and my eyes to people who talk about the past. I am not disrespectful to my father's old friends and acquaintances. Those days, and their memories, are dead. They should stay dead."

As for the "essential courage" of Brady, you must get a mental image of her to understand it . . . and her. When you see Alice Brady as she really is, richly human, warmhearted,

valiant, haunted by tragedy, you get a glimpse of greatness. She'd laugh at you if you suggested it, twisting her red lips out of shape in a laugh that was half grimace, the depths of her great dark eyes showing sorrow and the humor that has saved her. "Courage?" she would repeat. "I'm afraid these days. Afraid of motoring. Afraid to return to the stage, even in a rôle that I know as well as *Lavinia Mannon*."

But these fears are trifling in the face of what she has seen. Death has trailed her happiness. Life has brought moments when death might have been welcome.

To begin with, Alice is the only daughter of Broadway's famous William A. Brady whose career as a theatrical producer is as fabulous as any of the White Way's legends. He started his fortune as a train butcher boy, selling candies, peanuts, fruit. Today, at seventy-five, he is as basic a part of the vivid fabric of the American theater as is the warp. He has built theaters (the Playhouse; the 48th Street Theater); created stars; served, by order of the late Woodrow Wilson, on federal commissions for theatrical betterment; in the last decade, at an age when most men would retire from professions, he brought forth Elmer Rice's Pulitzer Prize play "Street Scene."

"The most fantastic stories circulate about Father," says his daughter. "One is that his father kidnaped him from a Chinese nurse in San Francisco, where he was born, and took him to New York. And that when my father

1916

When Alice was born the odor of the prize ring (her father once managed Champions James J. Corbett, James Jeffries) had given way to the aura of the theater. Alice, slim, dark, quick-motoned, was a miniature of her French mother, who was Marie Rene, actress. More than French, Marie Rene was from the capital of France—Paris. Any Frenchman will tell you that is the capital of the world. Every gesture that Alice makes today, if you will notice, is that of a French woman. Her ruby-red nails (toe and finger), her dashing white satin lounging pajamas, each trouser leg with its own train, her scarlet chiffon handkerchiefs that she twists endlessly in her fingers, show the Parisienne. And show the Theater—which she pronounces with full Gallic inflection.

"But I don't dress today," she says, with an impatient flick of her hand. "I don't see any point in dressing up in finery to go out to a dump like So-and-So's Café. Do you? And this neo-classic decoration they are adding to some of the night clubs in Hollywood—!" She shuddered. "Why? There was a time, of course, when I'd go without lunches in order to get a new hat, but no more. Clothes simply no longer interest me. What does? Oh, dogs and books and people and my home."

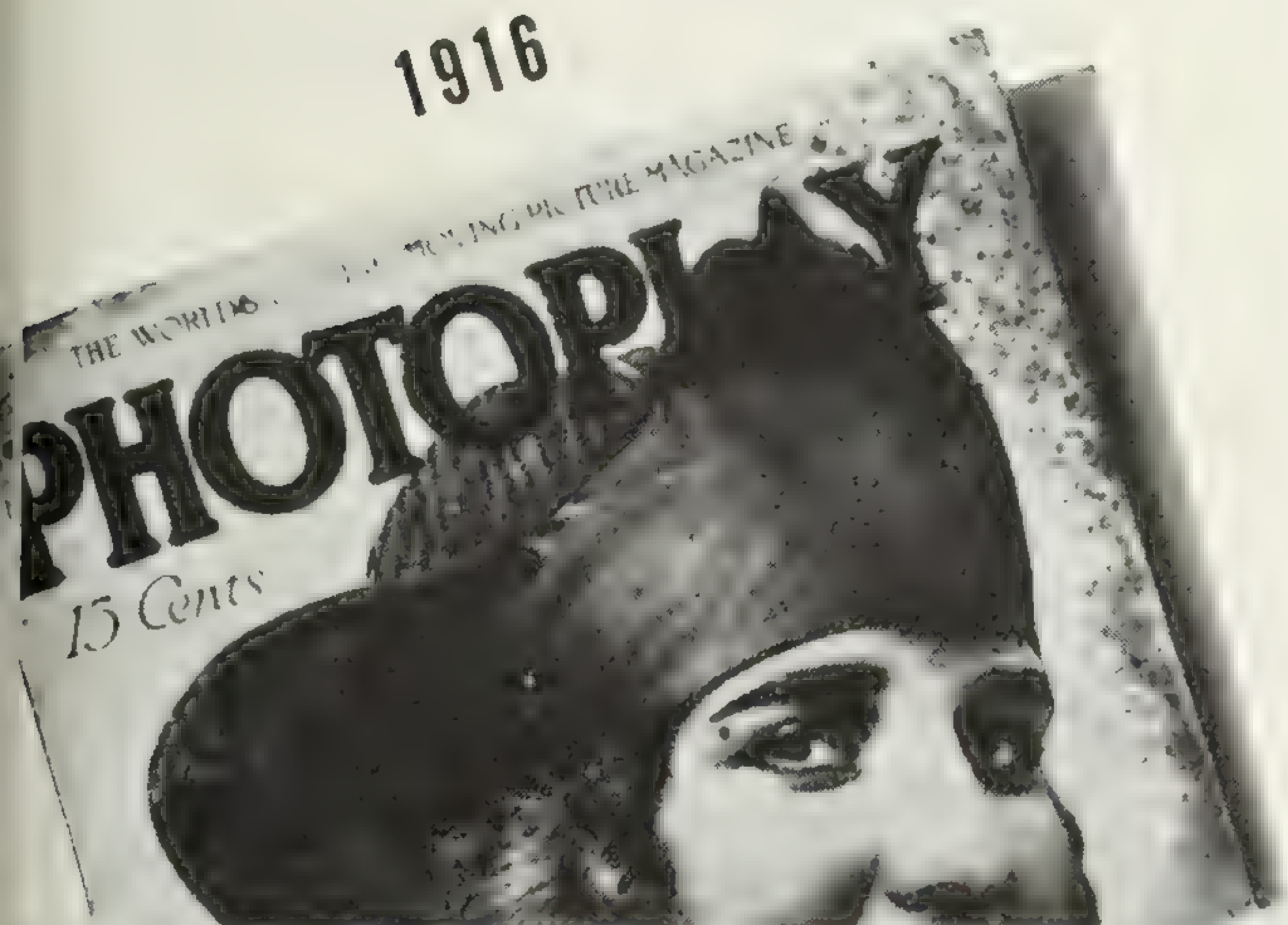
Alice Brady's mother, the petite Parisienne, never lived to see her daughter in her present glory. She died when Alice was three. Of course, her death had its effect on Bill Brady's little girl. But Bill was anxious to do right by his Alice. He couldn't see her reared by an endless procession of governesses, nurses, nanas, that his wealth and position could supply. Four years after Marie Rene Brady's death he married again. Married from the stage, too, for by now the theater was traditional in the Brady family. Grace George was the new Mrs. Brady. "'Mom' tried to be a mother to me, and she succeeded," says Alice.

By that time, of course, Alice's education was being considered. It was decided to entrust her to the care of the sisters at St. Elizabeth's Convent at Madison, N. J. So there she went, and became one of the few actresses who actually received her education inside the cloistered walls of a religious order. The studies were the usual ones, to which she added singing. Already she had convinced herself that she wanted to be an actress. Convincing Bill Brady would be something else. Soon she spoke Italian, Spanish, German, with the same fluency that she spoke, and still speaks, French. "I learned to speak French as a child," she explains.

"My biggest trouble when I was a child was in learning to enunciate any language correctly. I had a speech impediment," Alice continues. "Do you notice it much today? I scarcely have any 'r's and no 's's. But it is not so noticeable now, is it?"

The wonder of it is that, with a speech impediment, she chose the theater and the singing stage as mediums of self-expression. But a Greek named (Continued on page 79)

(Continued on page 79)



Alice Brady
vs.
William A.

IT WAS A ROYAL LIBRARY BATTLE TO KEEP DAUGHTER OFF THE STAGE, AND FATHER AT LAST SURRENDERED—WITH CONCESSIONS

By I. S. Sayford

ON a rainy evening a handful of years ago Alice Brady, coming home late from a shopping-and-otherwise trip downtown, slipped out of her water-proof and sought her father in the library, where he was perusing the record of the day's transactions in the box offices.

"Father," she said, "I am going on the stage."

There was no indication that William A. Brady heard.

Father," repeated Miss Alice, "I am going on the stage."

The statements rustled peevishly, and though Brady *per se* did not deign to look up he took the trouble to remark: "If you don't stop talking nonsense and interrupting me while I'm busy, you'll be put to bed without any dinner."

A moment's silence. Then:
'Father, I am going ON THE STAGE.'

Then the storm broke. The evening paper and the theatrical financial slips rustled to the floor. Mr. Brady's observations were of the 42-centimetre bore, but Miss Brady cut in gallantly with a withering *mitral* *lance* fire, using up whole bands of ammunition like this:

"I was in to see Mr. Shubert this afternoon and he promised me a part in 'The Baïkan Princess,' and I've decided that I will begin rehearsals Monday."

It was an unbreached battle, in which the heavy artillery of Argument, the cavalry of Persuasion, the machine-gun squad of Command and Refusal, were all stubbornly supported in action by the infantry of Words. And along about three in the morning, with star shells still plinking about the library battleground, General William A. Brady capitulated and handed

Twenty-two years ago a Photo-play story hinted at her strength. Today, Alice has proved those words

Alice Brady vs. William A.





Garbo shrank from the camera the day they left their villa's seclusion to visit Rome



A view of the Villa Cimbrone—house and gardens—where the couple stayed for a month

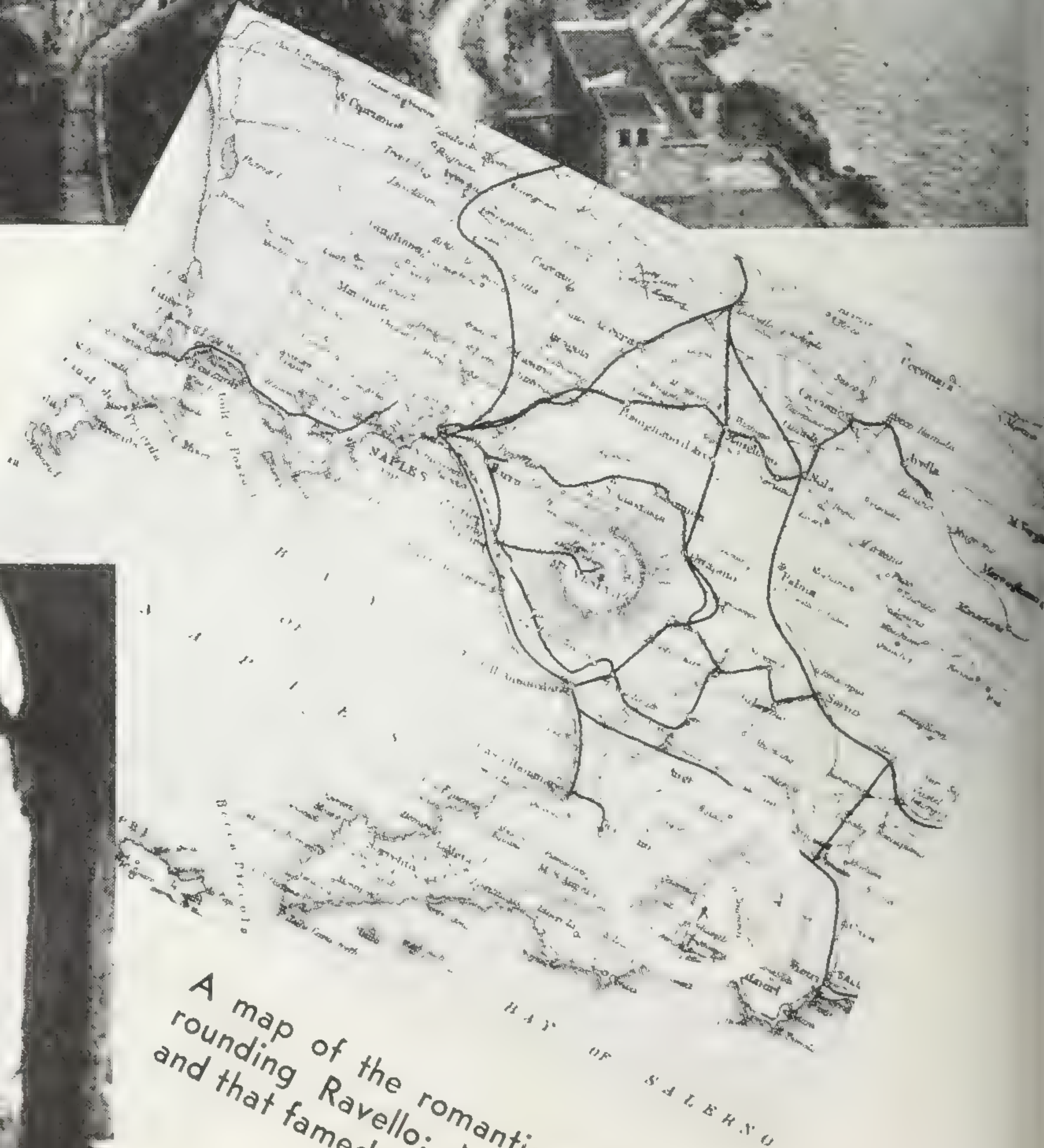


At this side of the Villa's garden is a sheer drop to the sea below
One narrow road leads up to their retreat



THE CAMERA TELLS THE STORY OF THE GARBO- STOKOWSKI TRYST

The cool, quiet dignity of the Villa's stone cloister is a mark of its ancient medieval background



A map of the romantic district surrounding Ravello: Naples, Vesuvius, and that famed haunt of lovers, Capri

From a private album come these views, exclusive to Photoplay, of the idyllic spot chosen by the famous pair for their romantic rendezvous. Ravello, a little town perched high on a mountainside overlooking the blue waters of Italy's Bay of Salerno, is the perfect haven for the world-weary

Camera OF GEORGE HURRELL SPEAKS

As a novelty Photoplay brings you these pages of unpublished portraits from the private files of this distinguished artist



Internationally known as the glorifier of motion-picture stars, George Hurrell is a brilliant pioneer in the modern camera field. Born thirty-three years ago in Cincinnati, he chose art as his career; specialized in photography, which he considers "exciting." Migrating to California in 1925, he organized a studio, and, equipped with fine cameras, innumerable lights and his own genius, proceeded to establish the reputation that today sometimes insures him as much as \$1000 for a single sitting



Conchita Montenegro, as Hurrell's camera sees her



Robert Taylor—the frank charm of naïve youth

Gary Cooper—the magnetism of sensitive maturity



MALE OR

Female

—HURRELL ALWAYS GETS GLAMOUR

Technically, Hurrell's success is a result of inspired use of lighting; specifically, it is founded in his ability to create a mood, and then, in one perfect moment, to record it. To this artist, the preliminary of arousing enthusiasm in the subject is requisite—a process that may involve, on his part, a song, a joke, even a jig or two. The results—these dramatic studies of individual types of glamour, each alive with light and shadow



Madeleine Carroll—the obvious glamour shot



Barbara Stanwyck—the enchantment of simplicity

Luise Rainer



Shirley Temple, above; Tyrone Power and Loretta Young, right

In these pictures, Hurrell has caught two distinct moods: on the opposite page, emotional intensity; on this page, serenity. The secret of Hurrell magic lies in the fact that each picture is taken to musical accompaniment. In the studio, a record plays constantly, its music varied to the mood of the subject. Thus, perhaps, for this portrayal of Shirley, a lullaby; for that of Rainer, a waltz; for the portrait of Tyrone and Loretta, a tango

REPOSE



Festa

MANY



Dolores Del Rio—languorous



Bette Davis—challenging



Margo—wistful



Sonja Henie—cont

oods

rebellious against the rigid rules of "still" photography, Hurrell has combined the warmth of the painter's art with the cold precision of the cameraman's skill. Thus, he has been successful in capturing in his portraits both the fluid beauty of his glamorous subjects and all the subtle nuances of their personalities

Anna May Wong—exotic
appears in "Dangerous to Know")

Irene Dunne—ingenuous



WHEN THEY WERE

TWO-BIT



In 1925, the misses Myrna Loy (top) and Lucille LeSeuer (right), supporting glamorous star Zasu Pitts in "Pretty Ladies," burst upon a public, which, unfortunately, didn't notice them. The future Joan Crawford is the Japanese lady at the far right on the stage; Myrna is draped over the left end of the bamboo bridge



In "Dancing Lady," way back in 1933, a blond young man was hired to appear in just one scene in which he was to sing to the heroine. He did his job thoroughly, made a hasty exit. His name, new to the fans, was Nelson Eddy



The tense look on the face of young bit player may be the result of proximity to that gangster (see above). On the other hand, it may be his of making the most of his few scenes in "Don't Bet on Blondes," starring Claire Dodd. Presenting Errol Flynn—who, one year later, was to shoot to stardom in "Captain Blood"

PLAYERS



This young man haunted Central Casting until, in desperation, they got him a job. As a bit player in "The Collegians" in 1929, the future King of the Movies started the upward climb via the now-famous Gable grin, which flashed, then, without benefit of make-up man

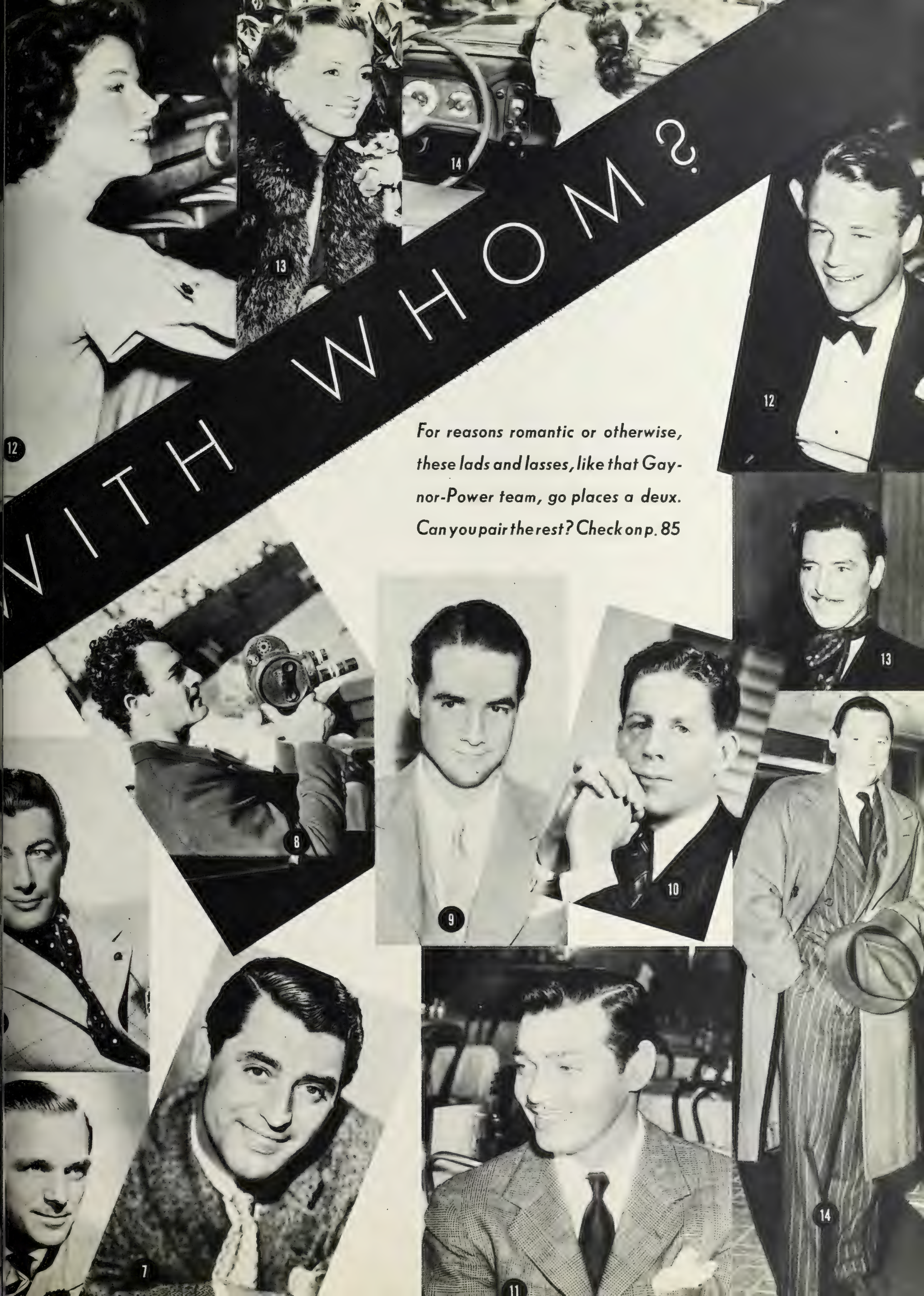


dynamite for Paramount today, 1928 she was just a minor femi-
oil for Bill Boyd in Pathe's
." It was all just "good, clean
," though, and, despite the fact
r name was the last on the cast,
mbard enjoyed her bit part im-
y, went to town as "A Flapper"

A small brunette took time off from a college career to act a bit in "Words and Music," starring Lois Moran; liked it so well she gave up mathematics for the movies; was rewarded by marriage to Joel McCrea, and a lead in Paramount's "Wells Fargo": it's Frances Dee

"The Love Parade" of 1929 excited the critics because: 1, it was All Talkie (!); 2, it boasted Jeanette MacDonald, an "eye feast." They ignored the other eye feast, cast simply as "Second Lady in Waiting"—Virginia Bruce





12

13

14

12

13

14

11

8

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7

*For reasons romantic or otherwise,
these lads and lasses, like that Gay-
nor-Power team, go places a deux.
Can you pair the rest? Check on p. 85*



Bachrach

Nicely sun-kissed is Anne Shirley of "Law of the Underworld" in this one-piece suit designed by Allen A



Gene Kornman

Marjorie Weaver leaves the "Kentucky Moonshine" set to pose "The Clipper" a saucy swim suit designed by Jantzen



Muky

Marie Wilson, the girl in "Boy Meets Girl" chooses a yellow suit with green pine cones designed by Pacific Knitting



William Walling

A smart suit designed by Bra worn by Mary Carlisle of mount's "An Angel with H

Frances Mercer, fresh from "Vivacious Lady" prefers lounging to swimming when wearing this svelt model designed by B.V.D. Of grey wool, it has a yellow plaited yarn rope halter strap that runs through green loops on the bodice, ties around the waistline

Schoenbaum



Colburn

Marie Shellan, Wanger's new player, hits the sands in the robin's-egg blue Lastex suit designed by





Graybill

Virginia Grey, M-G-M player (left) turns mermaid in yellow satin lastex designed by Augstein. Ann Rutherford, of "Judge Hardy's Children," chooses a patterned rubber model designed by U. S. Rubber

Advance Showing

...play jumped the gun, and slim Hollywood starlets
...ed the spring air to bring you the first news of
...and sand styles—and scanty is the word for them!



Ed Estabrook

Barbara Read, forgetting the terrors of "The Crime of Doctor Hallet," invests in summer charm insurance with this suit of cotton matletex of navy leaves on white designed by West Coast Manchester Mills



Schoenberg
Witchery in the sun for Diana Gibson, RKO player, when she wears this one-piece white satin lastex suit with a bubble motif. Designed by Gantner

REX

The Hawaiian Paradise turns into a "Big Top"; Bob Young, Edgar Kennedy and Dick Arlen turn into three circus cutups—all in the spirit of good clean fun



Unphotogenic Leland Hayward in a moment of apparent boredom—but certainly not with wife Maggie Sullivan

While Hollywood beaux bite their nails in despair, clown JoJo and his midget claim the undivided attention of Wendy Barrie and Anita Louise



That steady foursome—Bob Taylor, Franchot Tone, Joan Crawford and Babs Stanwyck—plus one "Ten Gallon" hat





That famous couple, the Franchot Tones, as they leave the party—a charming bareback rider and her ringmaster!



Bob Abbott remains, as ever, smoothest man-about-town; while Anita Louise, queen of Hollywood's younger set, becomes, for the evening, a queen of tight-rope walkers

The circus coming to town is the surest sign of summer, so the Frank Borzages, one jump ahead of Barnum & Bailey's, usher in the Hollywood season with a super-version of sawdust hijinks

PHOTOGRAPHS BY HYMAN FINK

All the world loves a clown, but there's more to it in this combination, for the gypsy's dancing partner is none other than husband Bob Young



BOY MEETS GIRL

—that is, the redheaded Mr. Cagney, Pr
igal Son of Warners, returns to his home
meets blonde Marie Wilson, does an apa
—and the success of the forthcoming
version of the Broadway hit is in the b





There were two reasons why all eyes turned to this table at the Troc: one, Sonja Henie's engaging bonnet; two, her no less engaging escort, English actor Richard Greene, her new leading man for "They Met In College."

CALIFORNIA'S GOSSIP OF HOLLYWOOD

A lot goes on behind the scenes, but not behind your back if you're a constant reader of our inimitable Mr. Y.

Young Love Has Itself a Time

WHEN Twentieth Century-Fox studios decided Arleen Whelan and Richard Greene, both promising newcomers, needed a bit of publicity, they paired the two, sending them to night spots to be seen and photographed.

Lo and behold, it took! The youngsters fell madly in love.

And then, along came Sonja Henie back from her tour and Richard, under contract to the same studio, took to beaming Sonja at the same night spots.

Fortunately Arleen understood and now Sonja, Arleen and Richard are the best of friends.

And so another Hollywood romance survives the needs of publicity.

Wedding Bell Maybes

JOAN BENNETT and producer Walter Wanger. In the autumn.

Allan Lane and June Travis. When the June moon shines brightest.

Martha Raye and Dr. Harold Wiggins. When Martha is legally free.

Cary Grant and Phyllis Brooks. If, Hollywood says, the knot hasn't already been tied.

Joan Fontaine and Conrad Nagel. Unless the lady again changes her mind.

Ken Murray and Shirley Ross. If they can get away from Oswald.

Cecilia Parker and Dick Baldwin. Any minute now.

Wayne Morris and Priscilla Lane. Real estate shopping. So—soon or sooner.

Just Being Themselves

WHAT do married couples do when they make public appearances in Hollywood?

Well, when Margaret Sullivan and Leland Hayward dine out in public, hubby sits with a newspaper before his face during the entire meal. No, not a word passes between the two. At least, not the night we spied the silent partners at the Gotham.

Joan Crawford dances between courses when she dines out. If not with Franchot, then with a friend. And, in general, has herself a time.

Arline Judge and Dan Topping do the Big Apple from soup to coffee.

Joel McCrea and Frances Dee gaze at each other, completely absorbed; occasionally hold hands a moment, thus causing sighs of envy to echo about the town for days on end.

Myrna Loy and Arthur Hornblow, dining usually at Hungarian and French restaurants, discuss each dish and how each particular recipe could be improved upon at home.

A Date with Fame

DON AMECHE continues to be the most grateful and least blasé actor in Hollywood.

When informed by publicity director Harry Brand that he had been chosen to plant his hand and footprints in the forecourt of Grauman's Chinese Theater, along with other famous stars, Don just stood and looked at Brand.

"What's the matter?" Brand asked.

The eyes of Don Ameche slowly filled with unshed tears.

"It's just that I feel so honored I can't speak," Don said. "I can't believe all this is happening to me, Harry. I can't believe it."



In Hollywood and Timbaktu, Saturday night is date night. Above: the Joe Penners go gala at the Grove, Eskimo fashion, by rubbing noses . . .

PHOTOGRAPHY BY
HYMAN FINK

. . . while the Bing Crosbys celebrate more formally at the Clover Club: Dixie in a sophisticated "little girl" round-neck dress. Bing bows to fashion with a boutonniere, still clings strongly to his pipe

It's orchids, sequins and satin on Saturday night for Irene Dunne, especially when it's a date for the gay Turf ball

And Henry Fonda dates his wife, who, in the interests of her best beau—and fashion—combines daisies and diamonds

Bachelor Life in Hollywood

CARY GRANT and Randy Scott live in the same house but the boys may as well live as far apart as the Poles for all they see of each other. Either Randy is trotting off to Virginia between pictures or Cary is off on location.

Finally, after two months had elapsed with Cary just missing Scott by minutes or Scott going out the front door as Grant came in the back, the boys began leaving notes around.

"Dear Randy," wrote Mr. Grant. "Where the hell is my razor strop? How have you been? Where did those blue pajamas with the pink dots come from? Is everything okay? Who left that sardine sandwich in my dressing-gown pocket? What the hell smells up the den?"

From Mr. Scott to Mr. Grant: "Your razor strop? I bought that strop. I thought *you* dragged in those nightmare pajamas. The smell must be from someone's last picture and I don't mean mine. Everything okay?"

Bob Burns Says:

"FOLKS down in Arkansas jes naturally wouldn't understand. No sir, my Grandpa Snazzy would say I'd gone Hollywood or maybe highfalutin' if he could see what happened to my little log cabin.

"But that's not the case. You see, things here in Hollywood jes kind of inflate through necessity. People here don't go big-headed. They

go grey-headed trying to keep up with the way things somehow get beyond them all of a sudden.

"Now take my little one-room log cabin that I built out in my back yard to write in and jes loaf around in. When we found folks wuz messin' up our parlor with ashes and stuff we built a little playroom onto the back of the cabin for entertainin' and things. Jes like my Aunt Foozey always made my Uncle Fudd do his whittlin' in the woodshed 'sted of the parlor.

"Then, so many relatives from down in Van Buren come to see us, we had to build a few bedrooms onto the playroom to take care of them. Then the flood kind of got to messin' around in the log cabin so we decided to build an upstairs to it to keep out of the next high fog.

"And that's how my little cabin grew into a eight-room rustic lodge! And derned if I can



And what would Emily Post advise? Band leader Herbie Kay meets wife Dorothy Lamour and her partner Randy Scott at the Grove

Saturday Night Out

In this case, it's the men who pay—but definitely—for David Selick and Tyrone Power, dressed in their very best black and white, are just foils for the glory that is Janet Gaynor's silver fox

help it. If my folks wanta make somethin' out of it, that's up to them. It's jes the way things happen here in Hollywood. So folks, if my new rowboat suddenly grows into a yacht, you'll know how it is."

Proud Papas Department

WHEN Claude Rains left Hollywood for his Connecticut farm, his two-month-old daughter traveled in fine style. On each piece of her luggage was printed the name "Jennifer Rains."

Henry Fonda, who has taken over 300 candid camera shots of his baby daughter, is planning a private showing of his collection. Five dollars thrown in, says Hank, to anyone who will look at all 300 shots and exclaim rapturously over each one.

Gary Cooper reveals his plans for baby Maria Cooper: she must learn that each and every individual has rights that must be respected; she must learn that life outdoors is vastly important toward building mind and body; she must learn that spoiled and selfish people have no place in the world today.

We Ask, You Answer

HERE are some in Hollywood who say George Brent still cares. Terribly.

At any rate, when the announcement of Garbo's intended marriage to Stokowski made newspaper headlines, George hied himself to

his ranch near Indio and remained there, out of reach of studio and the world, for weeks.

By the way, since George's stand-out performance in "Jezebel," the muttered demands for Brent to play *Rhett Butler* in you know what are growing into a small-sized din.

What's your opinion of George in the rôle?

Gable's New Job

CLARK GABLE is the only California rancher with two elephants on his hands. When Clark's friend, Frank Whitbeck, inherited elephants Sally and Queenie from a circus friend, he was nonplussed for all of two minutes, wondering where, oh where, to park the unwieldy pachyderms. And then he thought of friend Gable.

Sally and Queenie are most happy on the Gable ranch. Clark claims he's teaching them to trumpet in swing time.

Shadows

MEMORY, as a rule, isn't long in Hollywood. That's why, when we heard weird rumors of Russ Columbo's new two-year contract, we rushed out to investigate.

Hollywood still remembers the beloved singing star who bore that name. He was accidentally killed on Labor Day Eve, 1934. At the time, Russ Columbo's adoring Italian mother, suffering from a heart ailment, was not informed of his tragic end. Every week for four

long years John Columbo, Hollywood agent and brother of the slain star, has written the weekly letter read to his mother, supposedly from Russ, who is doing so well in English pictures. Doctors still fear that the true news of her boy's end would climax her heart ailment with death. Every Thursday flowers have arrived for her. A weekly reminder of her idol's love, though he is far away.

But recently, the mother's yearning to see her boy again became stronger than ever. The family must write him not to let his work interfere with a visit, as quickly as his existing contract ran out, she informed them. And that is why news of Russ Columbo's new two-year contract reached Hollywood just now.

A New Love For Tyrone

THOSE flash-flash announcements regarding the romantic intentions of Tyrone Power, so numerous a short while ago, have toned down considerably of late. But how can a chap training to become a champion cyclist and toy train authority find much time for romance.

Yes, you've guessed it, Tyrone has gone hobby-minded in a big way. His daytime leisure is spent tearing along the roadways of Bel-Air on a racing bicycle, paced by this instructor Hans Ohrt, ex-World Champion Amateur Cyclist. And, at night, Tyrone "engineers" his new \$150 toy train outfit, winding in and out of practically every room in his house.

(Continued on page 72)



★ **THREE COMRADES—M-G-M**

PURSUANT of the new policy of keeping your own Mr. Bob Taylor on the deglamorized side, Metro has hustled him from the racing shell at Oxford to a racing car in Germany. Here, with Margaret Sullivan, Franchot Tone, and Robert Young, Master Taylor goes in for dramatics and tragedy.

This is the story of three youngsters who survived the war and banded together as friends to face an ugly future in a wasted country. In a repair shop they construct a racing car. While driving, the friends meet Margaret Sullivan, a wistful tubercular, and Bob falls in love. Sandwiched into this romance, which is completed in sacrifice and grief, is a compelling sociological theme. Miss Sullivan does exceptional work. Tone, Taylor and Young individually make the most of their opportunities.



★ **STOLEN HEAVEN—Paramount**

THIS is a Continental crook drama with a musical background. If that doesn't ring a bell, we hasten to add that it is immensely entertaining. It is also Olympe Bradna's picture. She fully justifies the promise of her performance in "Souls At Sea." Gene Raymond does well too, if a bit too consciously gimlet-eyed, and Lewis Stone has lost none of his ability.

A band of American crooks in Europe pose as musicians. When they rob one jewelry store too many, the police get busy. They hide in the house of a famous pianist whom the world has passed by, and there the crooks find themselves pledged to put on a public benefit for the old man. Go and hear all your favorite melodies of Liszt, Mozart and Grieg beautifully played.

The Shadow Stage

A Review of the New Pictures



★ **JOY OF LIVING—RKO-Radio**



FOOLS FOR SCANDAL—Warners



★ **TEST PILOT—M-G-M**

IT would be okay, in this rash of farces Hollywood's turning out, if the characters would just be mad and let it go at that. But to say: "Now we are going to do crazy things," and then, with a kind of grim determination, do them . . . well, this is amusing, well dressed, well written, and Doug Fairbanks, Jr. looks more like his father every day. Jerome Kern's score is pleasing, and Director Tay Garnett rushes everything through so that nothing drags. This time Miss Irene Dunne is doing all right as an actress (except for a family of leeches who suck her bank balance) until young Doug comes along. He's a poet who owns a South Sea Island. It's whimsical, that's what it is!

IT'S not a good metaphor to call several reels of film a straw but anyway this is the one that probably will break the back of that slapstick camel Carole Lombard's been riding so long. Of all the inane, pointless, labored comedies, this is it.

Carole plays an actress visiting Paris incognito; she meets Fernand Gravet, penniless man about town. He follows her to London, gets a job as chef in her household, and a lot of talk—rather puerile scandal led by Isabel Jeans—ensues. Ralph Bellamy is the dull fiance who gets left in the fog, an identical repeat on his rôle in "The Awful Truth." An honest criticism must insist that warmed-over film material is essentially tasteless.

THE shrewd combination of rough, soft-eyed Spencer Tracy and rough, glint-eyed Clark Gable with a story of dangerous thrills, makes this one of the most entertaining pictures of the month. Aside from the superb work of Gable, Tracy's flair for sacrificial best-friend parts, and Myrna Loy's incomparable wife portrait, the story alone demands your absorbed interest in every reel. It concerns the most famous test pilot in the country, Gable, who intersperses his brilliant stunts with periods in which he gets roaring drunk. On a test flight across country, he is forced down on a Kansas farm, meets Myrna there, falls terrifically in love and takes her back to Pittsburgh for the ceremony. Clark is fired then, after a fight with Lionel Barrymore, his boss. Thenceforth, it is a tale of Myrna's staunch love battling against her nervous fear for her husband and his failing. Climax comes when he is to test a great bomber and Tracy, who is flying with him, gives all for friendship, when disaster comes at last.

Production and process on this are so well done that you will quake for the safety of your favorite actors. A rousing performance is presented by Barrymore; Gable could not be better cast. Tracy here is not a traitor to the Academy Award he got for "Captains Courageous," but the part again leaves you feeling sorry for him. The shrieking whine of plane motors will hum in your ears for a long time, but don't miss this.

THE BEST PICTURES OF THE MONTH

The Adventures of Robin Hood

Stolen Heaven

Joy of Living

There's Always a Woman

Test Pilot

Port of Seven Seas

Three Comrades

Girl of the Golden West

Life Dances On

BEST PERFORMANCES OF THE MONTH

Errol Flynn in "The Adventures of Robin Hood"

Claude Rains in "The Adventures of Robin Hood"

Basil Rathbone in "The Adventures of Robin Hood"

Clark Gable in "Test Pilot"

Spencer Tracy in "Test Pilot"

Myrna Loy in "Test Pilot"

Joan Blondell in "There's Always a Woman"

Melvyn Douglas in "There's Always a Woman"

Wallace Beery in "Port of Seven Seas"

Frank Morgan in "Port of Seven Seas"

Nelson Eddy in "The Girl of the Golden West"

Jeanette MacDonald in
"The Girl of the Golden West"



★ **THERE'S ALWAYS A WOMAN—Columbia**

AGAIN Hollywood brazenly snatches an idea from an earlier success. But, in this case, the resemblance stops at the original "Thin Man" theme of having a married couple, casually in love, work out the solution to a crime together. In this picture—and it's surprisingly entertaining—Melvyn Douglas is an unsuccessful private detective who goes back to the D.A.'s office. Joan Blondell, his wife, takes over the agency—and both are assigned to the same case. Joan, however, has been hired by Mary Astor, wife of the murdered man, and so works in an opposite direction of Melvyn.

There are two fine assassinations, a lot of rather naughty but screamingly funny slapstick scenes of intimate married life, and a conclusion that is very satisfactory.



WOMEN ARE LIKE THAT—Warners

POOR Kay Francis really gets a dirty deal in this. Kay, heavily emoting, tries to show you what women are like in love and business—but you don't ever want to find out.

Miss Francis has a brain wave on the day of her wedding to stuffy Ralph Forbes, elopes with Pat O'Brien, a high-pressure advertising man. When he discovers his father-in-law has embezzled the firm's accounts, he covers papa's tracks, promptly takes to drink.

Kay, trying to help her discouraged spouse, then shows him that sex appeal can work wonders on a customer, runs the business herself. When Pat returns from a world tour, Kay then decides that Kinder, Kirche and Küche are okey-dokey. Would you believe it?



★ **ADVENTURES OF ROBIN HOOD—Warners**

ONCE again out of the pages of romantic fiction steps the inimitable Mr. Robin Hood, philosopher-bandit, played this time—and as never before—by Errol Flynn. Losing none of the excitement which characterized Douglas Fairbanks' version, this, in addition, is given glorious flamboyance by the use of Technicolor. It is an enthralling film pageant. You will march beneath the banners of *Richard the Lionhearted*; you will don the green doublet and hose of the Sherwood Forest outlaws and join them in their lusty play. You will joke with *Friar Tuck* and plot the downfall of kingdoms with *Prince John* and follow forest paths with winsome *Maid Marian*. This will exhaust you slightly but happily. The dramatics in this are frankly melodramatic. Claude Rains as *John* has never been so sinister; Basil Rathbone is magnificently villainous as *Sir Guy of Gisbourne*. The romance is of the old school, with Errol a real and mighty hero, and Olivia de Havilland a story-book Princess in distress.

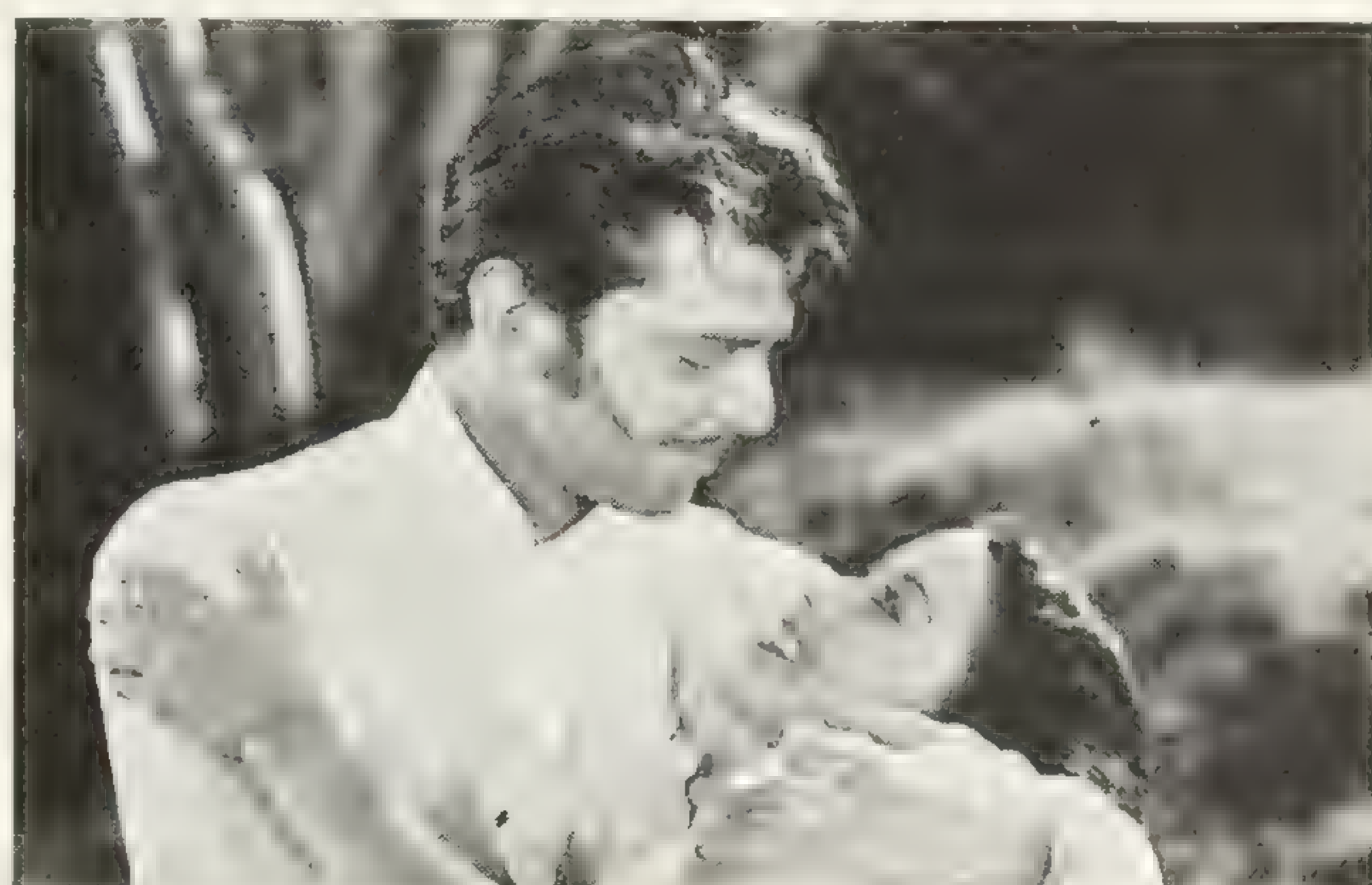
William Keighley and Michal Curtiz have taken the earliest authentic tales of Robin Hood and directed a production that is at once faithful and realistic. Ian Hunter as *Richard*, Patric Knowles as *Will Scarlett*, Alan Hale as *Little John* and a huge supporting cast lend color.

This was a dangerous picture to make but it has been worth it. The universal appeal of reckless men and their chivalry to fair ladies is here brought to life without the dull addition of social significances.



A TRIP TO PARIS—20th Century-Fox

THE Jones family take a trip to Paris, and all the things that could happen to average Americans abroad happen to them. First they are taken in by Harold Huber, a phony Frenchman who nicks pa's bankroll for plenty. Finally they are suspected in a spy plot, but manage to talk their way out. Jed Prouty as *Pa Jones* and Spring Byington as his placid wife offer splendid characterizations.



ROSE OF THE RIO GRANDE—Monogram

YOU'LL catch this someplace and you'll like it. Movita, (remember her as Franchot Tone's native love in "Mutiny on the Bounty?") is really lovely, and John Carroll is excellent as the hero in a story concerning the brigandage in Mexico one hundred years ago. Antonio Moreno is not a very convincing villain, but Lina Basquette, as a jealous dance-hall girl, makes up for that.



★ **LIFE DANCES ON—A. F. E. Corp.**

MEASURING up to Hollywood's best is this not-to-be-missed French film "Un Carnet de Bal" (with English subtitles). Magnificently acted, the film portrays the tragedy and melodrama, pathos and humor encountered by *Christine* (Marie Bell) when, widowed at thirty-five, she sets out to find the lost loves of her youth. This is mature entertainment, fascinating, shrewdly true to life.



BATTLE OF BROADWAY—20th Century-Fox

A NEW team of gusty enemies, Victor McLaglen and Brian Donlevy, take over where *Quirt* and *Flagg* of yesterday's memory left off. The boys are Legionnaires attending a convention in New York. While there they decide to break up the romance between their boss' son and a show girl, Louise Hovick. The end is catastrophic, with the boys emerging triumphant. (Continued on page 92)

WE COVER THE STUDIOS

*This month's set-seeing tour uncovers
a peck of pandemonium, a gram of
gossip and a brand-new movie villain*

BY JACK WADE

IT said "Boy Meets Girl" on the studio call sheet at Warner Brothers. But right away we meet Jimmy Cagney, Pat O'Brien, Ralph Bellamy and Marie Wilson. Also, a peck of pandemonium and what resembles stark, staring insanity. If this cycle of nut-house movies continues, we'll never, never again venture out on these monthly set strolls without our strait jacket.

Take this scene we watch: at first glance, you'd think Jimmy Cagney's return to Warners' was too much for a twisted brain. He's jumping from a chair to a desk top, slamming a huge bearskin shako on and off his top and gibbering like a zoo-zany ape. Every now and then, he tosses a silver loving cup to Pat O'Brien who executes a combination Off-To-Buffalo, Minnesota Shift and Big Apple, before he hands the cup to Ralph Bellamy, who is floating around vaguely looking like a reefer man. Throughout the whole business, blonde Marie Wilson sits on the sofa, weeping rivers of tears.

Silly stuff, this movie acting! But it's a living. . . .

Then Director Lloyd Bacon yells, "Cut," and everybody relaxes—except Marie. She still sits there, she still bawls.

"Sure it's a crazy scene," admits headman Bacon, "but it's a crazy picture, too—about Hollywood."

That ought to be explanation enough, but, in case it isn't, "Boy Meets Girl" is the stage play satire on the movie world that paralyzed Broadway for so long. It concerns a couple of high-

voltage screen writers, how they rip off scenario inspirations and what havoc results. Hollywood satires have done terrible nose dives at the box office in the dear, dead past—but, of course, they've never had the Cagney touch. We'll have to wait and see. Meanwhile, why does that funny Wilson girl sit there and weep?

Well, Marie blubbers bravely, she's either allergic to nonsense, or else it's a pure case of nerves. "Although," she manages to grin, "Nick Grinde says it's the shock of being in an A picture!" Marie is usually queen of the B's.

Even Ralph Bellamy laughs at that, and it takes something to tickle Ralph's funny bone right now. Old Man River took Ralph for a terrible ride in the great Los Angeles flood. His whole house vanished in the muddy torrent. "All I saved was three suits of clothes and a typewriter. But I was lucky at that," Ralph grins. "I'm still here." Then he goes into an-



The Spanish War takes a turn for the better—in Hollywood, at least, where Wanger is filming "The Adventuress," with Madeleine Carroll as a lovely Mata Hari, and Henry Fonda as the lad willing to be involved in her spy maneuverings



Don't be influenced by this picture: the future Baroness Barnekow (Kay Francis) is really in love with handsome George Brent—that is, for her rôle in the new Warner picture, "Secrets of An Actress"

ther screwball comedy scene, his personal tragedy shoved aside. We know now what they mean by trouping.

WARNER BROTHERS is busy like the beaver, we find, which is a relief, with most of the big studios playing possum this month.

We take a quick gander next at "Secrets of an Actress"—and Kay Francis. Kay's in a white chiffon evening number, dripping with diamonds. It's covered up with a linen smock, as she sits and knits a pretty for—whom? Her grand new fiance, Baron Raven Erik Barnekow? Mebbe. They got themselves engaged during his picture, you know.

But here's something perhaps you didn't know. The man who introduced Kay and the Baron was Delmer Daves, Kay's old sweetie. He was leaving on a trip so he brought up his friend. "Now take care of Kay while I'm away," heezee. The Baron did. Before she knew it, Kay was saying, "Yes."

Incidentally, the romantic Raven holds a British title, too, so Kay will be a Lady, to boot. Kay, if you remember, is the same star who said if she ever got married again she hoped somebody would tap her on the head with a hammer! Anybody got a hammer?

Right now, Kay looks miles away from marriage as she trips about the floor in one of those music-less set waltzes with Ian Hunter, very manly and gorgeous in white tie and tails.

The plot of this film bobs about the life and loves of Kay, a tank-town actress who makes good on the Big Street, incorporating herself à la Bing Crosby and falling like a brick chimney for handsome George Brent. Ian Hunter is the

long-suffering "To Mary With Love" silent worshipper. Ian tells us he'd like, just once, to get the gal in the end, especially when she's as lovely as Kay. But no—that's Brent's dish.

George strolls up to prove it, in patent-leather pumps, tuxedo pants and a tweed sport coat, which he'll doff when the camera twirls. His body is in Hollywood, says George, but his heart's in Old Mexico. He just got back from an automobile tour through mañana land, and now he wants to leave Hollywood and live down there for keeps, raising beans and sleeping in the sun. Honest! We ask him what he thinks about his old girl friend, Garbo, and Stokowski playing cozy, and George says it is indeed lovely weather we're having if it wasn't for the floods. Nice guy! But so talkative!

WE bang into Garbo's other ex on the "Four's A Crowd" set next door. Colored Hazel Washington used to maid for Garbo, until Rosalind Russell filched her. Now Roz is on loan to trade romantic swats with Errol Flynn, so naturally Hazel goes with the deal.

Before we see Rosalind we have to fight through a stack of white orchids which set somebody back plenty of trolley tokens. Guess who. That's right—Jimmy Stewart. It's on again. He sends them every day, and Roz doesn't object. In fact, one look at the Russell's grinning smacker and you can tell all's right with the world. It's because, she explains, this is such a swell part. "It's no 'Lady Mary' part," she says, "like they usually throw me." A "Lady Mary" part, in the Russell language, is a lah-de-dah, society girl part.

In "Four's A Crowd," Rosalind is a slam-bang

female newshawk, sparring with spoiled rich man's daughter, Olivia de Havilland, to hook Errol, a high-pressure publicity genius. Livvy loses; Roz wins. We watch Errol high-presh with a mob of movie reporters and his secretary, emoted by Joan Blondell's little sister, Gloria. Looks like her twin, too. When Director Mike Curtiz yells for a cut, Errol pops over to his chair and buries his handsome nose in a stack of catalogues. They're all about the care and feeding of ships, he explains, and he's knee-deep in outfitting his new wave buster, the "Sirocco." Right after this picture Errol and Lili heave anchor for a six weeks' Caribbean cruise with typical Flynn derring-do. He meant to go before, but "Four's A Crowd" gave him a break he'd been long awaiting: to wit, a straight comedy part. Besides, this one's a bonus picture for Errol. The pay check is considerably upped for crowding it in—and that's an item, even to an Irishman.

Errol's only Warner rival for the year's high movie scoring record is Olivia de Havilland, who's under strict doctor's orders at this point, because she's made so many movies without any rest. Livvy can't go out anywhere at nights, can't even eat in the studio lunch room with the rest of the grown folks. She has to sip milk in her dressing room. It's her nerves; they're about to pop. So, after this one, she sails away for a two months' vacation. She couldn't turn down this part, though, she confesses to us, because for the first time in her life she's had such a swell layout of clothes! What's a nervous breakdown to a twenty-one-year-old girl teased by a set of Orry-Kelly rags? Practically nothing at all.

FROM Warners' to Wanger's through washouts is our next heroic hustle, just for a peek at the super-lovely Madeleine Carroll. Even then we almost miss, because for four days up in Malibu Madeleine has nibbled her fingernails while the muddy waters marooned her from her art. Thank goodness that's all they did. With Dietrich apparently ducking out of pictures for a spell, we couldn't stand to lose another real beauty like marvelous Madeleine.

The epic the Lone Star Wanger is whipping up at present is called "The Adventuress," but chances are they'll think up a fancier title than that before you get a crack at it. It's all about Spain, plot and counterplot, Insurgents and Loyalists, and—sh-h-h-h—spies! Madeleine's one, and the fellow her Mata-Hari maneuverings involve is Henry Fonda. We stumble in right as Madeleine spills a very dramatic plea to an evil-looking general, and Henry Fonda looks like the unhappy lad who's about to eat his last hearty dinner.

They break up right away, though, and we get some licks in while Lady Carroll combs out her hair and pretties up a bit, if possible. "A very fine thing," says she. "My husband and I own a castle in Spain, but I have to come back to Hollywood to get a look at the place!" It's all true, too. Mr. Carroll—pardon, Capt. Philip Astley—and Madeleine tried like Turks to spend a day or two at their Spanish castle they bought in a romantic moment. But too many fire-crackers were going off around the spot, and they had to compromise on a Mediterranean cruise. "Maybe," maybed Madeleine cheerfully, "by the time I make a few more pictures, they'll be fighting somewhere else, like Tibet or Timbuktu."

Fatherhood seems to fit Hank Fonda like an acrobat's tights. He looks much in the pink and says little daughter Jayne Seymour takes to a camera like a kitten to milk. Already Hank's snapped three hundred Leica shots of her, goo-ing, gurgling and making eyes at her paw and maw. He rushed East and brought her to Hollywood in a basket—the baby, not Hank's wife—just before punching the clock at Wanger's. Now he's a family man and nuts about it,

(Continued on page 80)



Joe Penner, singlehanded conqueror of a whole bunch of robbers in "Go Chase Yourself"

Left: on the set of "Four's A Crowd"—Errol Flynn and (under the wastebasket) Patric Knowles

WHEN HOLLYWOOD *Entertains*

*Here's the kind of private parties
filmtown's bachelors give, when
they invite whom they please to
share some special "at home" fun*



Tyrone Power's way of entertaining his "gang" started a new party fad

ROBERT TAYLOR'S entertaining used to begin at his mother's home. But now that he has his new ranch house, he's more apt to be found out in the wide open spaces. Yet, when it comes to serving meals, he still seems to feel that Mother's cooking is good enough for his guests (and think of the responsibility that takes off his shoulders), so he takes them to his mother's home for fried chicken and apple pie. Like most riding enthusiasts, Bob likes, whenever possible, to get up a horseback-riding party to explore the Beverly Hills bridle path by moonlight. But, failing that, he ushers his guests on to the exclusive West Side Tennis Club.

ROBERT TAYLOR'S APPLE PIE

PASTRY

4½ cups flour
1½ cups shortening
4 teaspoons salt
cold water to moisten

Mix the flour, salt and shortening together; the fat may be cut in with a knife. Add just enough water to make the particles adhere together.

Turn on a lightly floured board, roll thin, handling as little as possible. This makes three two-crust pies of ordinary size.

(Continued on page 86)

BY KAY CAMPBELL AND ROSAMOND MARIOTTI

THERE'S been a lot said about the bachelor contingent of Hollywood. On the screen, they become the dream of feminine America; off the screen, in white tie and tails, they are the gallant escorts of the glamour girls and excellent copy for the columnists.

For purposes of classification, the contingent can be divided thus: the confirmed bachelor, and (according to his fancy of the moment) the benedict-to-be. But, engaged or unengaged, the private lives of these bachelors are a subject of speculation to everyone in Hollywood—and elsewhere.

Here then, is the story of how this other side lives—and entertains.

The younger bachelors' parties bluster from bowling alley to roller-drome and back again to swimming pools. They burlesque anything and anybody and try to impress their elders with their ability to star in inventiveness and wit.

Tyrone Power lives with his mother and infrequently has the "gang" (which usually means Dixie Dunbar, Carl Laemmle, Jr., Eleanore Whitney, Johnny Downs and a few others) over for dinner and to spend the evening. But it was while he was escorting Loretta Young to a party at Sally Blane Foster's house that he had that moment of inspiration which led to a run of those amazing "Who-dunnit" parties.

Norman Foster, Dorothy Parker and Alan Campbell were wondering how to end the respective mystery screenplays they were writing. Foster, who directed "Death in Paradise Canyon," which he co-authored with Saul Elkins, got his hero into a series of seemingly inexplicable predicaments and couldn't quite decide who the villain should be. The Campbells confessed they were similarly stumped on their story, and a "Who-dunnit" conference ensued. Now "Who-dunnit" is introduced wherever Tyrone goes. He starts the story, each guest in turn adds to it, and the last person called on has to unravel the mystery, with the result that half of cinemaland is writing mystery thrillers.

TYRONE POWER'S STUFFED ARTICHOKEs

Select large-sized artichokes. Cut off the stem end and about an inch off the top, also remove the outer layer of leaves. Spread the remaining leaves apart and fill with stuffing made of bread crumbs, a little chopped parsley and onion and grated cheese. Mix these ingredients together with butter and olive oil. If one likes garlic, a little may be added. Bake artichokes in a pot with about half an inch of broth or water until tender. A strip of bacon or slice of tomato may be added to the top of each.

PHOTOPLAY

Fashions

BY GWENN WALTERS

Contrast tones of green and grey silk linen combine to fashion this summer sports costume designed by Travis Banton for Claudette Colbert, star of the popular Paramount film, "Bluebeard's Eighth Wife."

The box jacket, featuring flap pockets, novel revers and self-covered buttons, has a "beanie" to match. The skirt has a companion sweater of cashmere

PHOTOGRAPH IN COLOR BY DOOLITTLE





PHOTOGRAPH
BY
WILLIAM
WALLING

Black costumes find sophistication in new fabric moods and dressmaker details. Left: a tri-color suede outfit created for Joan Bennett (whom you'll see in Paramount's "The Texans") by Voris of Hollywood. The draped slacks, with front pockets and stitched creases, are grey; the blouse is navy; the "beanie" and single-breasted jacket (see insert) with "little girl" collar are rose. The three colors are co-ordinated in the braided belt that fastens with navy ties. Pearls and a link bracelet lend a feminine note

Sweater dresses are paramount in Hollywood's fashion foreground. Joan selects hers in navy and white. The cotton skirt has a front panel of pleats. A red kid-skin belt with navy inset and gold trim surrounds a hand-knitted cotton sweater. The linen hat is stitched in red and blue; the cotton gloves are dotted with fabric bowknots; the La Valle sandals, revealing heel and toe, are finely perforated. Joan's costume was selected at I. Magin, Hollywood; her sandals (close-up below) are from J. W. Robinson, Los Angeles





Suède is seen in Hollywood's smartest street and sport ensembles. Left: cyclamen posies with golden yarn centers and green leaves spot the jumper blouse and flowerpot bag of this two-piece turquoise ensemble worn by Virginia Bruce of M-G-M's "The First Hundred Years." The turquoise hat has ties and crown band of cyclamen and rose grosgrain; the wrist-length, hand-sewn gloves are rose. Suspenders pull through slits, button onto a six-gore skirt

At the right is a bolero frock of golden yellow, worn by Maureen O'Sullivan, who is now appearing in "Port of Seven Seas." The short-sleeved blouse with its tailored collar tucks into a smart four-gore skirt, and the two pieces are joined by a gay cummerbund of royal blue appliquéd with posies in shades of red, yellow and green to repeat the floral motif of the bolero. The "baby bonnet" matches the frock. Voris created the suède ensembles on these pages

PHOTOGRAPHY BY
GRAYBILL





PHOTOGRAPHY BY MUKY

Peasant fashions adaptable for wear in town and at the beaches brighten up the summer mode. Inspiration traveled from the costumes of far-off Hungary to style this peasant jumper dress of navy and white silk linen worn so attractively by Margaret Lindsay, who is appearing currently in "When Were You Born?" Large pearl buttons mark the closing of the piquant blouse, while a wide band of brilliant red, yellow and green yarn embroidery defines the slim waistline



Insert: an authentic Southern Mexican costume of Aztec derivation designed by Edith Head for Dorothy Lamour to wear in Paramount's "Tropic Holiday." With such costumes as inspiration, Miss Head has launched her American Indian peasant trends for play, day and evening clothes. Below, Miss Lamour is wearing an adaptation of this costume—a playtime frock created for her personal wardrobe by Miss Head and photographed exclusively for Photoplay. Fashioned of coarse white linen, the full pleated skirt is striped in red and black. The inset belt and square, geometric neckline and front panel of the "camisa" (blouse) are appliquéd with stripes of the skirt fabric. Directly left is a sketch of a frock which was also inspired by the early costumes of Southern Mexico. Stripes in the Mexican national colors (red, green and white) style an inset girdle on a black linen one-piece frock. A coarse white linen bolero and panama sombrero complete the enchanting mood

PHOTOGRAPH BELOW BY WILLIAM WALLING





MYRNA LOY..

THE SAGA OF A BELOVED REDHEAD



At fifteen, Myrna began her career as a thirty-a-month dancing teacher; furthered it by posing for this statue (top)

By tact (and hot tea), Mrs. Williams kept her imaginative daughter down to earth when . . .

. . . the screen's greatest lover picked her for a film part, had her made up as the slinky siren seen above

BY DIXIE WILLSON

OF Montana's Crow Creek Valley where little Myrna Williams was born, she first remembers the acres of her father's wheat, his cattle and blue-blooded horses roaming the range. Then, moving to the city of Helena, growing into city advantages, she went to dancing school, and much to the disturbance of the stolid Williams family showed exceptional talent, such talent in fact, that there seemed but one answer: she was "born to dance."

Her father, though a laughing genial jovial

type, a great host, their home constantly gay with parties and guests, could not accept the thought of a daughter of his progressing toward a professional career. Adoring her Dad, having always regarded him as her particular pal, it was difficult for Myrna to feel that he did not share and understand her one dream.

Her great thrill came with her chance to appear as the "première danseuse" in the Helena Elks' show, the outstanding event of the season, and her heart was broken when her father deliberately planned a week's business trip out of town to avoid seeing her on the stage that night.

But she danced, and was a sensational success, so much of a success that afterward she was approached by the manager of the Broadway act imported for the show, who offered her the

chance to go East, leaving tonight, meeting his troupe at the railroad station.

Myrna was only thirteen, but tall, serious, lovely to look at, certainly unusually talented, and this offer she felt to be her great opportunity. So her decision was to go . . . telling her family afterward, of course.

At one A.M., still wearing the make-up of tonight's triumph, her mother sleeping, Myrna waited in her own room until it should be time to leave for the railroad station and the 2:40 train.

Now continue the story:

SHE remembers still the pounding of her heart against the strange portentous stillness of midnight. She had shaded her light, had turned the

lock so she could see it. On her pillow she had left the note for her mother. Her suitcase held her best brown dress, her sailor suit, the costume in which she had danced tonight's performance . . . and all her money, a little more than eight dollars.

She had tucked her red braids under her Scotch Highland cap, had put on her blue serge coat, though the late October night was warm, and the station near.

Never in her life had she been out alone at night . . . but what was there to be afraid of! He glanced out of the window. How strangely quiet and empty the street! How silent! With a little half-frightened ecstasy it came over her that the next time she would walk down this street she would know all about Chicago, Broadway . . . the thrill of flowers, success and spotlight . . . the mystery of dark stages "between shows," the gipsy life of trunks, railroad trains, dressing rooms, stage doors! She had seen the troupe's baggage marked "Eddie Stevens Co. Theater." Tomorrow on her own suitcase would also be "Eddie Stevens Co. Theater!"

Half past one . . . At two o'clock she would go. But while she waited the minutes sounded like blows of a sledge hammer! Why wasn't there some other sound! How could there be so much silence as encompassed this house tonight! Not a movement! Not a breath! Not

"Dream dreams . . . they do come true," says Myrna and, we might add, this is for her a theory already proven. Consider, for instance, the case of the black limousine . . .

even the rustle of a leaf outside her open window! . . . But now there was the echoing sound, a block away, of a man's footsteps! Would her footsteps sound like that . . . echoing, resounding, as though nothing were alive anywhere but herself!

She drew on her tan school gloves . . . No they'd be in the way. She took them off . . . No she better wear them . . . to carry the suitcase. She put them on again . . . And now the footsteps were nearer . . . much nearer . . . and suddenly she recognized the quick stride of her father . . . turning up their own walk . . . coming up on the porch . . . his key in the door! And the soft glow of the hall light below, flooding the stairs. Eerie shadows of spindles were suddenly marching up the wall. . . .

He went into the library . . . Presently she smelled his pipe smoke . . . But they hadn't expected him back tonight! Why had he come?

"Myrna . . . are you still up, dear?" her Mother was saying sleepily. "Is that your father
(Continued on page 82)



Adolescent Myrna was torn between two ideals—a high-school halfback and a career as a sculptress. The former she discussed with cousin Laura Bell Wilder (left, below); the latter with brother David (bottom), now a prominent sculptor



PHOTOPLAY'S

Fashion Club

STYLES



PHOTOGRAPHY BY SCHAFER

Summer chic is charmingly represented in these dark sheers (woven of Celanese yarn) worn by Joan Perry, star of Columbia's "Start Cheering." A duco petit-point motif individualizes this frock of sheer crepe with its white zipper closing which matches the piping on neck and sleeves. Patent belt and shoulder corsage of piqué

Cotton daisies set on coarse net style the jacket of Joan's pure silk chiffon frock. The skirt has front and back side panels of knife pleats stitched from the waist and released at the knee. The blouse of the short-sleeved frock has a V neckline piped in white linen. The corsage is of patent and linen; the belt of patent

A synthetic yarn which has the body of wool and the coolness of linen makes this "Tropical Sheer" (top, right) a "must" for summer. The frock buttons down the front, has a pleated skirt that is cleverly stitched to mould the hipline. A patent belt, a gay shoulder carnation and a sleek open-crowned turban complete this ensemble

Summer magic is evident in the costume shown at the right—a marquisette frock with a cool all-over floral design which is applied with narrowest tape. The under-slip is of sheer crepe with a net yoke. Joan has chosen her dress in navy with the design in delicate pink, the year's (and the men's) favorite accessory color



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AN ORIGINAL PHOTOPLAY
HOLLYWOOD FASHION
LOOK FOR IT

A Bride Now...

will she keep
Romance?

"Don't let Cosmetic Skin develop — rob YOU of love"

Claudette Colbert

STAR OF THE
PARAMOUNT PRODUCTION
"Bluebeard's Eighth Wife"

LOVELY SKIN WINS
ROMANCE. SO WHY
TAKE CHANCES
WITH UNATTRACTIVE
COSMETIC SKIN

COSMETIC SKIN
DEVELOPS WHEN PORES
ARE CHOKED WITH
DUST, DIRT AND
STALE COSMETICS.
LUX TOILET SOAP'S
ACTIVE LATHER GUARDS
AGAINST THIS DANGER

I ALWAYS
REMOVE COSMETICS
THOROUGHLY WITH
LUX TOILET SOAP.
IT'S THE SAFE, EASY
WAY TO KEEP SKIN
SOFT AND SMOOTH

LUX
TOILET SOAP

**9 out of 10
Screen Stars use Lux Toilet Soap**

PHOTOPLAY'S

Hats of the Month



The Roxford "Demure," a Leghorn in natural color that goes well with every costume, frames the charming face of Barbara Read, currently appearing in "The Crime of Dr. Hallet." That air of schoolgirl simplicity, heightened by winsome chin straps and tailored grosgrain band, is the very soul of sophistication for this summer season of 1938



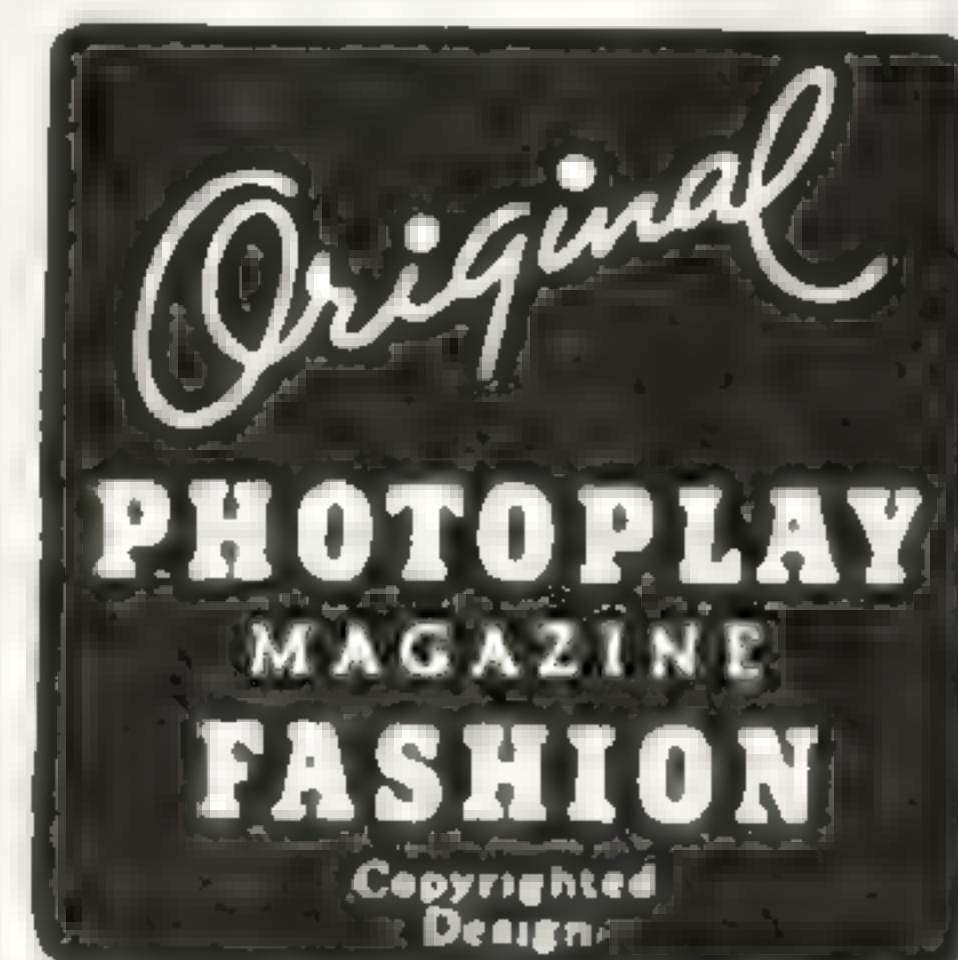
Dorothea Kent, now playing in "Good-bye Broadway," gives you a new line on felt. Miss Kent is wearing the Roxford "Coquette," one of the new flat-crowned, swinging-brimmed felts. Note the coquettish upsweep of the brim in back, the downward tilt over the eyes. Contrasting grosgrain ribbon forms the smartly bowed banding. Shown in the new String beige, this Roxford is available in other colors



The Byron "Sophisticate," photographed here on Dorothea, shows you felt at its cleverest in line and detail; gives you an idea of what's ahead for summer. You'll travel far without meeting a smarter felt. There's a dashing angle to the new lowered crown; a dashing line to the bumper-edged brim. Grosgrain banding is accented by fringe detail of the felt. Smart in vivid sports color



Barbara Read poses for you in "Winsome," a Byron model tailored of Leghorn in flattering natural color. The crown reaches a smart new low; the brim is wide enough to shade you from the sun, yet not so wide that you can't wear this model for almost any daytime occasion. Tailored to typical Byron quality, and banded 'round with grosgrain, this hat is headed for the limelight



WHERE TO BUY THEM

The smart advance PHOTOPLAY Hollywood hats shown on this page are available to you at any of the department stores and shops listed on page 95

*It helps their
Skin more directly!*

THE NEW CREAM WITH "Skin-Vitamin"



"MY SKIN IS CLEARER
AND BRIGHTER"

FREDERICA VANDERBILT WEBB
NOW MRS. DAVID S. GAMBLE, JR.



"KEEPS MY SKIN SO
MUCH SOFTER"
MRS. VICTOR DU PONT, III

"SMOOTHS LINES OUT
MARVELOUSLY"

MRS. HENRY LATROBE ROOSEVELT, JR.



"A great advance . . .

"Pond's new 'skin-vitamin' Cold Cream is a great advance—a really scientific beauty care. I'll never be afraid of sports or travel drying my skin, with this new cream to put the 'skin-vitamin' back into it. It makes texture seem finer."

—MRS. HENRY LATROBE ROOSEVELT, JR.

"Helps skin more . . .

"I've always been a devoted user of Pond's. Now that it has the 'skin-vitamin' in it, it helps my skin more than ever. Keeps it bright and fresh looking all through the gayest season."

—FREDERICA VANDERBILT WEBB
now MRS. DAVID S. GAMBLE, JR.

"Gets skin really clean . . .

"Pond's Cold Cream always gets my skin really clean. Now it nourishes, too, and keeps my skin so much softer."—MRS. VICTOR DU PONT, III

A NEW CREAM that puts the necessary "skin-vitamin" right into skin!—The vitamin which especially helps to build new skin tissue—which aids in keeping skin beautiful! Since Pond's new "skin-vitamin" Cold Cream was announced, thousands of women have tried it!

In this advertisement we are repeating the words of some of the first to try it—"A great advance"—"Keeps my skin better than ever"—"Gives better color"—"Keeps my skin finer and softer in spite of all my sports."

Exposure dries the "skin-vitamin" out of skin . . .

Exposure is constantly drying this "skin-vitamin" out of the skin. When there is not enough of this "skin-vitamin" in the diet, the skin may suffer—become undernourished, rough and subject to infections.

Suppose you try and see what putting the active "skin-vitamin" directly into *your* skin will do for it? In animal tests, skin that had been rough and dry because of "skin-vitamin" deficiency in the diet became smooth and supple again—in only three weeks!

Use the new Pond's Cold Cream in your regular way for cleansing and before make-up. Pat it in. Leave some on overnight and whenever you have a chance. Do this faithfully for 2 or 3 weeks. Some women reported enthusiastically within that time!

Same jars, same labels, same price

Now every jar of Pond's Cold Cream you buy contains this new cream with "skin-vitamin" in it. You will find it in the same jars, with the same labels, at the same price.

SEND FOR
THE NEW
CREAM!

TEST IT IN 9 TREATMENTS

Pond's, Dept. 15-CT, Clinton, Conn. Rush special tube of Pond's "skin-vitamin" Cold Cream, enough for 9 treatments, with samples of 2 other Pond's "skin-vitamin" Creams and 5 different shades of Pond's Face Powder. I enclose 10¢ to cover postage and packing.

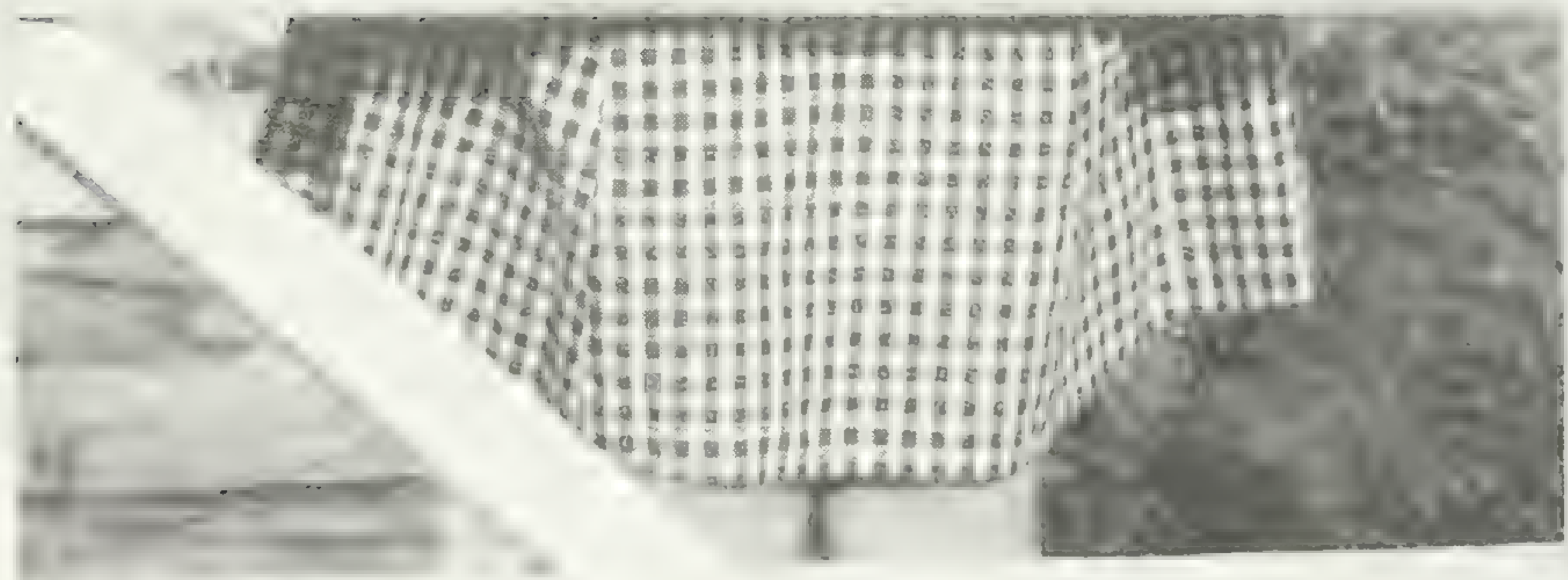
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Copyright, 1938, Pond's Extract Company

Tune in on "THOSE WE LOVE," Pond's Program, Mondays, 8:30 P.M., N. Y. Time, N.B.C.



Jane Withers, like all little girls, has one special school dress that's a delight to her heart. Jane's favorite is this fine English gingham in blue and white. Her jumper frock, with flared skirt, has a blouse of Irish linen with gingham trim on the collar and cuffs. Helen Myron designed this and Jane's party frock (above right)



Jane decides to "say it with flowers" when she arrives at the party all dressed up in her newest afternoon frock of deep blue crepe with myriads of tiny white stars spotting the blouse and collar. The sections of Jane's hat are joined with cords of the matching print which fashions the banding, too



On a day off from 20th Century-Fox's "Rascals" we found Jane in her yard, wearing this dress of turquoise-blue silk linen with hand stitching of darker blue. A trim of white silk braid edges the collar and cuffs and forms a belt which ends with three buttons at each side of the front panel

FASHIONS FOR LITTLE JANES



***"Look at those snapshots...
then decide,"*** says DOROTHY DIX,
famous adviser on life and marriage

I BELIEVE that practically every girl or man has a chance, sometime during romance days, to make a happy marriage. Unhappy marriages simply show how many let the right chance slip . . .

"Try this plan: When you meet someone you like, see that you get plenty of snapshots. This is a natural and easy thing to do—romance and snapshots go together like music and moonlight . . .

"And be sure to save your snapshots. Then, when you think your big moment has arrived, spend an hour or two looking over the snapshots of all the others. See what they

say to you. See if some of the faces and scenes don't awaken memories that make you pause. Perhaps you'll recognize the *right* chance that has gone by temporarily, but can be regained."

* * *

Whether you're expert or inexperienced—for day-in and day-out picture making—use Kodak Verichrome Film for surer results. Double-coated by a special process—it takes care of reasonable exposure errors—increases your ability to get clear, satisfying pictures. Nothing else is "just as good." And certainly there is nothing better. Play safe. Use it always . . . Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester, N. Y.



Accept nothing but
the film in the familiar
yellow box—Kodak Film—
which only Eastman makes

THEODORE FLYNN, Professor of Biology, Queens University, Belfast, Ireland, is still amused at his son Errol's choice of a career. Just before the star left he received a letter from his father, in answer to Errol's offer to send him a few specimens of deep-sea life which he hoped to collect during his six-week cruise in the Caribbean aboard his new ship "Sirocco." The letter, in part, read: "Dear Errol:

"Thank you for your willingness to collect deep-sea specimens for me. I hope your adventure is pleasurable and successful. I should like to caution you to learn a little more about your present choice of endeavors, if you are scientifically interested, especially as an ichthyologist.

"If you should run into one of the medusae possessed of long extensile marginal tentacles with stringing hairs, however, please send it on. If you do, I shall make it a point to see this new picture of yours."

Errol swears he's going to do his best to find that rare jellyfish, too.

Stokowski's "Isolde"

IN the maze of rumors and counter-rumors about the Garbo-Stokowski episode, we think the most romantic angle is this: years ago, before Stokowski had even met Garbo, he wanted to do Richard Wagner's "Tristan and Isolde" for the screen. His dream, even then, was to have Garbo for his *Isolde*.

But, you will say, Garbo can't sing. It's true. But that didn't stop the revolutionary Stokowski. He plans to have a great singer's voice dubbed in for the arias.

Wagner went to Italy to finish "Tristan." Is it too much to suppose that Garbo and Stokowski went to Villa Cimbrone (don't miss the pictures on page 32) not only as companions, but as two great artists, seeking to recapture Wagner's mood?

Garbo inevitably has new doors opened to her by her romances. Maurice Stiller turned her from a peasant girl into a seductive star; John Gilbert opened the door to a happy, youthful life. Stokowski represents an unfamiliar world to Garbo—music. If these comments are true, and we believe they are, it means Garbo will not retire from the screen. Won't she be a divine *Isolde*?

The Big Ten

SHIRLEY TEMPLE: is finishing "Little Miss Broadway" at this writing. Her studio secured Irving Cummings, the director of one of Shirley's biggest box-office hits, "Bright Eyes," to direct her in this latest film. Despite rumors to the contrary, Shirley must make one more picture before she can start on her vacation. The parents have decided against Shirley's making any personal appearances, but she will still visit the "Quints." She will leave Hollywood in June.

CLARK GABLE: back from a Mexican hunting trip, in which he reported "no luck." He's now making preparations for his coming rôle of a newsreel cameraman in "Too Hot To Handle," by trailing veteran newsreel photographer Sam Greenwald about on assignments.

ROBERT TAYLOR: spent the first day of his vacation, after completing "Three Comrades," sowing alfalfa on his ranch. He had a nice New York trip all planned, giving himself three weeks in which to see the stage offerings and "do" the town, but his studio said no. It seems Bob's work as M.C. on the M-G-M airshow has helped boost the broadcast to such good rating that they

Cal York's Own Gossip

(Continued from page 51)



Would you believe it? The two most talked-of stars in Hollywood never met until Joan Crawford visited Shirley on the set of "Little Miss Broadway." Mrs. Tone was so excited she forgot her slippers!

It was certainly our lucky day—for no sooner had we stepped on the "Little Miss Broadway" set, to watch Shirley Temple work, than in came Joan Crawford.

Said Joan: "When George Murphy invited me over to meet Shirley, who is my favorite star, I was so thrilled and excited I was halfway here before I discovered I was wearing mules instead of my slippers. I had to go back home and change them.

"You know," she continued, after watching Shirley and George Murphy go through one intricate dance routine after another, "my hands are really wet from nervousness. That's just how I feel about meeting Shirley."

When Shirley's mother smiled at Joan and said she thought Shirley was a bit excited at her being there, Joan cried, "She's excited? Why say, I'm even sick at my stomach."

And we all roared together.

Joan brought her favorite movie star a large box of chocolates with a circus tent top. And when Shirley accidentally

tore her spangled dancing dress, it was Joan herself who called for a needle and thread to mend the frock.

After Shirley had taken her visitor on a tour through her dressing room-schoolroom trailer, Joan sat down for a bit of a chat.

She told us her reasons for not making a picture right away. "I feel I won't be ready for a musical picture for another six months. And I refuse to make any picture that may tear down the ground I gained in 'Mannequin.' I'd rather stay off the screen until the right story is found."

And then came a whispered invitation that set old Cal up in fine style, knowing a bid of this sort is a rare thing, coming from Joan.

"Come over to the studio one day this week at two o'clock," she whispered, "and listen to me make a recording with an orchestra. It will be sort of preview for you of my voice."

And if you think I'm not going—well, feel my hands, too. I'm as nervous as Joan was over Shirley.

insist on his presence, even during his vacation period.

BING CROSBY: has started his new picture, "Sing You Singers," for Paramount. It is needless to say that between pictures, his weekly radio broadcast, and the growing Crosby sons, Bing finds himself one of the busiest guys in town. But he loves it!

WILLIAM POWELL: while still in the hospital, Bill is improving so rapidly that studios are brushing up on their scripts to persuade him that his next picture should be done for them. His old studio, M-G-M, has another "Thin Man" yarn waiting, and 20th Century-Fox wants him back for another right away. Meanwhile, the convalescing Powell is just smiling and enjoying the daily deluge of flowers sent to him by his friends.

JANE WITHERS: the energetic little Jane is mighty busy these days super-

vising the rebuilding of her cottage playhouse and other buildings, damaged by the California raindrops (flood to you). Script on her next picture will be completed soon, and Jane will have to forget the grand rest she's had, of late, and that exciting personal appearance tour.

FRED ASTAIRE AND GINGER ROGERS: reporting to work faithfully each morning, now, to put the finishing touches on those dance routines he has worked up for his reunion film with Ginger. Poor Ginger is still acting away on additional scenes for that "difficult-to-get-released" film entitled "Having Wonderful Time."

SONJA HENIE: back in Hollywood, after her successful tour and Florida vacation, the little blonde skating star has the local swains in a turmoil, trying to get a date with her. She's pounds and pounds lighter than when she left,

and has the grandest suntan in town, even if it did come from Florida. Script for her next picture will be ready within two weeks.

GARY COOPER: will probably be back in Hollywood by the time you read this. At present, he is in Long Island, visiting his "in-laws" and recuperating from that minor operation he underwent recently.

MYRNA LOY: was all set to take a pleasant journey with hubby Arthur Hornblow, Jr., to Mexico and South America. But friend husband found himself so busy at Paramount (he's a producer) that the trip had to be called off. Myrna, whose last was "Test Pilot," is spending her intended vacation at home—and enjoying it very much, thank you.

George Brent—his column

GEORGE BRENT, glimpsed in a Hollywood shop, admitted the silver belt buckle he was purchasing was a present for the nephew of Mexico City's chief of police.

It all came about this way. During George's recent visit to that city the young Mexican attached himself to the actor and followed him about faithfully. He so admired George's silver buckle, that the latter couldn't resist presenting the lad with a similar buckle . . .

That trend of feeling that has a way of sweeping through the Hollywood air, carrying its message of favor or disfavor for certain stars, has swung strongly in Mr. Brent's direction lately—and with happy conclusions.

"There never was a man," a friend once said, in speaking of George, "who, through no fault of his own, suffered such unfavorable publicity as Brent."

Before Hollywood had a chance to get to know George very well, he married Ruth Chatterton. Ruth's failure to cooperate with the publicity departments, her active aversion to cameramen reaped a harvest of bitter reproach for Brent, who found himself ignored by the camera boys for many a blue moon.

HIS romance with Garbo only widened the breach between George and Hollywood, for naturally Garbo's mania for seclusion included George. That meant that he repaired to his walled-in seclusion in the country and stayed there alone rather than be asked ridiculous questions concerning Miss Garbo.

His last flight into romance with Constance Worth and its deplorable aftermath just about crushed George. He grew bitter and morose. But now, Hollywood is suddenly seeing beneath the man as he really is. A charming young fellow, intent on becoming a good American citizen and furthering his place on the screen. Just a fine chap who like all of us, hopes to be understood and liked. For himself.

Plenty of credit for this break in the clouds for George Brent belongs to Olivia de Havilland. Olivia has brought to George, at a time when he needed it most, real friendship.

Many a time when George sat alone in the studio dining room, Olivia bounced in and, with a pleasant grin, plopped down beside the actor, ordered her lunch and then proceeded to amuse George with her sallies.

Through Olivia's staunch friendship (with no thought of romance, remember), others have come to understand and appreciate George Brent. And George has reciprocated. When his studio paged him to make the long tedious trek to Weaverville for a picture premiere, he never hesitated a moment, although he had just that hour driven in from his trip to Mexico.

Yes, Hollywood is rapidly becoming pro Brent. And it's about time!



OLYMPE BRADNA in Paramount's "Stolen Heaven"

Your POWDER... should be in a color harmony shade to add new beauty to your skin. You'll find a shade that is perfect for you in Max Factor's Powder...and you'll marvel how it imparts a satin-smooth make-up that really stays on for hours...One dollar.



BETTY GRABLE in Paramount's "College Swing"

Your ROUGE... should give a natural touch of color to your cheeks without being obvious. There's a color harmony shade for you in Max Factor's Rouge that will look actually lifelike...and you'll be pleasantly surprised how creamy-smooth it is, and how easily it blends...Fifty cents.

★ **Announcing!...** MAX FACTOR'S NORMALIZING CLEANSING CREAM...*a perfectly balanced cream that will "agree" with your skin whether it is dry, oily, or normal.*



Max Factor ★ *Hollywood*
"COSMETICS OF THE STARS"

THREE PARAMOUNT STARS tell how to be *Beautiful*

"**A**NY GIRL can be more attractive if she will learn Hollywood's make-up secret," say famous screen stars. "Most girls fail to make the most of their beauty because they choose make-up which does not beautify their own natural colorings.

"If you are a blonde, the colors of your make-up should emphasize your own delicate colorings.

"If you are a brunette, your make-up should be in warmer color tones to harmonize with your type."

This is the secret of color harmony make-up, created by Max Factor, Hollywood's make-up genius. Powder, rouge and lipstick are in harmonized shades to accent the beauty of each type. You will be amazed how beautiful you will look with your own color harmony make-up.

NOTE COUPON for
special make-up test.



MARY CARLISLE in Paramount's
"Doctor Rhythm"



Your LIPSTICK...should give an alluring, tempting color accent to your lips. You will find just the color for your type in the color harmony shades of Max Factor's Lipstick. Super-Indelible and moisture-proof...it will keep your lips the same lovely color through every lipstick test...One dollar.

Mail for POWDER, ROUGE AND LIPSTICK IN YOUR COLOR HARMONY

MAX FACTOR, Max Factor's Make-Up Studio, Hollywood:
Send Purse-Size Box of Powder and Rouge Sampler in my color harmony shade; also Lipstick Color Sampler, four shades. I enclose ten cents for postage and handling. Also send me my Color Harmony Make-Up Chart and 48-page Illustrated Instruction Book, "The New Art of Society Make-Up"......FREE

COMPLEXIONS	EYES	HAIR
Very Light ☐	Blue ☐	BLONDE ☐
Fair ☐	Gray ☐	Light ☐ Dark ☐
Creamy ☐	Green ☐	BROWNETTE ☐
Medium ☐	Hazel ☐	Light ☐ Dark ☐
Ruddy ☐	Brown ☐	BRUNETTE ☐
Sallow ☐	Black ☐	Light ☐ Dark ☐
Freckled ☐	LASHES ☐	REDHEAD ☐
Olive ☐	Light ☐	Light ☐ Dark ☐
Dark ☐	Dark ☐	If Hair is Gray, check type above and here
SKIN Dry ☐ Oily ☐	Normal ☐	AGE

NAME _____
STREET _____
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GANTNER

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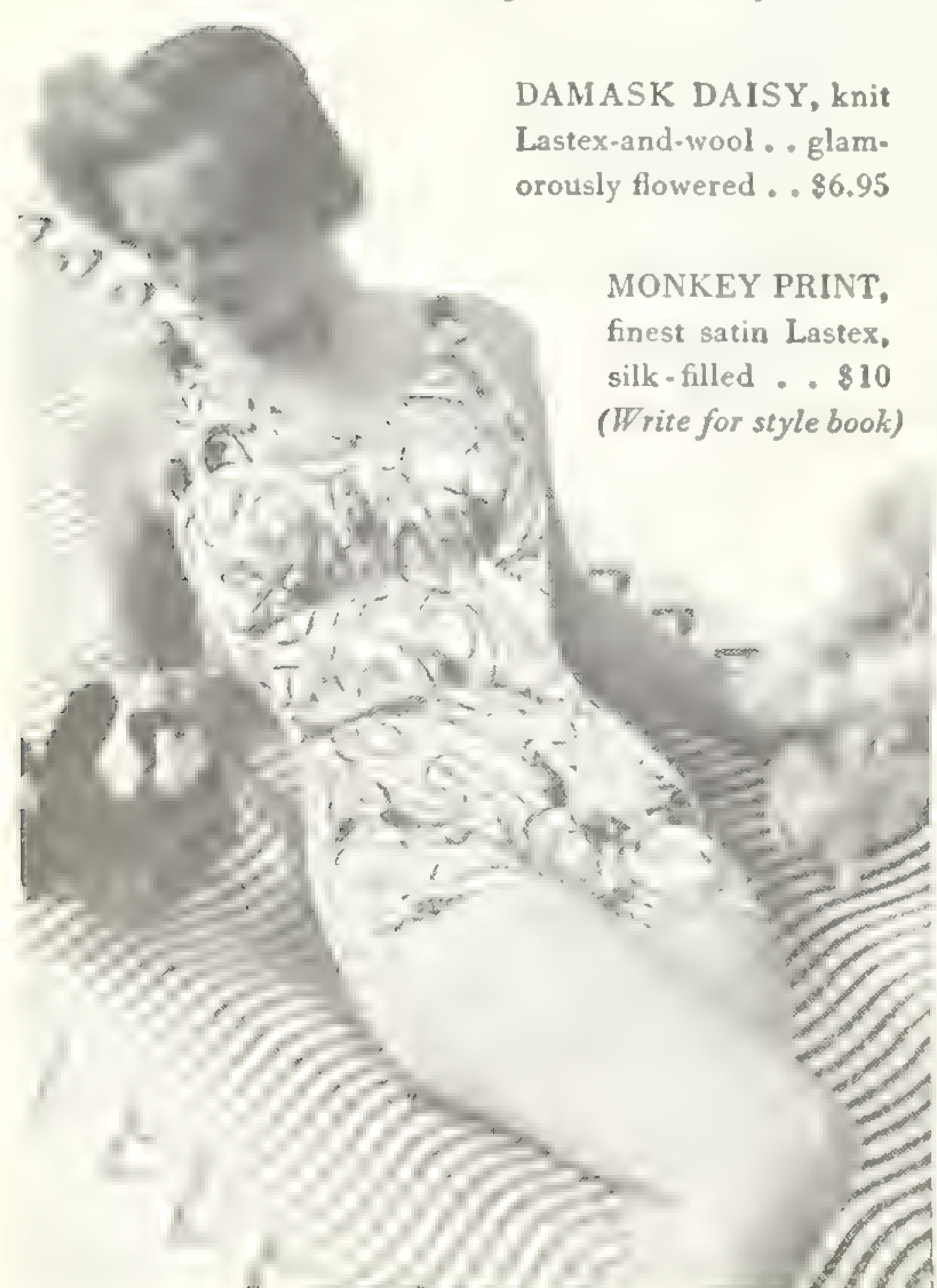
FLOATING BRA is an amazing inner uplift . . . to glamorize your every lovely line! It creates smart-hip, slim-waist illusions by raising surplus inches to accent your beautiful, high-pointed bust!

For true girdle and bust control . . . **FLOATING BRA**, exclusive with Gantner! At smarter shops everywhere!

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finest satin Lastex,
silk-filled . . . \$10
(Write for style book)



Forbidden Great Loves of Hollywood

(Continued from page 29)

some day I'll bring you the moon and the stars and all the lovely things in the world for your very own. We'll be together now—and always and we'll love only each other. You're so little and so sweet and so perfect and I love you more than anything in all the world."

And so, indeed, he did. Also, he wasn't a bad dialogue writer; later on, when he became famous, he always twisted his dialogue around to suit himself and it always sounded better.

They were married and set up house-keeping and she did miracles with the little money they had. They were quite happy in their one room, and quite sure of his great future. They used to sit up in bed at night, with the bedclothes spread out smooth, and draw plans of the houses they'd build some day.

"We'll have the swimming pool right here," he'd say and hug her and laugh with a great, confident joy. She'd look up at him with complete adoration, believing in him utterly. He would do all the things he said he would. He would be a movie star and build glorified houses and have swimming pools.

She was right. He did. But she wasn't with him.

IT wasn't that he outgrew her exactly. Nor that he stopped loving her—it was pretty hard to stop loving Viola, for she was a very dear small person.

He just fell in love with somebody else. Violently, insanely, magnificently. Boy-and-girl love, young wedded love, became a pale and faded tintype out of the past beside his first exciting passion for a brilliant, experienced woman of the world and the stage. He actually looked on his marriage as something that had happened to him in another incarnation. He was swept off his feet, away from her—far away.

"There isn't anything I can do about it," he told her sadly.

After long nights of tears, shed silently into her pillow for fear of waking him, after days of trying to be brave, she saw what he said was true. Just at first she thought she ought to fight for him, try to keep him. He was her husband and he would get over this infatuation, if she was wise and patient. So she put on her best clothes, which weren't much, and spent hours curling her pretty brown hair, and fixed all the things he liked best to eat.

It wasn't any use. Her heart was broken, for she had learned to love him better every day and she simply didn't see how she could live without him. Life would be so flat, so stale and unprofitable without Richard. Other men would be so drab and commonplace and dull beside him. All the sparkle and thrill and excitement of love and life would be gone, because how could she bear another lover after Richard? And she wasn't yet twenty and there were so many long, gray years ahead to be lived through.

Her heart hurt for him, too. This other woman wouldn't be good for him. She wouldn't take care of him. She'd waste his time and his money.

But he explained that. "You see," he told her, "I need something else now. I need someone who understands life. I need someone who inspires me."

"An actor can't be domestic; he can't live a quiet home life; he shouldn't be tied to one woman, ever. An actor has to live—to know life—to have new experiences all the time. I want to live dangerously."

He was very, very young, of course.

In the end she gave him his way. Fame and fortune were just beginning to smile broadly upon him. His name was becoming known. He had done one leading rôle with sensational success. Opportunities glittered all around him. Of course, he had everything—dark beauty of the most masculine type, acting ability far beyond the ordinary, glamour and a certain picturesque, spectacular quality that literally blazed on the black and white screen. She couldn't stand in his way when he didn't want her any more.

THE divorce shattered her. Nothing could have made her believe that she would ever be divorced. Divorce was something that happened to other people in the newspapers. Her mind went around and around in circles, back to those nights on the moonlit beach when they had vowed eternal love, through the brief, glorious, exciting, poverty-stricken two years of their marriage, trying to discover where they had missed the path. Marriage was real; you couldn't just say, "That's the end of that."

But she found out that he could.

Hollywood wasn't possible for her after that. Hollywood had taken him from her and there could never be another man. If they'd been just normal, ordinary people she might have made him happy, kept him. But then, she had to admit, he wouldn't have been Richard.

The train carried her away and the wheels went over her heart at every turn. The small Kentucky town swallowed her in oblivion. For a little while people remembered that she had once been married to Richard and sometimes, as his name grew bright and ever brighter, she was mentioned as his first wife; sometimes her picture appeared in a life story about him. That was all. Nobody cared what had become of her. Nobody ever stopped to wonder what she must think of his work, or if she ever went to see his pictures, or how she felt if she did.

His spectacular career marched on and she was completely forgotten, even by him.

The woman who had first come between them wasn't, it turned out, the great love of his life, either. He discovered that before he married her.

He married again, a clean-cut, brilliant young writer of some fame and then a young society beauty with millions, almost as spectacular as himself. Then there was the much headlined romance with the tiny, dark, tempestuous Italian singer. They did not marry—she didn't believe in marriage—but it was one of Hollywood's great love stories, told in print and celluloid many times.

They devoured each other with a sort of passionate greed, and, when it was over, he found himself sick to death of love and of women. Yet he couldn't live without women. The very essence of self-dramatization that had taken him to the heights of gaiety sent him to the depths of despair. He tried to bring life level again with drink, but it didn't work and he had never learned how to wait, to rest, to refill himself once more from within.

IT was then, upon a stormy night in his cottage by the sea, that he remembered again Viola.

He hadn't, probably, thought of her in five years. He hadn't seen her in

twelve—the twelve, crowded, glorious, tragic years of his great success.

Maybe it was the sound of the ocean beside which they had first kissed. Maybe it was the fireside that made him lonely. A man should have a wife to sit opposite him before his own fireside. A man needed a wife to share his lonely nights, bring him his slippers, listen to his tale of the day's work. A man got tired of passionate love-making and wild love affairs. A man needed a son.

In that tired moment, sated, empty, it was all real to him, as everything in his life had been real to him while he lived it.

So his thoughts came to Viola. His wife.

After all, she was the only one of them who had really been his wife. To her he had pledged his first troth, made his first vows. They were the only ones that were holy.

Odd how clearly he remembered her suddenly, in the firelight. How little she was, how gentle, how soft her Southern voice was to hear. His first sweetheart. A man gave to his first love the best that was in him. Part of himself that he could never give anyone else. He should never have divorced her, never let her go. He could have had his fancies, but he should have kept his wife.

He believed it, too.

How she had loved him! No other woman had ever loved him as she did. From her he had had loyalty and fidelity and honor and kindness. How she had looked up to him and believed in him and adored him. Why had he ever let her go? Why hadn't he built up around him the tradition of a great love? How exquisite Viola would have been in the clothes he could have bought for her, the jewels designed for her, soft furs and laces. Richard's beautiful wife—who loves him with idolatry. Mistress of his home—the perfect hostess—mother of his handsome son. Never a thought except for him—not like these career women who were always self-centered even when they were in love. She would be here now beside him murmuring in her soft voice, "My darling, is there anything I can do for you?"

She was still his wife, the only real wife he'd ever had.

He would go and find her and bring her back to his fireside and they would live out the rest of their years together. He was sure that she'd never married again. It was impossible, loving him as she had. And his heart began to beat as he thought of the scene—what a scene—when he appeared before her, the wonder that would come over her. To have him back after all these years, now that he was a great star and the idol of every woman in the country. What a story it would be, this reunion of boy-and-girl sweethearts, of the great lover and his first wife.

HE was right. She had not married again. She still lived, he found, in the same small town in Kentucky. He wouldn't tell her of his coming. It would be more dramatic to surprise her.

The house was small and attractive, on a side street under spreading old trees. There was a little garden, well kept, surrounded by a small, white fence. Just, he thought, as he would have liked it to be. He opened the gate and went up the neat walk and an

(Continued on page 76)

Make Your Gift to Him an

"INVISIBLE STITCH" BILLFOLD

by
**PRINCE
GARDNER**

WHETHER it's for Tom at graduation, for Fred who is coming down to usher at the wedding—or for Dad on Father's Day (June 19th) you can find the ideal masculine gift in an "Invisible Stitch" Billfold by Prince Gardner.

John Boles speaks for men generally when he says that a good billfold should wear well. In Prince Gardner Billfolds the stitches are invisible—cleverly concealed so that they give important reinforcement and yet cannot be worn out.

See these practical stream-lined billfolds at one of your better stores. No matter which style or leather you choose, you'll make a real hit with the menfolk.

A Good Billfold—
Like an Old Friend
—Wears Well" says
JOHN BOLES

Appearing in
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A NEW UNIVERSAL
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FOR FATHER



FOR THE GRAD



FOR THE USHER

Here are three typical Prince Gardner Billfolds with the Invisible Stitch feature.

LEFT: English Morocco Double Bill Compartment, Visible Pass Holder.....\$5.00

CENTER: Genuine Alligator Single Bill Compartment, Concealed Pass Holder...\$10.00

RIGHT: Grained Goat, with Talon fastener, Stamp and Card Holders.....\$3.50

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TRY THIS SURE WAY TO PROTECT *Your Glamor*



WHEN YOUR
UNDERARM IS
DRY, YOUR
DRESS WILL
NEVER SMELL...

TONIGHT MAKE THE "Armhole Odor Test"

REMEMBER that wonderful man you met? The way he danced—divinely? And the telephone number he asked for but never used!

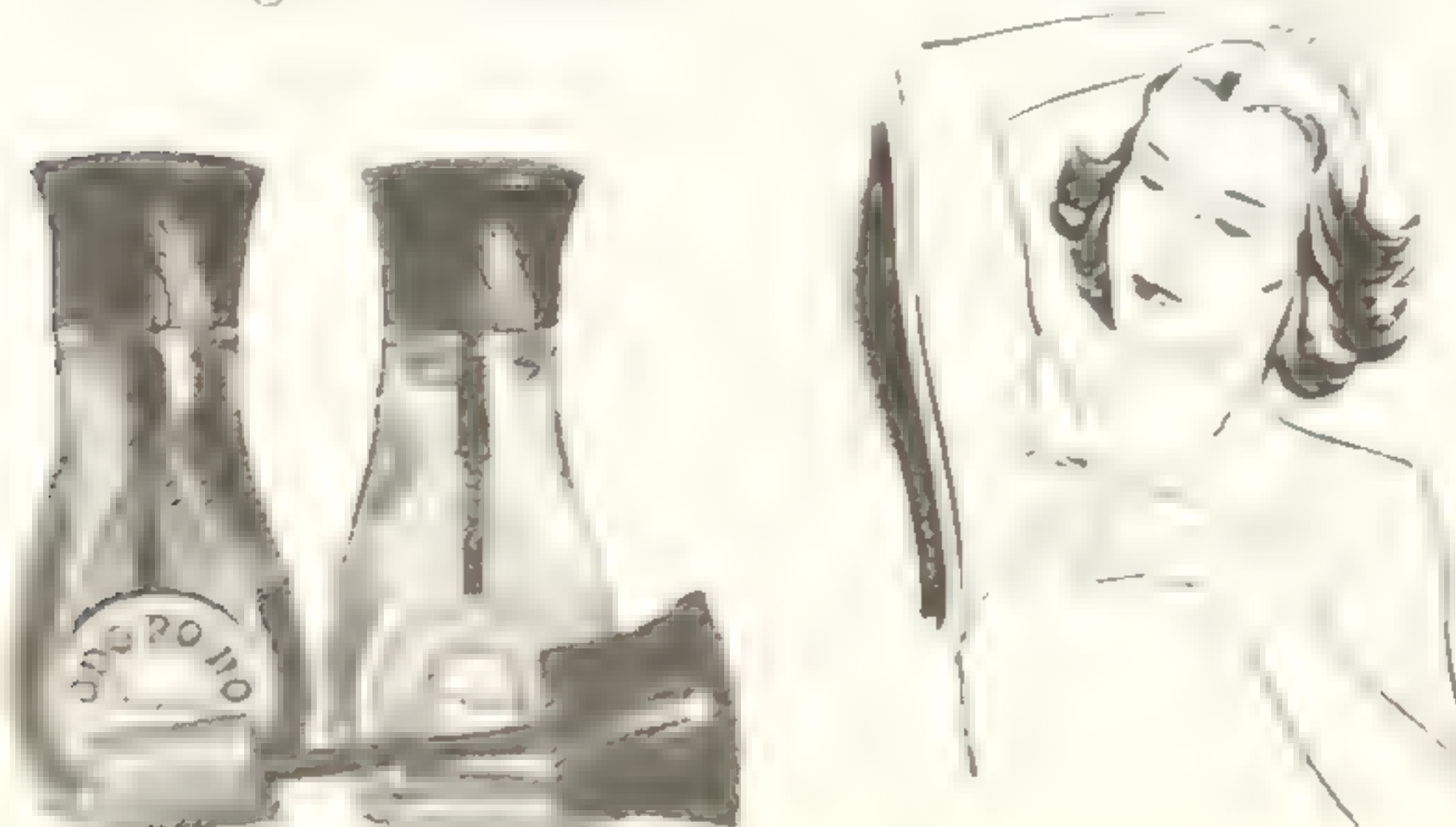
If you have ever been badly disappointed—make this simple test tonight. When you take off your dress, smell the fabric under the armhole. You may be horrified at its stale "armhole odor"... but it will be clear to you at last why so many women of taste and refinement insist upon a deodorant that checks perspiration and keeps the underarm dry, as well as sweet.

If you always keep your underarm dry, there can be no stale perspiration to collect on your dress and become more offensive each time you wear the dress.

One way to be sure

There is one way you can be sure of not offending. Liquid Odorono safeguards both you and your dress by keeping your underarm always dry. It merely diverts perspiration to other parts of your body where it can evaporate freely. With Liquid Odorono you can't be guilty of unpleasant "armhole odor." And Odorono is greaseless and odorless, too.

Start today to protect your charm and friendships. Liquid Odorono comes in two strengths—Regular and Instant. At all toilet-goods counters.



elderly colored woman opened the door.

The room, where he waited, was old-fashioned, but it looked poor and clean. Standing there, very dashing, handsomer than he had ever been with the little streaks of silver in his hair, he thought of all the things he could do for her, all he could give her and how he would take her out of this mean backwater of life and bring her once more to the glitter and glory of his existence. He saw himself as Jupiter come to visit a mortal and savored the emotion to the full. He had always liked playing Jupiter.

The woman who came into the room at last was small and rather plain. Her smooth hair waved a little and she wore it in a knot at the back of her neck. Her dress was plain and dark and rather shabby. For a moment he did not recognize her—he had been expecting Viola as he had last seen her—and then he saw that the eyes were the same, only she looked older than she should. She was years younger than that, surely. He felt younger. Maybe it was because she wore neither paint nor powder, only a little lipstick.

At sight of him she went so white it frightened him. And her eyes were suddenly alight, as they used to be.

"Richard—" she said, and made a little soft moan.

He knew exactly how to handle the scene. No stupid preliminaries—no build-up. Right into it.

"Viola," he said, "you're still my wife. You always have been. I was wrong—wrong to let you go. I want you back. Do you still love me?"

"I've always loved you," she said, her eyes never leaving his face.

A smile of satisfaction touched his lips. Of course, he'd known that. Women didn't fall out of love with him. Poor little thing. She'd been waiting all these years—not living, just existing—waiting for him.

He said, "I want you to come back with me. I want to buy you beautiful clothes—and lovely jewels—and a new home. I want you to be my wife again in the eyes of the world. I—"

A strange look had come into her face. She was peering at him, like a blind woman trying to see.

"Wait a minute, Richard," she said, very low. "Wait—I—Richard, do you love me? Do you really want me back—are you?"

That look made him uncomfortable. Her eyes were so clear and yet she seemed to have trouble seeing him. She had changed. Not just in looks. But the old, unquestioning, worshipful adoration wasn't there. She seemed to be looking for something she didn't find.

"Of course I love you," he said, too fervently. And knew in the very moment he said it that he did not.

Love her? Why, he didn't even know her, this quiet, plain woman with the wise, seeking eyes and the gentle mouth held so firmly. But he wanted her—he wanted his wife.

It wasn't, he thought, possible that his voice had sounded hollow.

She came across the room, then, and stood very close to him, looking at him carefully. Once she put up her hand and touched his cheek. His arms went about her, but she drew back. A mist had veiled her eyes.

"But—" she said, "but you're not my Richard at all."

THAT was all she said. He tried to read her thoughts and fortunately could not. The shock was written on her face. She was thinking in agony—thinking how he had changed. The fine boy's face had coarsened so. The flesh was laid over it heavily, as though he had been left too long in the sun and it had melted. His mouth, she thought, his mouth is cruel now, and sensual, and self-indulgent. His eyes have ceased to look upon dreams, they have looked upon every kind of lust and they are weary. He is—he is condescending to



Last year her screen test was the talk of the town. They even suggested it receive a special Academy Award! All proof that Hope Hampton hadn't forgotten her former film days. This year she's getting down to the serious business of starring in Universal's "Road to Reno." We predict it will start the town talking all over again

me—he wants me because he is weary. He isn't the man I loved. He is a stranger to me—a movie star—spoiled and sated by many women. He isn't seeking me—he is seeking a new sensation—a new rôle.

Aloud she said, "Richard, what would I do? How could I be your wife again? I have lived so long in quiet, in trying to find my way—I couldn't live in the spotlight and the glitter and the excitement. I don't know how. I'd fail—and then—"

It came to her like a blow. He hadn't been able to be true to her even when he loved her, even when they were young and happy and clean and filled with dreams. Now—he couldn't be true to any woman. The habit of women was upon him. There would always be women—new women—for the breath of incense they burned, for the renewal of old sensation—for the attempt to recapture youth.

Her heartbreak had been clean. If she went back now to that strange place called Hollywood with this man who

was a stranger to her, her heart would be broken again and again—in little ways, in disillusion, in petty infidelities—without dignity—with neglect. It was all there written upon his face. He had come to her in weariness, in a moment of memory, trying to go back to that which had once burned brightly between two young people beside a moonlit sea. But now he was a man, coarsened, a little pompous, bending down to her—and she saw all the tragedy that must be written for them in a patched-up building with worn, rotten timbers.

Even now, her heartache was almost more than she could bear. She had learned to be satisfied with peace and with service. If she could bring him peace, give him service... For a moment hope flared high in her, and she was torn with a desire to go with him and try to win the happiness that should have been theirs.

But she knew that it wasn't possible. He was not ready for peace. And he

would hate her and hate himself for the things he would do to her again. Between the girl and boy by the sea and this dissipated man and quiet middle-aged woman lay the long years of separation. If they had lived those years together bound by ties of joys and sorrows shared watching each other change day by day meeting problems, adjusting to life together—it might have been possible. Now they could not reach each other across the abyss of the divided years.

She had spent her years in a quiet quest for beauty—the sweet satisfaction of impersonal things, of music and poetry and a garden and books and trees. He had spent his years in living dangerously, in seeking sensation, at a faster and faster pace. She couldn't have fallen in love with this man—nor he with her. The frail tie of memories wasn't enough.

She wanted the old days back. Wanted to

try to find again that lost horizon. Their eyes met—and she knew it was lost forever and that to take this lesser thing was unworthy of the great love she still bore the boy she had married. For his sake, she couldn't do this.

"I can't," she said.

When he had gone, she sat very quietly, weeping. But she had kept the dear beauty of that boy, and of her great love, untarnished in the face of temptation. She had resisted a thing from which only ugliness could have come for both of them. And she knew too, that he was glad in the end that she had refused him.

In that she was right. He was glad. Yet his heart ached, too, because ever for him the clock would not turn back. His heart ached until he got to New York—and met a blonde girl who danced like a dream and smiled at him with youthful adoration. No one ever guessed that he married that blonde girl because something in her eyes reminded him of Viola.

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TO KEEP *Fragrantly Dainty* —BATHE WITH PERFUMED
CASHMERE BOUQUET SOAP

New Day for Bill Powell

(Continued from page 26)

laughter was the lovely center.

For Bill, like most intelligent men, has not been too happy. His first marriage was a failure, though characteristically he garnered two fine things from it, his son, and the deep friendship of the woman who was his wife.

His second marriage was a failure, too. That was his marriage to Carole Lombard, and out of that, too, he kept Carole's friendship, if not her love. It is my own opinion that he has never quite gotten over that latter loss.

Both those wives were simple, quite naïve girls when he married them. Looking at the glittering Lombard of today, it is hard to remember that when she married Bill she was really just an undeveloped girl, closely tied to her mother's apron strings. She was, though.

But Jean was as experienced in disillusion as Bill. She had gone through two disastrous alliances and a third that ended in the sheer horror of Paul Bern's suicide. She knew what it was to have every man pursuing her and all the women jealous of her. She had had to fight for every bit of her career. Yet with it all she was gentle and kind and understanding. No personality could have been more perfectly suited to the basically romantic, superficially jaded human being that is William Powell.

They played with the idea of marriage. They were completely in love but they were afraid. They saw no one else and they spent long days lying under the desert sun, or basking in the gardens of Bill's beautiful estate, not talking particularly, not entertaining particularly, just content in the happy realization that they were together. In

to Paris. They went to Budapest and visited the houses of Parliament there because against that background we to be laid some of the scenes for Bill's picture "The Baroness and the Butler." They journeyed back to Paris again. It was a trip without plot or planning, a tour on which to try to forget the joys which could no longer be remembered, due to the searing hurt of thinking of them.

Finally they got to Italy. Bill loved Italy, since the first trip he ever made abroad took him there in company with his closest friend, Ronnie Colman. They were both much younger then and they had a glorious time, prowling around in interludes mixed in almost equal parts between appreciation of ancient art and very lively, amusing girls. But now there was only loneliness, as the scented winds blew down off the hills and the gentle Italian landscape faded into the twilights. Now there was only the aching awareness that beauty unshared, is almost too poignant to be borne. Until one night through a chance remark of a fan of his, whom he overheard talking on an Italian street, Bill found what he had to do to recover his own happiness.

It was a shabby little boy who was talking. He didn't look too well nourished. He wasn't very clean. But he was explaining to his companion that he was—goody, goody (or whatever Italians say when they are most exultant) going to the movies to see William Powell, who always made him laugh.

And William Powell in person, unserved, the man who had been thinking for four lonely months about tea, realized at last what he had to do.

He had within him the power

AND THEN THERE WERE THREE

Every woman of experience loves 'em—Hollywood's famous three—Ronnie, Bill and Warner. Read new and heart-warming anecdotes about this trio's sturdy friendship next month in **PHOTOPLAY**

both their minds was the expectation of getting married sometime. But they drifted along, joyously, dodging the stern reality of that final bond until death entered.

You can not explain the finality of death to anyone who has not lived through losing the person who is dearest to him and knowing, at long last, that there is nothing to do but take it. Reckoning from that point, you have to change every value. If death is release for the person who has gone, it is one of two things for the person who is left: release into life or imprisonment in grief for life. Those are the only two ways you may take it; either the strong way of growing or the weak way of grieving.

Bill Powell has taken it the strong way. I saw him a night or so after the end of his European trip and with joy I realized that. For he was much thinner and his face was drawn but his eyes were steady and the light in them was much softer.

He had gone to Europe, accompanied by his loyal friend, Al Kaufman. They sailed on a slow, unfashionable Dutch boat and landed one day at an unimportant Dutch town. They prowled around after that as they liked. They went to Amsterdam for a few days. They went

make other people laugh. He was suffering, but after all, his was simple suffering. He had lost the woman he loved, which was the most awful loss any man may ever know; yet it was only a single loss. He did not have to know the fear of hunger or of cold or of loss of a job or a home, or the pain of illness, or the muddled agony of trying to live up to a task that is too hard to do. Yet there were people who could lose their love and have all these other trials, too, and the only hope for them in all the world was laughter and William Powell, could, by the grace of God, bring them laughter.

So, with the faithful Al, he boarded a ship shortly after that. He knew what he had to do. He did not linger long in New York. He wanted to get back to the Coast, back to work.

Jean was gone and there was no replacing her; but he could at least take up his life again.

Life, however, did not mean to let off so lightly. It was as though the sincerity of his resolutions were being tested through these further trials. Though his nerves are a little taut and his face a bit more haggard now, his friends will tell you—and what a lot of friends the man has—that "E. E. is okay, now."

The Unbreakable Brady

(Continued from page 31)

emosthenes with a pebble under his tongue conquered the same affliction and became a great orator. Was a chunky girl named Alice Brady to let Greek get ahead of her? The answer "No." Winning the first battle against odds brought to Alice the truth of the theater's rallying cry: "The show must go on!"

It took strategy to win her father to the idea of a career for his daughter. When it was only a half-victory. He added his head toward a singing debut; shook it negatively when it came allowing her to act. But Alice, outwardly like her mother, was inside, again for grain, like her father.

In 1910 she sang in the chorus of "The Mikado." In a way, she had not violated her father's ruling. It was singing. Musically inclined, she might have become a great singer, but—impatient, anxious to do things—she decided that vice culture took too many years of youth. She abandoned singing and made her dramatic debut. However, the rhythm that was within her has never deserted her. It shows in the cadences of her voice as she reads her lines; in her superb timing. "I am awfully lazy," she says, but the drive to do something artistic has always overcome her laziness. Overcoming laziness, impediments of speech, her father's disapproval, she became an actress. It was meant that she should. El, Jr., her half-brother — Grace Gorge and William Brady's son—apparently was not meant to be in the theater.

"I think my brother would have been happier if he had left the theater," she tells. "He had the same laziness that I have, only to a much greater degree, and because we were all in the theater El seemed to think that he should be, too. Despite his success—he produced 'The Road to Rome' with Jane Cowl, the first 'Little Show,' and other plays—El was happiest when he was on his farm in Jersey, breeding horses and living in the outdoors."

When Bill was burned to death in a tragic accident three years ago, Alice was, of course, in the middle of film production—and the show went on. To her there came this consolation: that at least his troubled soul and heart were eased. What does one do in the face of such overwhelming events? That is the first thought in anyone's mind. "You go on, of course . . ." says Brady.

"The Balkan Princess" in 1911 took Alice Brady onto the stage. If you will rather to look into Who's Who in the Theater you will find a column and a half, in fine print, devoted to the plays, operettas, films, in which she has appeared. All the Gilbert and Sullivan operettas; plays like "Romance" which she thinks is the finest play she ever did, and her more recent, superb performance of *Lavinia Mannon* in Neill's "Mourning Becomes Electra." In three years before the Armistice she was a silent film star. In 1933, films rediscovered her, introduced her to "talkies." She found time to marry; have a child. But always her restless sense of destiny led her into the circle of near-tragedy. She could not even give herself over to motherhood without tragedy's blocking the way.

Seven weeks before the birth of her son, who is now about sixteen, her chauffeur met his death driving an automobile in which she was a passenger. "It wasn't badly injured," says the ac-

tress. "My appendix became inflamed, but nothing could be done about it then. We were in the middle of a successful play, too, 'Driftwood,' and we didn't want to close it because soon enough I would have to leave the stage for a while. The only thing to do was to go on with the play, and we did, but under difficulties."

"My appendix gave me such trouble that the doctors packed me in ice and I was carried to the theater each day in time for the performance and left the ice-packs off-stage just in time to go and read my lines. It went on for seven days like that."

"On the final day I was so weak that when I went to pick up a child in a scene, I almost fell over, and Robert Warwick, who was my leading man, rushed off and came back with a stiff drink of whiskey. I drained it on the spot, and never knew afterward that I had touched a drop. It had absolutely no effect on me, and it should have, for I was deathly afraid, as an actress, of ever taking anything alcoholic before I went onto the stage."

Shortly after this her son and Actor James Crane's was born prematurely with the help and wizardry of modern surgery. But, by that time, the romance with Dr. Frank Crane's son—one that had come into being so wonderfully in the early 1920's—had ended. In a short time the marriage was dissolved. Alice, slim, wan, weighing only eighty-nine pounds, was left with her son—and the future. She turned feverishly to rehearsals for another play. The "show" went on.

FOR anyone less philosophic than Alice, her one jaunt into matrimony might prove the entire state disillusioning. But not for Alice. "Of course, I'd marry again!" she says, years later, with a knowing laugh. "And I'd probably marry the same kind of man again . . ."

Men of all types find Alice Brady stimulating company and they seek her out. She says she entertains in what she calls "clumps"—cocktail parties for a hundred guests.

Not at all athletic ("My heavens, no!" she shrieks), nevertheless she found herself dragging out of an evening to public Ping-pong parlors because a friend (male) doted on the game. Accuse her of doing it to be obliging and, because she adores the man, she retorts: "No, not at all. I found I really liked the game!"

Other times, Brady stays at home reading, writes impressions in a scrapbook she has kept for years. She says she will never return to the stage. Fear that she may "blow up" and forget her lines causes this decision. It resulted from an early "talkie" that she made with an actress who was headed for a nervous breakdown. The girl was forever forgetting her lines and in awful agony. "Before then, in all my years of theater, it never occurred to me that I could 'muff' a line," Brady says. "Now I'm scared, afraid I'll do the same thing."

Her long-term contract with Universal makes an early return to the stage impossible . . . her next film will be "Good-bye Broadway" with Charles Winninger . . . but it does not seem at all probable that a minor matter like stage fright would keep a Brady, particularly an Alice Brady, heroically self-disciplined as she has always been, from returning to the theater. She will decide, some day, that "the show must go on!" And it will.

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If you don't know, the package is sealed airtight to keep all that luscious freshness inside. I'll stop on the way. We need a fresh package."

Beeman's

AIDS DIGESTION...

We Cover the Studios

(Continued from page 55)

he swears. His actions certainly prove it.

A QUICK dodge-in at RKO gets us a load of Joe Penner very unhappy in a trailer. The woe-is-me look is strictly professional, though, because it's all a part of a slapstick feature Joe's cooking up with Lucille Ball, called "Go Chase Yourself." The idea is that Joe, a small town Simple Simon who lives in a trailer, gets mixed up with a bunch of bank robbers and then, after as much nonsense as you can stand, puts them in the clink where they belong.

We watch a silent shot. That is, the sound isn't hooked up, only the film. The gangsters throw threats at Joe, and he does a "takem." That's what the camera catches—Joe's takem. It's marvelous. Only when they stop shooting Joe keeps it up. "I can't stop!" he yelps. "You guys scare me too much. Somebody call a cop!" Instead they bean him with a Venetian blind.

AT Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer we're greeted by the sensational tidings that Leo the Lion has sworn off B pictures. From now on they'll be super-supers, or else. But why? Does this mean the beginning of the end for double bills? While we're wondering we sneak on the set of "Yellow Jack," the lone new epic of the month at the biggest studio in the business.

The heavy of "Yellow Jack" is—of all things—a mosquito! About time they caught up with that little guy, if you ask us. He gives the tropical citizen yellow fever, you see, and that's what "Yellow Jack" discovers, with plenty of dramatic chills besides the fever kind. Bob Montgomery, Alan Curtis, Buddy Ebsen and Andy Devine are rigged out in khaki, as U. S. doughboys stationed in Cuba.

Virginia Bruce is almost the only woman in the picture. Stacked against the rows of khaki tents and soldiers in leggings and sweaty undershirts, her big blue eyes and gold-silk hair make her look like a delicate china doll. But what she and Bob Montgomery get worked up about are the fine points of—polo! Virginia's learning to play horse hockey now. Her new hubby, Jack Ruben, gave her a pony for her birthday, so, as she says, "I practically had to!"

OVER at Columbia whom should we run smack into but Cagey Katie Hepburn, a surprise which rocks us back on our run-over heels. Cary Grant's there, too; that's not so amazing, but Katharine in all her Hollywood years and years has never before ventured off the RKO lot. Then how come? The answer, we discover, is in this part and in this picture.

It's "Holiday," the delightful, idealistic drama that shot Ann Hardng up there some years ago. Remember Ann as "Linda," the real-folks sister of the gal who loved luxury more than her man? Well, when Katie was just a gangling stage-struck punk about ten years ago, she understudied Hope Williams in the part on Broadway. For a year and a half Hope didn't even oblige with a head cold, and Katie never got a crack at it. Then she came to Hollywood, and her successful test for the RKO contract was that very same part. She put on a strenuous campaign for the job when RKO made it into a picture, but they said "Go 'way, little girl, and don't bother us," then. So it's been her secret ambition for years, and when Columbia signed George Cukor, Katie's

favorite director, to do it La Hep was a pushover to run up Gower street and achieve a long-nursed ambish.

The day we kibitz, we find Katie knitting a sweater like mad in her chair. When the cut sounds out she hops up and tries it on Cary, then on two or three other handy males. "Here," she yelps, "you're tall—try this on. It's for a tall man." Now *who* could that be? Well—all we know is that the millionaire air-racer guy, Howard Hughes, is a human skyscraper, and this doesn't look like those romance cooling-off stories were on the up and up.

Cary informs us the biggest thing in his life right now is—can you take it?—his bed! Yep. Seems down at Santa Monica where he and Randy Scott still hold bachelor hall, Cary started getting cramps in his neck at night, so he bought a new bed, or rather spent his time and talent designing a specially built haymow. It's in bird's-eye maple, with copper trimmings. Has drawers in it, a built-in radio, mirrors, telephone, bookshelves and everything except a polo field. Cary says it covers most of Manchukuo and part of Hopei province and is the greatest boon to mankind ever invented. "In fact," sighs Cary, "I wish I was there right now"

MAYBE the Grant had something there—but before we succumb to spring fever too, we hustle off and on to good old Paramount, where a car awaits to whisk us thirty miles through the San Fernando Valley to Indianola, Texas. Hey—it doesn't make sense? Well, relax, this is movietown, and the Texas we make is right on the Paramount ranch, a few miles from Malibu

ROUNDER'S Guide to Hollywood

What do they do, eat and drink? Where do they go—those fabled people, the Hollywood sophisticates? That famous round-towner, Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr., gives you all the answers—in July PHOTOPLAY

Lake where they're filming that epic, "The Texans."

In front of a shed dressing room sits Joan Bennett, her hair done up in a popcorn-ball net wrapper to keep out bugs, wolves and other wild things. La Bennett doesn't see us, even with her glasses, so interested is she in a hunk of petit point she's embroidering. She's in old-fashioned rags, and, as you know, no one can handle a pair of pantalettes like Joan. Her favorite tan cocker spaniel crouches in the tall grass at her feet, and a shiny limousine with a bored chauffeur glistens near by. We let Bennett tend to her tatting and pick on Randy Scott grinning in the sun next door. Randy is Cary Grant's roommate, but you'd never know it now. We left Cary immaculate in soup and fish, and here's Randy in the most ripped and tattered Confederate sol-

dier's rags you ever saw. He explains.

"The Texans" sings cinematically of the post-Civil War days when carpet-baggers and Damyank Reconstructionists made it tough on the local yokels. Randy and his gang of ex-Rebs have a running scrap with the invaders while he makes Texas safe for cowhands, cuties and cattle. The big sequence is a 1500 mile longhorn drive from Texas to Kansas, up the Chisholm Trail. It's really to be a super-western, with lots of scenery, action and virile, he-man stuff.

We watch the first day of shooting, which is really nothing of the sort. That is, "The Texans" has already spent four weeks down in the Lone Star State filming local color and much of the rough stuff. Randy drawls that they really gave him a beating, had him swim rivers, dodge prairie fires and leapfrog longhorns until he couldn't stand up. He is very content, he says, to be back in Hollywood, California, away from the rattlesnakes that seemed to seek his company at night in the tents the company had to live in fifty miles from the nearest choo-choo.

Randy sports tall rubber boots, like almost everyone else in the cast. He can use them in the muddy close-ups and save his shoeshine, such as it is, he grins. He never cared for mud pies, says Randy, then as a nasty dig, "Dishing the dirt—now that's *your* racket." Just then a horse stomps by, and both of us get it in the eye and all over the front.

"And there," grins Randy, wiping hunks of the good earth off his coat. "is a nag that would make a fine columnist." We leave on that, reflecting on the perils of a location trip and the odd sense of humor these movie stars possess.

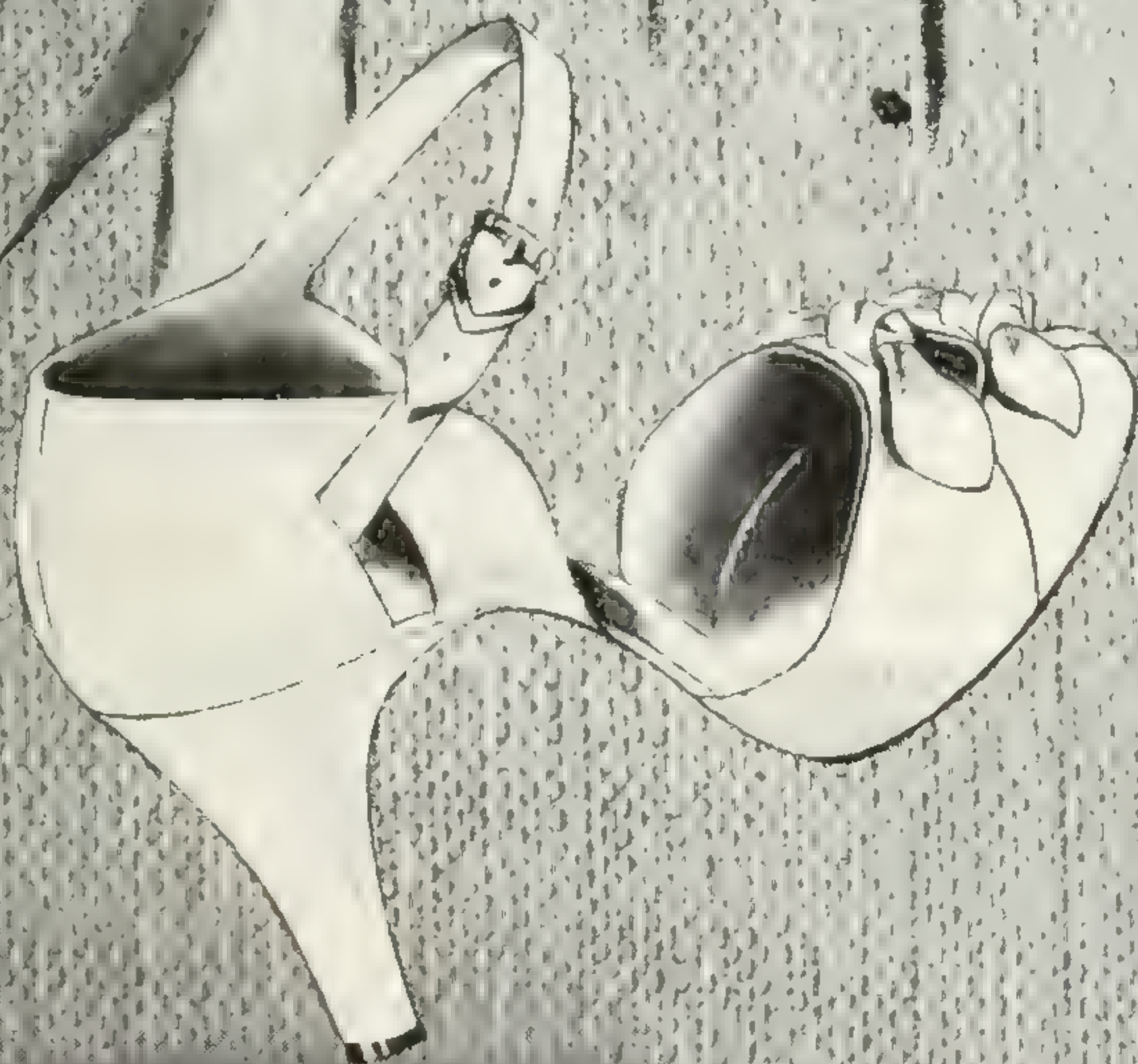
THERE'S just time for a quick sight-see at Mister Zanuck's movie metropolis, Twentieth Century-Fox's gorgeous Westwood plant. We skip the epics—"Alexander's Ragtime Band" and "Kidnaped," because we've seen 'em before and told you all about them. And because—well—on the set of "Handle With Care" there's June Lang.

There are two schools of thought in Hollywood. One says June Lang is beautiful but dumb. Another says she's beautiful and not so dumb. Frankly, the fact she's easy on the eyes is enough for us. Especially since June's lost six pounds running around New York with A. C. Blumenthal. She shapes up as a baby doll right now in a tan outfit, as she sits in a dining car set with Dick Baldwin while reels and reels of scenery flicker by to make you swear the train's tearing along at sixty or so.

"Handle With Care" is strictly comedy, and June says they're trying to make a comedienne of her in self-defense. The plot skitters around small-town skullduggery and Dick Baldwin's efforts to clear it all up with tricks he learned at the Federal Bureau of Investigation school in Washington. He's a sort of amateur G-Man, and the messes he mixes in! Well, you'll see.

Right now, Dick seems content to play "feet" with June under the table and out of camera reach. "Quit that," June yaps finally, "or I'll tell my mama on you!" Whereupon we run out trying not to ruin the scene with our chuckles. Wasn't it June's mama who had something to say about her quickie marriage—and divorce?

The Charm of Ireland...The Chic of
Paris...The Glamour of Hollywood!



...dressmaker "draping"
on an open-back step-in.

...tiny bows on the toes
of a slim peep-toe sandal.



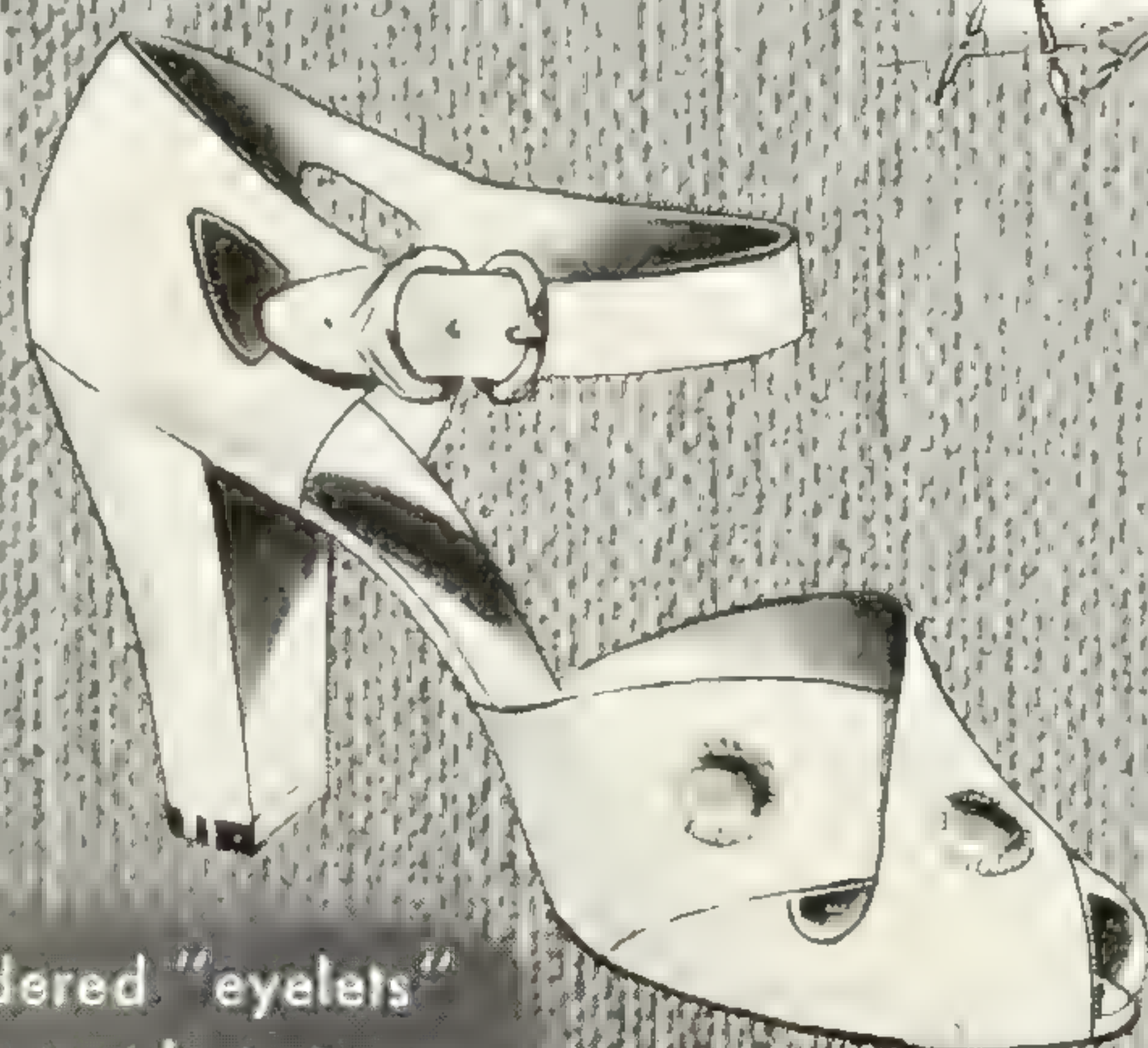
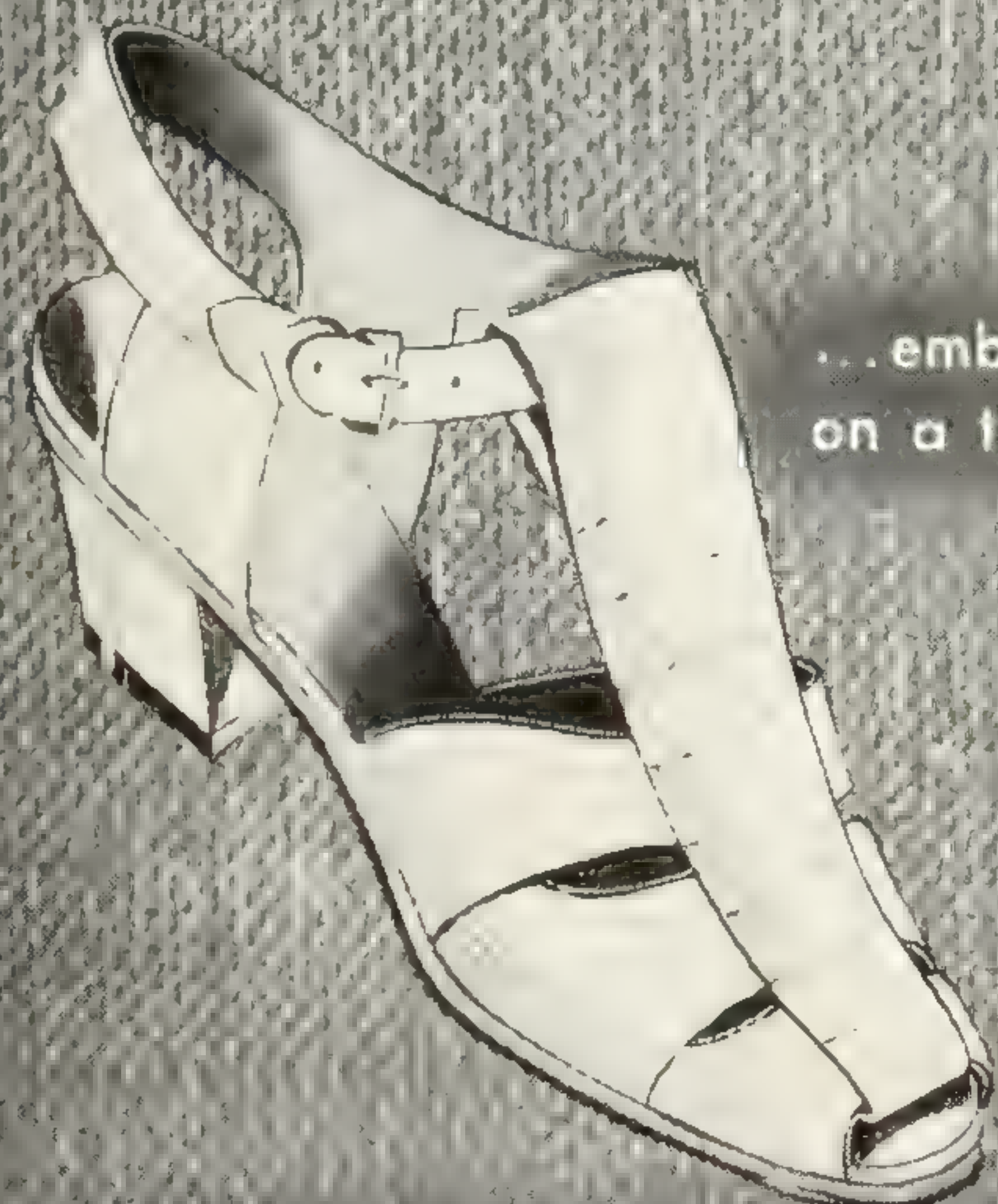
...French "knots" on a
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Made and Finished in Ireland

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GLAZO
The Smart Manicure

The Revealing True Story of Myrna Loy

(Continued from page 65)

come home? . . . I suppose he'll want something to eat . . . you should have been asleep long ago . . . but put on your robe, if you want to, and come down . . . I'll fix some French toast and cinnamon. . . ."

The soft scuff of her bedroom shoes passed Myrna's door. The little girl in blue serge, Scotch cap, and tan gloves held her breath, her eyes on the bulging, tightly strapped suitcase. But her Mother didn't stop . . . didn't come back . . . the downstairs clock struck two.

"It's you, is it, David?" Mother called softly.

"Yes, Della," he answered.

"But we didn't expect you," she said . . . and went on into the library where Myrna heard their voices, her Mother's even tone, then her Dad's chuckling laughter.

"She stopped the show?" he was saying. "Well, I don't know what to think! I never heard the beat! I don't like it. I wish she didn't want to do it . . . but I wish I'd been here to see her. That's why I came back. Tried to make it in time. 'Spose if she's bound to dance, I'll have to change my mind some way or 'nother."

Eddie Stevens! Chicago! Broadway! Only twenty little minutes left! She'd have to run all the way now, to get to the station in time . . . and now Dad and Mother were down there fixing the cozy kitchen table for French toast and cinnamon . . . Dad had gone away so as not to see her dance . . . but just the same, to hear about it he had come home three days too soon! And Mother wouldn't remember to tell him how they had written in special music. She might even forget to tell him how the man from New York had made eyelash beads over a candle flame . . . oh, but Dad could see the eyelash beads! He could still see how she looked in her make-up! She was still wearing it!

She hurriedly pulled off the gloves, the Scotch cap, squirmed out of the blue serge, unlaced her stocky brown brogues . . . and reached for her eider-down robe and her bedroom slippers. . . .

SCHOOL on Monday morning was pleasant and exciting: everyone talking about the show, about Myrna's dancing, how Eddie Stevens had told everybody she could dance on Broadway if she wanted to! It was thrilling to hear the girls repeating it with an awed sort of envy, a strange feeling, too (though no one knew this part of the story), that but for so little a margin she would this moment be on her way there!

Perhaps some of the teachers thought little Myrna Williams had more adulation than was good for her; or resented the glamour of Saturday's "Bluebird," but whatever the impulse Monday afternoon's math exam was scarcely under way, when Myrna Williams was openly accused of cheating, of copying her answer from the desk across the aisle!

Myrna had never displayed any of the proverbial redhead's temper. On the contrary, she was more than ordinarily docile and patient. But here was an accusation so remote from reason that it unleashed in the usually quiet, almost shy little girl a capacity for decision which surprised even Myrna herself. She looked up from her paper, a tense schoolroom waiting—then the red-headed Bluebird put down her pencil, slid her school books out of her desk, quietly expressed regret that such an

easy solution to getting the right answers had never occurred to her . . . with which she walked the length of the hushed schoolroom, out of the door . . . and home!

And thus ended, finished, and closed Myrna's days in Helena's school, for, though her Dad hadn't been able to understand her passion for dancing, here was a thing he did understand, a spirit of which he was proud, a daughter in whom he gloried! And when she went to school again, said her Dad, she could be very sure it wouldn't be this one! But she needn't worry about school just now, he added . . . not for a month or so . . . not until after Christmas.

"Then I think you and your Mother and David," he said, "will be in California."

THEY were in the library, just the two of them. Just Myrna and her Dad, a wood fire smouldering on the hearth, the embers whispering. Can you see them? The quiet library, the quiet house, tall cases of legal and agricultural books and records, the heavy old-fashioned desk, the worn, comfortable chairs, the slim little girl sitting on the floor on a buffalo-skin rug, her feet tucked under her, her blue eyes watching her father's face, as she sensed that something was not quite usual. Her Dad had always treated her as though she were a boy, had always regarded her as able to consider difficulties and fair ways to meet them . . . and now she knew there was something more serious to be talked about today than her return to school.

It was the last day of October, 1918. A time, David Williams told his daughter, when there was a need in France for men who could think and plan and fight. And David Williams was going to war! He was reasonably sure, he said, that he'd come back, and probably very soon, but he wanted to feel that there would be a good soldier at home as well as in France, wanted to feel that he was leaving someone here who would be the head of the family for Mother who had not been well since the birth of David, Junior, now a wiry rascal of five.

"I'm leaving you to take care of things," said David Williams. "Maybe it won't be long. Maybe it will. But your Dad's going to depend on you!"

With this slim little girl, resting his surety that there would be someone to carry on! He told her about courage; how to keep it. He told her about his land, what he wished to have done with it; leaving in these little hands responsibility he somehow knew he could place there. And how right he was! How faithfully the little girl who listened was to fulfill the charge!

But she wasn't to see her father go to War . . . and it was his courage which was first to be called upon. For within a week after that day in the library David Williams' little redheaded girl—was dying, the doctor said, lying quietly in the little room in which she had waited to run away to Broadway, a victim of that dread, mysterious influenza. Conscious moments came and went. They couldn't break the fever. They packed her in ice, guarded her with all the care that money could buy. Of it all she remembers only one thing . . . waking to find her Dad always beside her, his eyes on her face, his smile quick to answer hers, his steady hand closing around her fingers. . . .

Before she was completely well, he

was a flu victim. They moved her away. In her aunt's house, after a few days she could walk aimlessly about. An one day she went upstairs to the half-empty storeroom, cobwebs across useless windows, old trunks pushed under the rafters, old trunks in which were Grandmother Johnson's scrapbook. Myrna sat on the floor turning the pages with their little pasted samples of bonnet strings, and wedding dresses, pressed flowers and letters decorated with scrawled birds and church spires. An suddenly a strange frightened feeling came over her! Something she couldn't explain, yet couldn't escape! She tried to move, tried to get up and leave the place, but some untoward sense of helplessness possessed her . . . helplessness fear . . . and distress!

Then downstairs she heard the telephone ring. And she knew why it was ringing! She knew it was ringing to tell them her father was dead.

"I knew it many minutes before the telephone rang," she told me. "I have never quite been able to understand . . . but, of course, the explanation is just that between people who are close to each other there is a strange relationship. . . ."

That night came news that the war was over, that the Armistice had been signed. And so the stark grief Myrna, her Mother, her bewildered little brother, had as its background the raucous shouting of celebration . . . the sirens, the bells, the ruffle of drums, the flare of torchlight! In that maudlin madness David Williams was laid to rest in the shadow of the Rockies.

"But the day he had talked about going to France," Myrna told me, with quiet smile, "was really when he said 'Good-bye' to me. That day . . . with my legacy."

AND, for the little girl with a legacy of carefree life was at an end. Though there was every reason to suppose life would take up a new pattern and go quietly along, Myrna knew she never again could be unmindful of the day when Dave Williams had said . . . "Your Dad's going to depend on you."

She and her Mother talked things over. Her father had told them both that if he didn't come back from France he wanted everything he owned traded for a home for them in California. So this was done. And the spring of 1919 found them in a sunny bungalow in Culver City, small David in kindergarten, Myrna in the Los Angeles West Lake School for girls, and continuing famous "Denishawn."

But her mother's health was now a matter of particular concern, as was also small David's, both of them having had their siege of "flu" along with Myrna and her father, and, though hadn't seemed serious for them at the time, months went by and still the little boy and his mother needed special and expensive care. There would be money enough for a while, but Myrna knew the state of the family fortune knew just about how long it would last. Realized, now, how much more money might be needed than . . . just enough.

"We have a responsibility," she said to her mother one day. "I shouldn't go to West Lake. I'm going to Venice High School, and instead of studying dancing maybe I can find a place to teach it."

She was fifteen. She entered Venice High School. And, with a very different idea about beginning "professional dancing" than had raced through her

and when she had so nearly blazed the trail to Broadway, she called modestly to the Culver City "School of Expression" to offer her services as a teacher. She was hired for thirty dollars a month, the hours working in nicely in a high-school schedule. And now, being her mother with home and maid became her greatest joy, the one of them very cozy and happy in a little house where Mrs. Williams was gradually stronger.

And Culver City provided a new "professional" interest for Myrna, for it was the glamorous, important "Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer" picture studio. Passing the Culver City street-car on she would "ogle" the waiting passengers, hoping she might see a picture actor. And now and then she *did*, not a star but a bit player or an extra, but even this was exciting enough. Though her resolve and ambition was in the Broadway stage, the picture studios were a lure all their own, and whenever possible she would linger before all good taste and reason around the studio gates watching for a man in a camel's hair coat, sure that any gentleman thus garbed was a director! Venice High School, however, kept pretty well occupied; two interests particular, first a class in sculpture, and second . . . a football halfback. Now she was in love. Desperately, only in love with a husky, magnificent halfback! She knew exactly where to be in every corridor to see him pass. She personally, suffered the pain of every lost score on the field, then talked over with him for hours afterward, at home, in the bungalow parlor . . . but only by herself, and only pretending, as when she saw him in every park of moonlight. For the halfback she knew! Breezing along through football seasons, class parties, beach picnics, through quiet hours in the study hall when he was so close to her she could hear the scratch of his pen, Myrna Williams' heart was his shadow and he didn't even remotely sus-

cept a denouement, I wish he might show now, but Myrna Loy still declines to confess." And so here we can only see as a thrill for every halfback of Venice High, between the years of 1921 and 1923, the assurance that . . . it may have been you!

But in the sculpturing class she left more actual record, for during her senior year a statue was created, a life-size group representing an athlete, student and the Spirit of Aspiration, Myrna chosen as the model for the third figure. On the school campus the statue stands, weathering the sun and rain of Venice Boulevard, Culver City, California, and bringing back to the Myrna Loy whose sleek car often passes the memories of a skylight classroom, the cool dank smell of clay, her smock pleasantly smudged and dirty . . . her heart flutter with thoughts of a football halfback.

But as months went along there were more serious things to consider than statues or halfbacks, for the Williams bank account had grown appreciably less, until Myrna and her mother, facing the situation squarely in the end, realized that things had passed the point where Myrna's thirty dollars a month could suffice. Then, while they were trying to decide how or where to begin planning differently, there appeared in a daily newspaper a call for players for Grauman's Hollywood Egyptian Theater, so Myrna made herself a hat, trimmed it with a real camellia and went the ten miles into Hollywood. When Eddie Stevens had offered her Broadway for the taking, it had meant fascination and adventure. But it was something else. This time

she cared so desperately, wanted this to happen so terribly, that waiting her turn to dance she closed her eyes and *prayed* for that job.

And the next one of those stupendous Hollywood premieres saw Myrna Williams' debut as a really professional artist, for she was one of the sixteen girls in the dance creation which prologued the picture, "The Ten Commandments."

Here, then, was an end to high school, and the beginning of a salary of forty dollars a week instead of thirty a month. And once more it was dancing which absorbed all her time and interest as she began working many extra hours on the deserted stage between shows, perfecting old steps, creating new ones, sometimes with music, the organist rehearsing too, but more often all alone, the wings dim and ghostly, a single stand light back in the cavern of the empty theater.

WITH these days had come a new ambition to excel; faithfulness to art, no doubt, and appreciation of a salary check . . . but also she was in love again, the object of her new affection being a young man appearing nightly in the prologue. But this, no doubt, would have been another love affair of which no one but Myrna ever knew, had not he suggested one day that she join him for luncheon, this quiet intense little girl who seemed so often to be where he happened to be.

And this was the beginning of an association which taught her the cruel lesson that castles in the air, brought down to earth, may be but ordinary dwellings, after all. For his method of drinking coffee was decidedly more eager than refined, his idea of a good time was a perpetual Coney Island, and soon, and quite painlessly, Myrna's overtime work on the Egyptian stage was inspired by art and art only.

Her mother listened, understood, encouraged or sympathized, and lovingly waited up every night for the little girl who was the family breadwinner now. And they loved this midnight hour over coffee and apple cake . . . a memory of Crow Creek Valley, the ranch house kitchen, and crackers and milk for a sleepy four year old.

The second dance routine at the Egyptian was for "The Thief of Bagdad," an Oriental make-up for which Myrna, much to her surprise, proved a peculiarly proper subject. And then came a piece of thrilling news. A studio job! The Oriental dance number was to be photographed for a "film."

And so, in the dancing chorus of "The Wanderer," Myrna Loy did her first day's work in pictures, fascinated by the strange ponderous mechanism, the high block-long stages with their silent dust-covered sets, but fascinated most of all by the peculiar color of the people in the artificial lights which then were necessary; purple lips, green faces, all of it too amazing, too fantastic to dismiss from her mind.

Again . . . a new world! And a spell which quickly gripped her. After that, during a year's engagement at the Egyptian, there were several other of those thrilling days as a picture extra, with also the thrill of extra money. But more than that, with each picture pay check, she would arrive home in a whirlwind of excitement to tell of compliments she had received from someone who had noticed her as one of the "supers."

"You won't be dancing long," they'd say. "You're going to be in pictures!"

But with the opportunities, the checks, the compliments, Mother assumed the increasingly difficult rôle of keeping a balance here.

PORE-POCKED NOSE!



Watch the Pores on Your Nose! Largest Pores on Your Body —A Stern Test of Your Cleansing Methods

Gorgeous figure—lovely face—but the whole effect *ruined* by Pore-Pocked Nose! All because she carelessly permitted those large nose pores to fill up with dirt and waste matter and become coarse and unsightly!

You must keep these pores C-L-E-A-N! Not merely *surface* clean. You need that deep *under-layer* cleansing that penetrates the mouths of your pores and lifts out hidden dirt that may have accumulated for *months*. It is *this* dirt that causes trouble. It becomes embedded and grimy—may breed tiny skin infections or result in blackheads, bumps and coarse, rough skin!

Lady Esther Face Cream *penetrates* this under-layer dirt. It breaks up the embedded packs in the mouths of your pores and makes them easily removable. Just look at your cloth when you wipe Lady Esther Cream away. You'll be astounded at the amount of dirt that was hidden away! In just a short time your skin is glowingly clean and smooth—alive with vibrant freshness and beauty.

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Let me prove, at my expense, that Lady Esther Cream will cleanse and soften your skin better than any method you have ever used. Just mail the coupon below and I'll send you a generous sample of Lady Esther Face Cream, *free and postpaid*. I'll also send all ten shades of Lady Esther Face Powder. Mail the coupon now.

(You can paste this on a penny postcard)

FREE

Lady Esther, 7118 West 65th Street, Chicago, Ill.

Please send me your generous supply of Lady Esther Four-Purpose Face Cream; also ten shades of Face Powder, **FREE** and postpaid. (43)

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Lynn Roberts Featured in Republic Pictures

Beautiful Eyes

Yours for the Asking with MAYBELLINE Eye Beauty Aids

PALE, dull, scraggly lashes simply ruin every chance to possess that "loveliness complete" which we all aim for in our make-up.

- What can you do to make your lashes, brows and eyes just as beautiful as the rest of your make-up? Try this delightful, easy method:

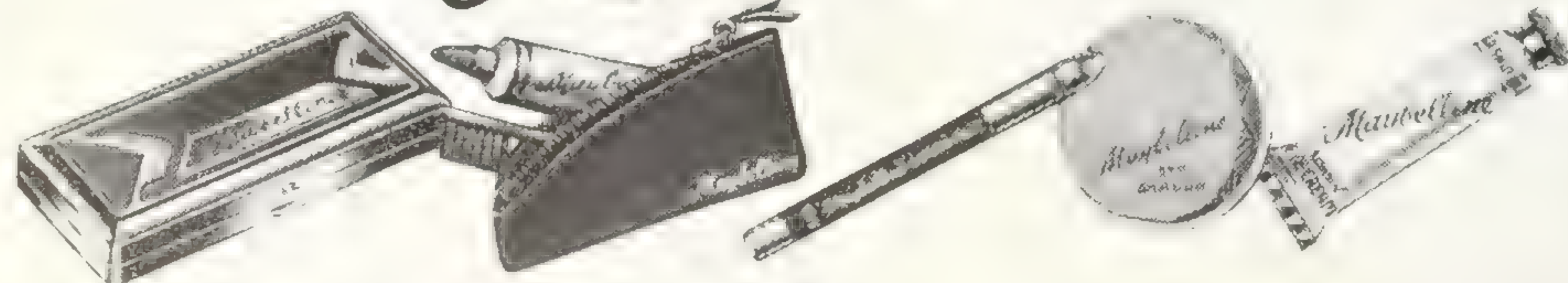
- First—form graceful eyebrows with Maybelline Eyebrow Pencil. Next—touch a bit of Maybelline Eye Shadow to your upper lids, blending it lightly outward toward your temples, concentrating it near the lash line. Third—and most enchanting of all—darken your lashes with your Maybelline Mascara, beginning lightly at the inner corners of your eyes, and deepening the mascara at the outer corners. Maybelline is harmless, tear-proof, non-smarting.

- Now glance into your mirror! You'll be delighted with the pleasing charm and added beauty which Maybelline Eye Beauty Aids give you.

- Nightly—smooth a bit of Maybelline Eye Cream into the sensitive skin area around eyes—to guard against those persistent little crowsfeet and eye wrinkles. It helps marvelously. For eye make-up in good taste—insist on Maybelline Eye Beauty Aids.



Maybelline



Maybelline Solid form Mascara in gold metal vanity, 75c. Refills 35c. Maybelline Cream-form Mascara in dainty zipper case, 75c. Maybelline Eyebrow Pencil, (All in Black, Brown, Blue, Maybelline Eye Shadow, in Blue, Blue-gray, Brown, Green, Violet. Maybelline Special Eye Cream. Purse sizes of all Maybelline Eye Beauty Aids at all 10c stores.

"That's fine, dear," she would say. "Mother's so proud of you. But just never mind. Take it easy. Don't plan too far ahead!"

For Myrna now was beginning really to dream . . . to hope. Almost to arrive at "determination," though not quite, since for her there was no compromise with determination and she knew it.

So she didn't quite dare dream her name into lights. She didn't quite dare begin to plan for real fame and fortune, but. . .

"What did you dream?" I asked her, the day we talked about it between scenes on the set of "Test Pilot."

"For anybody who wanted as many things as I did," she told me, "I don't know why I pick out this one to remember, but I used to imagine myself in a long, black, shiny limousine, swathed in furs, warm and comfortable, driving off into the night. I had forgotten all about that," she said, "until a few weeks ago when, for the first time in all the later years which have afforded me a car, I found myself owning a long, black, shiny limousine . . . and wearing furs one chilly night last January . . . and driving away from the studio home. Then I remembered and wished I could tell everybody who dreams dreams that they do come true."

ONE day at the Egyptian, a photographer named Henry Waxman came to select three girls to photograph. He chose a blonde, a brunette . . . and Myrna Williams; made a dozen studies in blonde, a dozen in brunette . . . but, with the redhead, he lost track of plates, time and plan, and, when she went back next day to see the results, she found herself lost in a crystal maze of faces of herself. And with it the breath-taking news that, at the personal request of Mr. Rudolph Valentino, she was to report at United Artists' Studio for a test!

The Miss Williams who burst into the Culver City bungalow an hour later was ready that instant to begin life all over, riding straight to heaven on a rocket! Ready to give up her job at the Egyptian! Ready to move her mother and brother into a palace built of crystal and furnished in jade!

Discovered by Rudolph Valentino!

Her mother set out hot tea, toasted crumpets, Myrna's very favorite jam, and sat down to hear the story . . . and to remind Valentino's discovery that many things might happen before glory were actually in hand.

"Mr. Valentino might change his mind," her mother reminded her. "Mr. Waxman might be mistaken."

But Valentino did not change his mind. Mr. Waxman was not mistaken. Two days later, in the United Artists Studio, Myrna was dressed in a glittering gown of Valentino's own choosing. She was made up in his own dressing room by the lovely Natacha Rambova and on the set where he was making "Cobra," she was introduced to the man who was on the topmost pinnacle of stardom . . . yet so gracious, so charming to this unimportant little dancer.

"He treated me like the Queen of England," she told me. "I was shaking from head to foot with the fright and the thrill and the suspense of it. I don't know how I ever lived through the day!"

The test was simple. As a silken siren, she was to walk into a drawing room, take a book from the table and read, her face assuming expressions of interest, surprise, amusement. . .

They told her that in two days she could see the result. . .

So two days later she and Mr. Waxman went together to the studio.

They didn't see Miss Rambova, no Mr. Valentino. But they saw the test of Miss Myrna Williams . . . who cried herself to sleep that night and for many nights thereafter, for the young lady who entered the drawing room, via the screen, took a book, "registered" interest, surprise, amusement . . . was definitely, completely, and unmistakably . . . a washout!

Myrna Loy's heartbreaking struggle to win a place in Hollywood will bring a catch to your throat; the dramatic details of her love and elopement will quicken your pulse; the description of her lovely home in Hidden Valley, and the famous star's dreams for her future will bring her close to you—in the absorbing final instalment of a beloved redhead's life story by Dixie Willson



Top-flight comedians take their time about making pictures, especially when they produce their own as do Chaplin and Harold Lloyd. After a screen absence of two years, Photoplay welcomes Lloyd back to pictures—glasses grin and all! "Professor Beware" is a typically screwy Harold Lloydish yarn.

What's Happened to Rainer?

(Continued from page 22)

eight—I grew very thin—I began to understand things better and when I came back to Hollywood, the studio was just kind and one day we came together and they asked me what it was I wanted.

I told them, two things. What I wanted from them and what I wanted to give them.

First, I had to have the chains broken so I would feel freer. So my old contract was broken and they gave me a new one. You are the first to know. I work for my studio only six months every year from April to October. Then I return to the stage for six months to be in plays. I am happy, for it gives me back something I needed—my freedom. Then I told them what I wanted to give. I wanted to be a girl up there on the screen, not a glamour girl, but a girl of the people, one of the audience with the same problems as they, just as likely perhaps or just as gay, just as human so they down there can sit forward in their seats as they watch me and say, 'There, that's me. Now let's see how she solves that problem for that my problem, too.'

Now since my new contract is signed and I am gaining weight (I have put on seven pounds) I see now that all the little things I once thought inconsequential are important.

just herself to the strange and bewildering town in which she found herself. At first her loneliness took her within herself. She took long drives alone, and once found herself in Mexico unable to recross the Mexican border until the studio phoned the officials it was all right.

With her accent they were convinced Luise was a spy.

She gave up her small home and took a home in Brentwood near the mountains where she could take walks. It was during this time that she met Clifford Odets. Standing before a simple white bed sheet, on which she herself had pinned garlands of flowers from her garden, she married Odets in her own home.

Today, with hopes restored, Luise lives in a small, unpretentious apartment in Westwood. Her husband, when he can be in Hollywood, shares the simple apartment.

Apple pie for breakfast and music, good music, are her strongest likes—except, of course, children.

She'll attend every child's party into which she can possibly worm her way, and is one of those rarest of rare people who can enter into the mind and understanding of a child.

"Herself a combination of child and woman, it's easy to understand," a

WHO'S GOING WITH WHOM?

Here are the answers to the picture spread found on pages 42 and 43

- 1 & 1: Janet Gaynor and Tyrone Power
- 2 & 10: Gloria Youngblood and Rudy Vallee
- 3 & 5: Barbara Stanwyck and Bob Taylor
- 4 & 7: Phyllis Brooks and Cary Grant
- 5 & 8: Constance Bennett and Gilbert Roland
- 6 & 14: Lee Russell and Herbert Marshall
- 7 & 11: Carole Lombard and Clark Gable
- 8 & 12: Priscilla Lane and Wayne Morris
- 9 & 6: Marlene Dietrich and Doug Fairbanks, Jr.
- 10 & 4: Joan Fontaine and Conrad Nagel
- 11 & 3: Deanna Durbin and Jackie Moran
- 12 & 9: Katharine Hepburn and Howard Hughes
- 13 & 2: Andrea Leeds and Jack Dunn
- 14 & 13: Benita Hume and Ronald Colman

"About interviews? I tell you I am undecided. I cannot handle myself. I say things in such a way they are misquoted. I spill over. Then that is bad. When I think, no, I won't talk any more and so columnists and writers fling back at me 'High Hat'—'Snob'—'Difficult.' The day I met a reporter who once wrote of me 'High Hat' and I ask her why. You don't know me or how I feel I think. Why do you say 'High Hat' your column?"

"Well, you are too hard to get to," she replied, "so I judge you are high t."

"So there is that problem, too, to work it."

She spoke of her marriage to the brilliant young author, Clifford Odets.

"We are much alike. We both like to be alone in our work. But outside of work we are so happy to be together. It is a good thing we understand each other so well."

A friend who knows Miss Rainer well says Luise made every effort to ad-

friend said of Luise, and went on to tell of a school play her own child had taken part in.

WHEN Luise heard of the play she instantly demanded to be taken. An important dinner date was broken so Luise could sit spellbound in a school auditorium and hungrily drink in the children as they spoke their lines.

Her extreme sensitiveness to those around her is best illustrated by a little incident that took place the night Luise won her second Academy Award.

"Aren't you thrilled?" someone asked her.

"I can only think how much work lies ahead," Luise said, "and how much more responsibility I have."

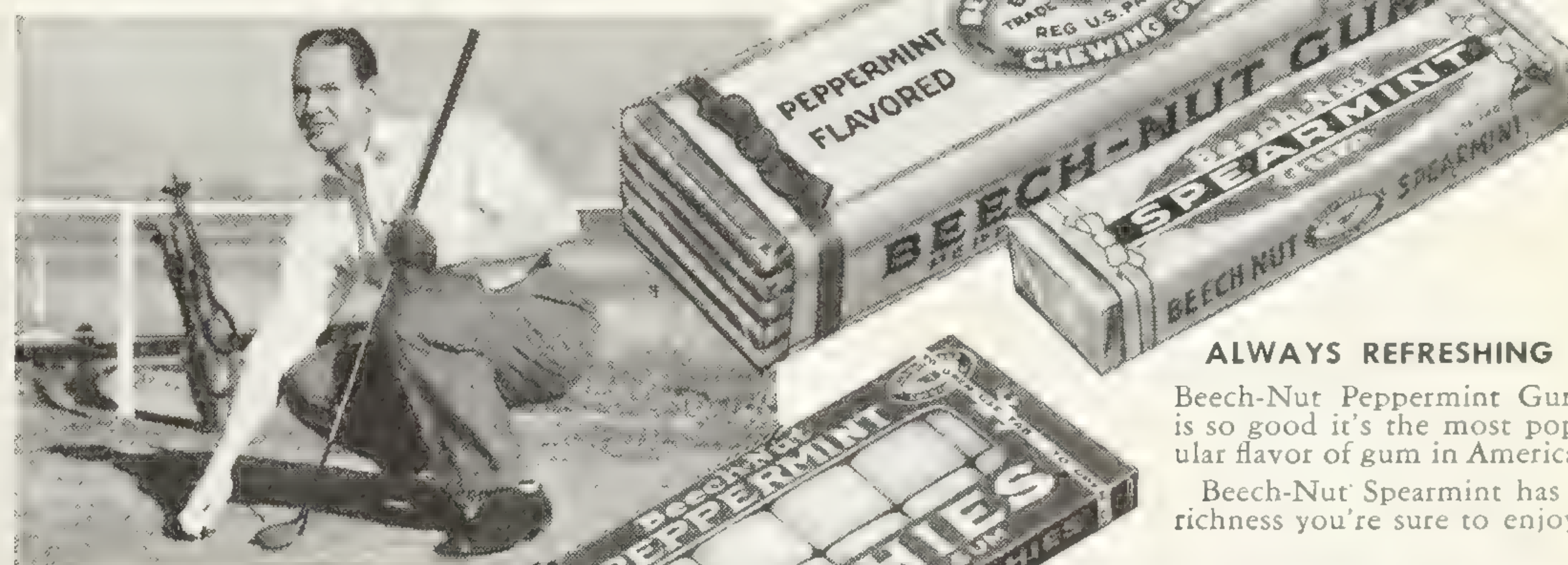
"Besides," and her eyes suddenly twinkled, "I can't be too happy about it. Over there in the corner sits a woman whose face tells me so plainly, 'Tell me, why did they give it to that one?'"

Did I say her sense of values as well as her sense of humor is restored?



Wherever you go BEECH-NUT GUM

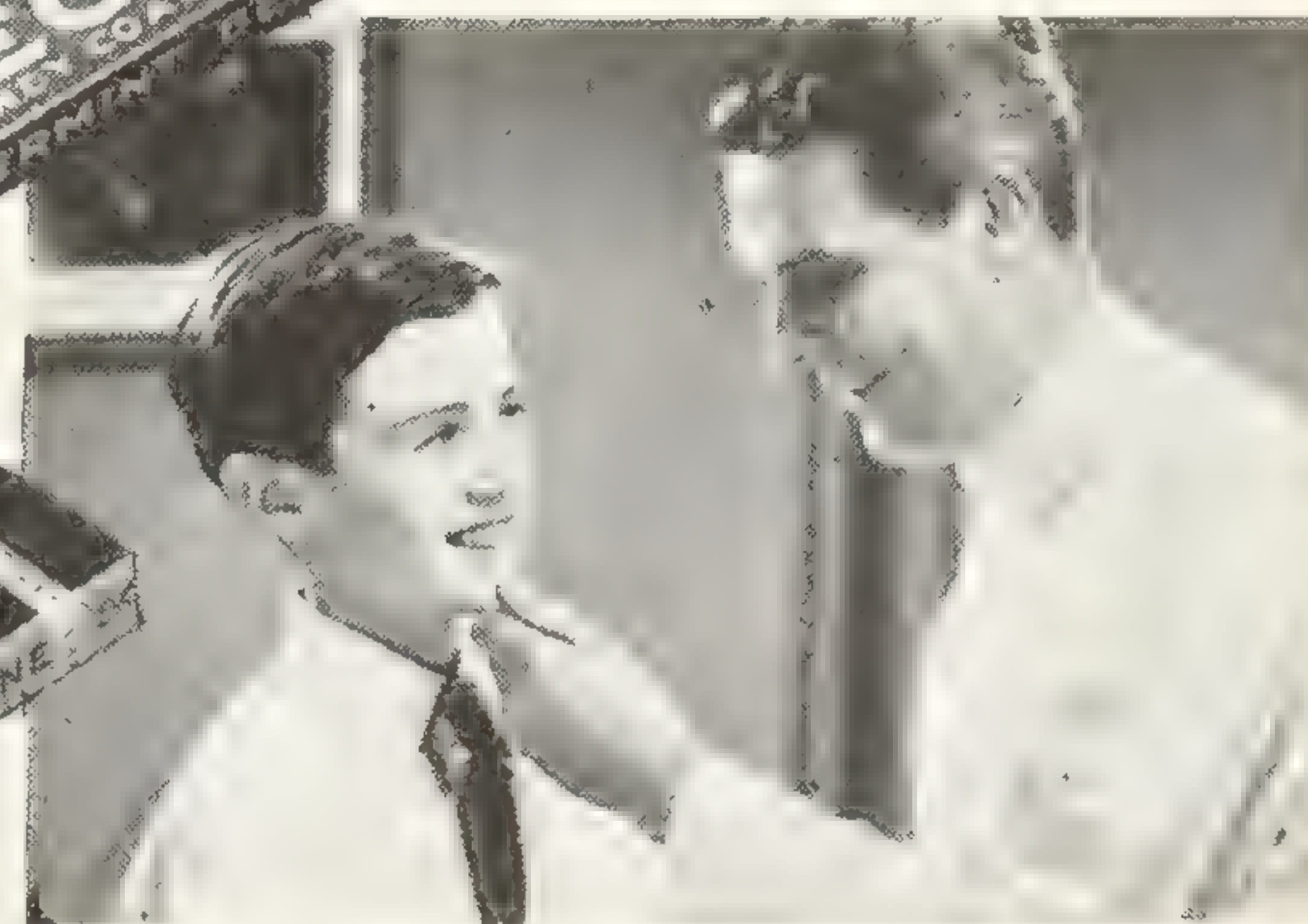
gives extra pleasure
and refreshment



WHENEVER YOU PLAY

... gum helps keep you "on your game"... it helps steady your nerves... keeps mouth and throat moist.

BEECHIES are the candy-coated individual pieces of gum... in three flavors: Peppermint, Pepsin or Spearmint... select the kind you like best.



"CHEW WITH A PURPOSE"

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When Hollywood Entertains

(Continued from page 56)

FILLING

Wash, pare and slice thinly tart, easily cooked apples. Cover a pie tin with pastry, arrange the slices of apples in the tin and sprinkle liberally with sugar, either brown or white. Dot with butter. A little cinnamon may be sprinkled over the top if one wishes. Cover with pastry and bake.

DRINKS on the house at Michael Whalen's shake forth what he calls a one-two-three cocktail, a simple, easy-to-make and quite inexpensive drink that everyone seems to like. It's composed of one portion maple syrup to two portions of lemon juice and three portions of gin. Try that in your own shaker, sometime!

MICHAEL WHALEN'S LAMB CURRY

Wipe and cut meat from forequarter of mutton in one-inch pieces. There should be three cupfuls. Put in kettle, cover with cold water and bring quickly to the boiling point; drain in colander and pour over one quart of cold water.

Return meat to kettle, cover with one quart boiling water; add three onions cut in slices, one-half teaspoon peppercorns and a sprig each of thyme and parsley. Simmer until the meat is tender; remove meat; strain liquor; and thicken with one-fourth cup each of butter and flour cooked together. To the flour add one-half teaspoonful curry powder; one-half teaspoon salt and one-eighth teaspoon pepper. Add meat to gravy. Reheat and serve with rice.

GEORGE RAFT'S new home is one of the most popular bachelor hangouts in town. At the Raft house, bridge and blackjack are the favorite means of diversion; steak smothered in onions and mashed potatoes topped with Pasta Margherita, the favorite dishes.

GEORGE RAFT'S PASTA MARGHERITA

8 tablespoons potato flour
8 tablespoons granulated sugar
4 eggs
juice of one lemon

Beat the egg yolks with sugar until lemon color. Add flour and lemon juice and work the mixture for about half an hour. Add thickly beaten egg whites, mixing until smooth. Pour into a mould which has been buttered and sprinkled with powdered sugar. Place in a medium oven until golden brown. Remove and let cool in the mould. Serve with powdered sugar and a few drops of vanilla.

FILMDON'S tallest man, Arthur Treacher, has little use for screenland's snobbish undressed and it's only the home folk, like Eddie Horton, Spring Byington, Marjorie Gateson and her fiancé, Kerry Conway, who get a chance to sample his favorite Philippine Stew.

Treacher was a Geehran musical star in London and has a repertoire of songs that would make Noel Coward and Dwight Fiske fly to cover. Among the most popular of these is "Reckless Reggie." He'll also oblige his guests with a tap dance, and, unless you move fast enough to prevent him, he'll bring forth his egg trick. It works four times out of five, but the fifth . . . well, it's a good thing his rug can stand soap and water!

ARTHUR TREACHER'S PHILIPPINE STEW

2 lbs. cubed beef
2 cubed carrots
4 cubed turnips
1 egg plant
1 bay leaf
½ cup green peas
4 cubed small onions
2 pinches of pepper, paprika, salt, cayenne
2 drops garlic powder

Brown beef with butter. Put into iron pot half filled with water. Cook until boiled, then put raw chopped or cubed vegetables in, cook very slowly until tender.

Add spices; mix well; cook a few more minutes. Mix the natural gravy with flour, according to taste for a thick or thin gravy. Serve with mashed potatoes.

Hollywood Wakes Up

(Continued from page 25)

thinking and politically alert people.

The Motion Picture Artists Committee with Dashiell ("Thin Man") Hammett, chairman, Sylvia Sidney, vice-chairman, etc., brought Ernest Hemingway and "The Spanish Earth" to Hollywood. As a result, they were able to send to Loyalist Spain eighteen individually contributed ambulances, and a huge supply of medical necessities. The multitude that thronged to get in the Auditorium on the evening Hemingway spoke, and the picture, "The Spanish Earth" was shown, was a thrilling revelation of Hollywood's new world-mindedness.

The Committee membership includes Bette Davis, Luise Rainer, Henry Fonda, Mrs. Ben Hecht, Melvyn Douglas, Edward Arnold, Walter Huston and others to comprise a hundred and fifty names. The Committee is now actively aiding war-torn China, with Anna May Wong as one of the leading workers.

THE snub to Vittorio ("War Is Sport") Mussolini was one of Hollywood's most outspoken demonstrations of awareness

in world affairs. In "The Hollywood Reporter," the Motion Picture Artists Committee voiced a most vigorous and resounding protest to the reception of Vittorio Mussolini. It did not take Vittorio long to leave town.

Hollywood was represented at the President's birthday ball in Washington by six adults—Mr. and Mrs. Fredric March, Eleanor Powell, Janet Gaynor, Joe E. Brown and Louise Fazenda. These six were the most popular persons in town when they got back. Because they were entertained at the White House? Not entirely. Largely because they had the latest inside news from Washington! One actor, Leo Carrillo, has already declared himself as candidate for Governor of California. It wouldn't be at all surprising to see others follow his lead.

Before long it will be election time again, and all the politicians will be climbing on the band wagon. But Hollywood—little old waked-up, outspoken Hollywood—says that what this country needs is a band wagon that will climb on the politicians!

New Day for Fred MacMurray

(Continued from page 27)

"My son, in Hollywood, would have to watch his personality against the personality that's been built for me by special stories and the right makeup and allyhoo. Because, in this town, everyone is picture-conscious to an enormous degree, especially the kids.

"But in Beaver Dam—I know they've got theaters there too . . . but I would have established myself as one of the ordinary citizens, you see. I'd be the same old MacMurray back where he belonged, instead of a star, giving out with temperament and glamour. I'm not the type, you know that."

I sat up. "You're not going to tell me that in a year or two you're going to quit pictures and leave Hollywood?" I grinned. "I've heard it said that gag is a kind of psychic compensation, a defense prepared early so if the star doesn't last he's got some sour grapes all ready for eating."

Fred snorted. "Leave this place? This house, and all this stuff?" he gestured weepingly at California. "And—" pointing in the general direction of Melrose Avenue and Paramount—"all that tough? Not till I have to. I'll stick until they toss me out. Besides, I love Hollywood and so does Lillian. There are lousy things about it but you don't have to go out of your way to find them.

"But I still say it's no place to raise a family. And I don't see any reason why I shouldn't keep up a place in Beaver Dam, too, spend half of my time there, with my sons and daughters, if and when I have them, have the advantages of a normal early life. I owe them that."

"This insistence on Beaver Dam," I interrupted. "Why?"

"Well, any small town would be the same. I chose that one because it's where I grew up, and I'd like to be there again, and because I want the MacMurray tribe to have at least the same chances I had."

"They couldn't have them here, in Hollywood?"

"No," he said positively.

* * *

THE first point Fred brought up, as he explained his reasons, was the ever-present terror of kidnapping that walks always with the stars who have children. There can be no thought, with these little boys and girls, sons and daughters of famous mothers and fathers, of running off with other kids to build a fort on a vacant lot or to tramp alone through the hills, playing Robin Hood. Playtime means an electric train with every gadget in the world, to run in solitude or in the company of a polite visitor. Playtime means a safe pony to ride through manicured grounds. Their folks don't take chances.

When these selfsame children are older and go on to high school or college, they have become so accustomed to money, Fred MacMurray believes, that they spend it with small regard for its worth. They have cars of their own, they have carelessly expensive clothes; and all these things create a circle of buddies whose companionship is undesirable.

Above all, these young men and women have grown up among people who are sophisticated beyond any years and beyond the American standard. At sixteen or seventeen, amorality is dangerous; and these particular adolescents necessarily follow a trend of thought and ideals that sets them apart.

To sum it up, Fred sees Hollywood as a town in which one industry—that of making motion pictures—is foremost

and supreme. In an average city, the young student preparing for life has a choice of the world's vocations or professions to pick from. Here, one forgets there is any other business but the motion-picture business. Those youngsters have seen the glamorous, exciting life their parents lead; have watched tremendous and comparatively easy—although any actor will deny that—money roll in. What else to do than to follow the same paths to glory?

And so, one wonders what the current crop of Hollywood's young will be like when they've reached maturity.

Will they be happy, and will they put their advantages to constructive use, and will they have lived all of their lives to the fullest extent, which is any human being's birthright? Fred believes they won't. He believes that so thoroughly that he won't take the chance with his sons and daughters.

"I had a good childhood," he told me, "and a normal, unassisted adolescence. The things that happened to me I wouldn't give up for anything you could offer. They're part of living, part of what I've turned out to be."

DURING the next hour, lying beside his pool with a pleased remembering look on his face, he gave me, in detached fragments, a portrait of that childhood, of those experiences which he counts so valuable.

There were the early years, and the house he lived in: a middle-aged, middle-class kind of a house, with a lived-in look, unadorned by the presence of servants. There was the gun his uncle gave him, and the fishing outfit, and there were the long unguarded hours spent hunting in the woods.

There was his first day in school—his mother simply drove him over and left him there—and the two little girls, each his age and each in need of a beau, who clutched him (one at each arm) and pulled in grim silence until his shoulders made snapping noises.

There was the untrammelled freedom of the little town for his kingdom; and if he started a fight or broke a window or let the air out of the tires of Beaver Dam's few automobiles, these were his problems if he was caught. He could work them out on his own, and did.

Later, there was growing up and the high school years; there was being on all the teams, since he reached his height of six feet two early, and the enormous anticipation when the basketball bunch was sent to Madison for an interscholastic meet; and there were the parties, and the town girls, and working twenty hours a day in a factory canning peas in order to buy a saxophone, and burning prohibition gin, handmade in preserve jars, and the small triumphs resultant from ingenuity and hard work. . . .

EMERGENT from this training is the Fred MacMurray Hollywood knows—and is amazed at—today. He is the prime example of the normal, mentally healthy, unaffected young man whom Hollywood has been powerless to change.

Still a little shy, still astounded at his great luck, he enjoys immensely what success and money have brought him. Things that, to other stars, are cause for temperament and hair-pulling, are, seen through Fred's normal eyes, a set of nuisances to be attended to as personal problems and then forgotten. He does not do spectacular things because they are spectacular, he scorns loud coats and scarfs, simply because he doesn't

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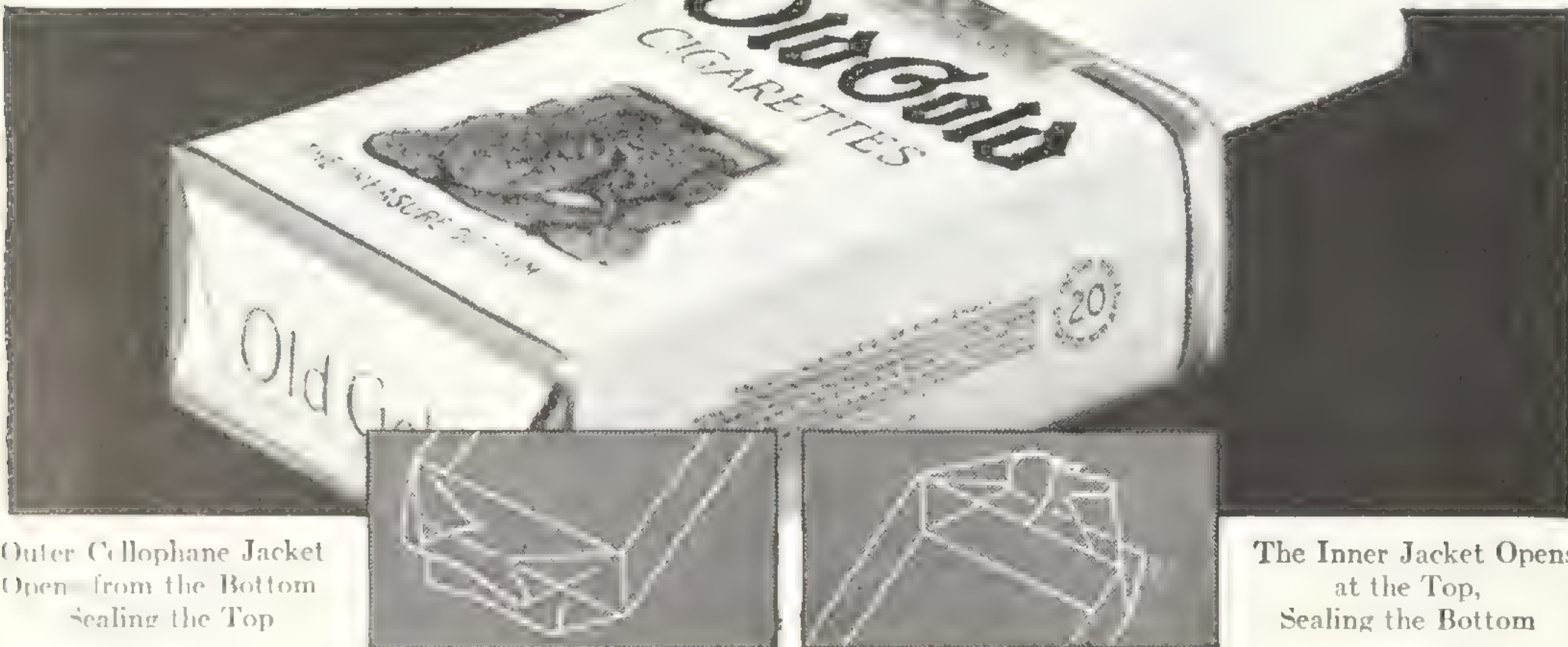
HOURS of weary waiting "on the lot". Dust and dirt. The heat of Kleig lights. Yet a screen star...to retain her charm and appeal...must be *utterly fresh* the instant she steps before the camera.

Cigarettes face that freshness problem, too. They travel a long way before they reach your lips; and they are beset by many enemies along the way. Such as dryness, dampness, dust. Yet a cigarette...to retain its charm and appeal...must be *utterly fresh* the instant you put a match to it.

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Sealing the Top

The Inner Jacket Opens
at the Top,
Sealing the Bottom

TUNE IN on Old Gold's Hollywood Screenscoops, every Tues. and Thurs. night, Columbia Network, Coast-to-Coast

like them; he does what is asked of him without argument because that is his job and they are paying him well for it.

He has found his girl and married her and he has seen her through the misfortune of her illness without complaint and he is content. Lillian is beautiful, smart, poised, and essentially his counterpart when it comes to normalcy. Their children, when they come, will start with these congenital qualities and, so help him, Fred is going to see that Hollywood has no chance to ruin them.

Shrewdly he has invested his money, living well but not extravagantly. In two years, he will be secure financially; but, even without that, he could face the future unafraid. Unlike other young actors who complain stardom leaves too little for later life, Fred is able to shrug casually at the idea of losing his popularity and thus his job. He is a good musician; he could start an orchestra.

He could sell automobiles. He could start a small business. He could even dig the best ditch in America if that were necessary. It is fine, he and Lillian feel, to have all this money now. If, sometime, they are poor—well, they will live as well as they can.

When the children come the MacMurrays will provide for them the advantages of both Hollywood and Beaver Dam, and the disadvantages of neither. At least, in another generation, the youngsters who call Fred "Dad" will have courage and ambition; never having been pampered, they will meet life and its exigencies without fear; they will know the value of money; they will have reveled in all the important, American experiences necessary to the making of a normal and happy citizen.

Perhaps, with this heritage, they may manage to become as fine and as intrinsically worthy as their father.

Escape Into Enchantment

(Continued from page 19)

League, we knitted sweaters and socks for our men at home and abroad, we made surgical dressings for the Red Cross, planned our menus to fit in with the Government's demand for food conservation, and were so much in earnest that it was hard, even as we tried to capture for a time the magic of the screen, to separate ourselves from the tragic happenings overseas. But, except for our fear for the men who fought, there was no flaw in the perfect paradise of that golden southern country. We loved it all—the mountains rising out of the Pacific and purple in the setting sun; the old missions with their bells and brown-froked brothers; the small and happy homes.

TO the generation which has grown up with sound pictures I can convey no understanding of the charm of the silent screen. There was a freedom of movement which was sacrificed later when plays were brought from Broadway and dialogue and set scenes took the place of the pantomime and the wide sweep of the out-of-doors. In those old films wind and wave and sky and mountains helped thrillingly with the action, and it is heartening to find directors today using in "Mutiny on the Bounty," "The Hurricane," and "Captains Courageous" the dramatic climaxes which Nature provides.

We preferred the pantomime to which we were accustomed and which had been developed by the actors of that time into exquisite art, and it has been to me a matter of wonderment that no great talking play has been built around some expert in pantomime, such as Mary Pickford. For years I have had it in mind to write the synopsis of such a play. I may do it yet if my editors and my public ever tire of "young romance."

As the mechanics of talking pictures improved, our prejudices were conquered and we heard with delight the trained voices of those who brought to the screen not only grace of gesture but perfection of speech—the voice of Norma Shearer who speaks with a loveliness that matches her looks; Leslie Howard and Herbert Marshall with their intriguing Oxford accent; the golden voice of Garbo—how it tugged at my heart the other day in "Conquest," with the voice of Charles Boyer matching it. And the voice of John Barrymore in "Maytime." His control of it. Its depth. Its richness.

Then came the great singers—Tibbett, Eddy, Jeanette MacDonald, Grace

Moore, Lily Pons, and a dozen others—and those light-hearted crooners—Dick Powell and Bing Crosby.

IN charm and entertainment Hollywood on the screen sets the pace for the rest of the world, but off the screen, what does it do to us?

For without question we are copycats when it comes to our reactions to the pattern set by our favorite stars. In matters of diet, dress, manners and marriage, the ideas and ideals of the picture people have been imposed upon us. Less bread is consumed, fewer potatoes sold, countless sweet shops are closed, because our school girls, our debutantes, our saleswomen go through a slimming process that they may approach the attenuation of their favorites on the screen. If later they learn that the saltless vegetable diet which took pounds from Garbo is said to have brought on a touch of anemia, that Luise Rainer is suffering from a lack of vitamins, that Joan Crawford's bones now refuse to be covered because for so long she denied herself the proper amount of food, they refuse to credit it, and continue to consume clam broth and green salad, tomato juice and Melba toast, until they reach the danger point of attenuation.

It would be interesting to know the final effect of over-dieting on the matrimonial status of Hollywood stars. Can a woman longing desperately for food achieve normal poise and self-control? Plumpness and good nature have always seemed synonymous, and it may be that the masculine surrender to the charms of Shirley Temple is based on the effect she gives of warm human happiness. It is her plumpness, perhaps, which makes her the beloved of every male who dares express his unsophisticated delight. One hears much in these days of the sufferings of the "underprivileged," and we pour out our money in taxes and gifts that they may be fed, while in the meantime Hollywood and its imitators starve themselves and no one rushes to the rescue!

In matters of dress the tale is less tragic. Hollywood both on and off the screen has set the pace for simplicity. There are, of course, mink coats and ermine ones, emeralds and pearls, diamonds and star sapphires, silver foxes and sables, silks and satins, chiffons and tulle, but against these extravagances are the little frocks in which Janet Gaynor and Kay Francis and Myrna Loy and Claudette Colbert and other favorites, look their loveliest. The simple frocks may have cost a pretty penny, but

they can be copied cheaply. And these stars have made fashionable good grooming and correct posture, and while Miss Main Street or busy Mrs. Stenographer may not run up bills at beauty shops, they do a bit of anxious creaming at night and take their day dozen in the morning with satisfactory results.

As to matters of etiquette, Hollywood has done a rather good job. The stars of the screen are, as a rule, at ease in speech and gesture, and little Jimmy with an inferiority complex who doesn't know what to say when introduced, and little Mae who is self-conscious about table manners, find patterns which they may follow. Jimmy learns to rise when women enter the room, and Jane arrives with an understanding with herself about spoons and forks. There are, inevitably, some things presented which would make Emily Post curl up and die, but millions of young folks whose parents are pathetically unable to teach them what they want to learn watch eagerly suggestions and adopt them.

There is, of course, much that might be criticized in the social setup, yet why carp about anything when as an author I know the pitfalls? My fan mail brings to me a healthy percentage of rebuffs to balance the bouquets. When "Enchanted Ground" was being serialized in "Cosmopolitan," one of my readers wrote to Mr. Hearst to ask why people Bailey on one and the same night had a new moon and an old one. I wrote back that I knew "more about romance than astronomy," but the real reason was that in rewriting I had forgotten to change my time! There was, of course, that other classic example when I read that the ferry mentioned in my minute-to-the-minute "Fair as the Moon," had not run from Washington to Alexandria for thirty years!

And now we come at last to my own romance—Romance. As a writer of love stories, I know what my readers want, and what they want in books they want on the screen. Love must be treated seriously, constancy glorified, and the happy end with happiness ahead. This demand for an ideal passion which transcends time and space goes deeper than mere sentimental urge. It is fundamental, and that is the secret of the popularity of screen plays such as "Mytime" and "Smilin' Through" and "Conquest." Even in "The Thin Man" we were gripped by the knowledge that, for all the lightness, Myrna Loy recognized William Powell as "her man," and Powell knew her for "his woman." And in "Tovarich" the *grande passion* of the married pair gave integrity to the plot.

Off the screen in Hollywood, what is the Romance?

Well, try if you are a writer to give your heroine more than two husbands, your hero more than two wives, and see what your readers will do to you. They want John and Mary to adore each other in the beginning and to adore each other until the end. And though we may send our favorite stars and, alas, too often, copy them, we wish they might be different and thus hold us more strongly to our ideals. And, since we are on the subject, we might stop and speculate on the future of that great actor John Barrymore if, instead of marrying four wives, he had been wedded only to his first.

And we might speculate, too, on whether the appeal of Nelson Eddy to everything feminine from sixteen to sixty does not lie in the fact that we see in him young Galahad still on his quest, a young knight still in pursuit of his lady. And just here may I tell the story of my own lovely mother who, viewing "daytime" immediately after the announcement of the marriage of Jeanette

MacDonald, said, "Oh, she *can't* marry anyone but Nelson Eddy!" To her late-Victorian mind the illusion of a deathless romance of the two great stars was perfect, and she still suffers from a sense of shock.

Yet the question comes, can any of the stars be judged by the standards of normal living? They dwell, as it were, in glass houses with everybody looking on at everything they do. Yet they aspire to normal living. They buy houses and hope to make them into homes, they adopt babies and hope to satisfy the maternal and paternal urge, they cook and plan menus and hope for domestic happiness. And, having done these things, they assure themselves that what they have is the real thing, and that divorce is a goblin that won't "git" them. Then, suddenly, unexpectedly, tragically, they find themselves, like the Lady of Shalott, caught in a web of entangling threads of adulation, fulsome fan mail, sophisticated contacts, close association with some overpowering personality, and before they know it another romance is shattered, as I have said, tragically, for in every separation someone is hurt and heartbreaks are hidden.

THERE'S a last question which Hollywood can answer better than I. Does it set the pace in imposing certain films upon us, or do we set the pace in demanding what we want?

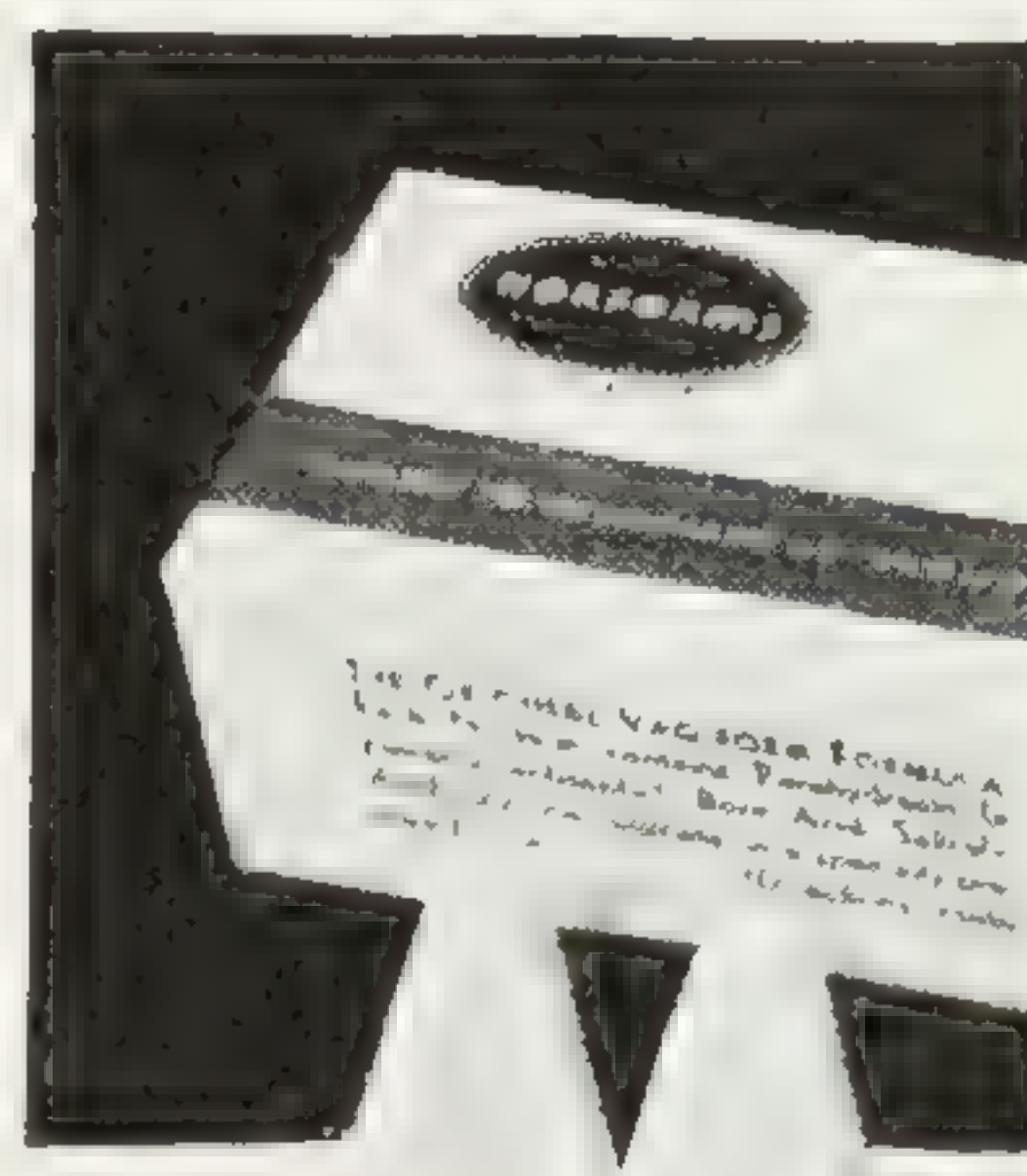
It seems to me that the thing breaks even. Hollywood does at times impose on us things we do not want, and then again its authors, its directors and producers startle us with something as stupendous as "Good Earth," or as enchanting as "Snow White," or as compelling as "Emile Zola," and we acclaim their genius and wonder how we dare carp or criticize.

Yet I will confess to certain frustrations. I want to see Basil Rathbone as the sinister schoolmaster, Bradley Headstone, in Dickens' "Our Mutual Friend," or that other story of Dickens, "Little Dorrit," with Janet Gaynor as Little Dorrit and Lionel Barrymore as Father of the Marshalsea, with that amazing scene at the end where old Dorrit loses his mind and believes himself back in his debtor's prison. I should like to have someone write a play about Lucifer and put John Barrymore in it, or a dramatized version for him of the old opera "Fra Diavolo" with someone else singing the songs. I should like to see Charles Boyer as David Remon, the astronomer, in that gripping play, "The Masqueraders," by Henry Arthur Jones. I should like too, to see more plays with triumphant endings, and by "triumphant" I do not mean happy endings. The best example of a triumphant ending is in the death of Sidney Carton in "The Tale of Two Cities"—"It is a far, far better thing I do than I have ever done." Another is in the separation of the lovers in "The Prisoner of Zenda." In both of these climaxes we are made aware of the fineness of human nature and its courage, and we go away thrilled to have our faith in constancy confirmed when there is in the world so much of insincerity and cowardice.

And now, coming to the end, if I who am three thousand miles away have seemed to pick flaws in Hollywood, it is because I want to see it perfect. Perhaps I ask too much. There is no other place like it, not even this Washington of mine where we have a show of our own! But this show is one of fact and not of illusion. Or am I wrong? Perhaps it is Hollywood which is real!

And whether real or not, we crown it with the laurels of undying gratitude for all that it means to heavy-hearted men and women in a wild and workaday world.

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Photoplay's Own Beauty Shop

(Continued from page 10)

feet with your back to the wall. Your head, shoulders, lower back and heels should all touch the wall. Now, with two books on your head, you extend your arms out at the sides, and walk across the room and back to the same wall. When you can keep two books on your head without their slipping off, try it with three. By the time you can balance three with the greatest of ease, you've learned how to balance your weight and you've got your muscles in their correct alignment.

If you've been bending over a desk all day, typing like mad or making out profit and loss sheets, you'll probably find that you're round-shouldered or have a case of hollow shoulders and a slightly scrawny neck. Penny Singleton has a splendid exercise that fills out the hollows and helps to keep your shoulders back. She stands erect, bracing her arms behind her, clasping her elbows. Then she pulls on her shoulders, back and neck as hard as she can, tilting her head back as far as it will go. When you see her in "Boy Meets Girl," notice her lovely shoulders.

Another fine way to develop your chest and shoulders is to work with a yardstick. You stand erect, clasping it with both hands, holding it horizontally against your shoulders, pulling them back. Slowly raise your arms over your head and bring the stick down again until it is across the back of your shoulders. Your shoulders should be well back, and if you do it correctly you'll feel your breast muscles pulling.

The waist and hips have a terrific tendency to spread all over the place as soon as you begin to neglect them, so here are some excellent exercises to reduce them. June Storey does this one faithfully every morning to keep her figure slim and graceful. You sit on the floor with your legs stretched out in front of you, a little apart. Raise both arms at your sides to shoulder level. Swing your body across and down until your left hand touches your right foot. Then sit up again, reverse the procedure, and touch your left foot with your right hand. Don't move your arms, but twist your body until your hand touches your foot. It's quite difficult, but the superfluous fat will practically melt away while you work at it. Ten times a morning is enough at first, but then work up to twenty.

Penny Singleton's favorite method to keep her waist and hips slim is none too easy, either, for the girl who has let herself go. But it's wonderful to bring yourself right back again. You lie flat on the floor with your arms raised above your head. Lift your body from the waist, keeping your arms stretched high and your legs flat on the floor. Then swing your arms down and in back of you, and make a determined effort to touch your knees with your chin.

If your tummy's gotten flabby, the sitting twist exercise should by all means be included in your daily workout. Sit down on the floor with your

legs stretched out in front of you. Lie on your hands behind your head, with your elbows pointed straight out to the sides, and swing your body to the left and then to the right. Pull your body over to the left as far as you can, straining every muscle to do so, and then to the right, pulling like mad. Start with fifty times, then work up to thirty.

Remember, though, you can't do these exercises slowly and lazily and expect results. You've got to do them rapidly and put your heart and soul into it, as well as your muscles. In other words, give them everything you've got, and you'll be so proud of your new figure that you'll take good care of it from now on.

Phyllis Brooks has an excellent exercise of keeping her hips slim and her tummy flat. She takes a whole deck of cards, stands in the middle of her room, and with a sweep of her arm, throws the whole deck in the air. Bending her body from the waist, keeping her knees stiff, she picks up a card and stands erect again. By the time she's picked up every card, she's bent her body and exercised her muscles fifty-two times, and she keeps her figure in perfect shape by just this exercise.

Maureen O'Sullivan calls her favorite workout the all-in-one exercise, because it strengthens the stomach muscles, reduces the waist and hips, and is guaranteed to fill out those hollows in the neck. She feels that deep breathing is the secret behind all beauty and health, so this exercise incorporates that, too. Here's how it's done: Throw both arms out at the sides level with your shoulders, take a d-e-e-p breath, bend the knees and go down to the ground. Then turn to the right and the left and come up again. Hold your breath through the whole process, but don't do it in slow motion or you'll strangle to death.

Going in for sports will help keep your figure in trim, too, and almost all the Hollywood stars have their favorite. Alice Faye bowls to keep her waist slim, June Lang rides a bicycle every day, and Joan Crawford walks a mile each morning. Dancing, too, is splendid for you, so make your boy friend take you to a night club instead of to the movies.

If you do these exercises faithfully every morning, not even letting one day slip by, you'll find that your figure faults will be all gone—you'll be as slim and graceful as any Hollywood star whose fortune depends upon her figure; and you'll be the envy of all the other girls on the beach this summer.

If you've gained weight all over your body and would like a reducing diet, I have an excellent one that I'll be glad to send you upon request. Write to Carolyn Van Wyck, Photoplay Magazine, 7751 Sunset Boulevard, Hollywood, California. Be sure to enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope.

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EYE-GENE

Seeing Hollywood and the Movies with ELEANOR ROOSEVELT

—is the unusual treat PHOTOPLAY offers its readers next month! You'll be surprised—and the stars will, too—to learn just what America's First Lady and her famous White House family think about pictures and picture personalities

Next Month: A Great Movie Feature by ELEANOR ROOSEVELT

The True and Tender Story of Irene Dunne's Daughter

(Continued from page 21)

It isn't only the joy Irene and Doctor Griffin have with Missy that makes Irene grateful; it's the way their life has changed because she is there and theirs. "When you have a child you remain at home more," Irene says. "And although you thought your roots went deep before you, you find them now striking deeper and deeper. Now that we have Missy I can see how people with a family are less likely to be carried away by worldly things."

Dozens of times Irene and Doctor Griffin have crossed the continent between California and New York. But his last time, because Missy was with

them, they saw everything through new eyes, her eyes. The pink mountains in Arizona with the sun on them . . . the Mississippi, which Missy learned to pronounce with the greatest of ease . . . And, in New York, they discovered Central Park all over again . . . the zoo with the giraffe which is the most wonderful of animals, because Missy thinks so . . . the pigeons that eat the peanuts from her little white gloved hands. . . .

"Missy has given us so much," Irene says, "that we'd like to give her a great deal, too. And how can we do this, if above everything else, we don't give her pride in herself."

Close Ups and Long Shots

(Continued from page 13)

ingratiating personality . . . it is such a relief to see him being gay and smiling after that long line of gloomy, betrayed husbands he has suffered with. . . .

One of my favorite pipe dreams is of being allowed to be casting director of a big studio for a day and mixing all the casting up . . . I had this dream all over again when I saw "The Adventures of Marco Polo" . . . there is a very expensive picture loaded with excellent actors, but they are all cast so terrifically to the types they always play that you know just how each scene has to come out the moment it starts. . . .

What I would do, in my pipe-dream casting, is to spot every actor in rôles very different from those he has ever played . . . just to fool the audience . . . which isn't a nutty idea at all . . . remember how we loved the change from William Powell, the demon lover, to William Powell, the Thin Man husband-detective . . . and Myrna Loy from those silly vamps to the lovely human being she is . . . and Carole Lombard moving from straight romantic leads to high comedy . . . and Gable as a hero rather than a heavy . . . you see, I've really got something there. . . .

A LETTER from a Peoria theater owner sent to "The Hollywood Reporter," film-dom's trade paper, pleads for Hollywood to drop its "broad A" accent and get back to simple stories . . . which is what I have been crying for all along. . . .

This gentleman writes: "The characters in pictures are just simply getting too fine . . . and if the actors and actresses will only return to the talking of good, common, everyday American English, instead of that British dialect they are all attempting to speak, we will sell more tickets. . . ."

THAT sleighful of people you see on the first page features left center Miss Claudette Colbert having herself a time on a skiing vacation in the Italian Alps . . . I know of no one in all Hollywood who balances her private life and her career quite so gracefully as Claudette . . . there is no slightest detail in her pictures that does not concern her . . . story, clothes, direction, leading men . . . she attacks the problem from all sides in the hope of getting constantly better pictures . . . she is the only star I've ever known who, when she asks you about a performance, really wants to know . . . is not simply giving you a set-up for a compliment to herself . . . but as serious as she is about

her stardom she is equally determined to develop another and personal life for herself. . . .

Scrawled on the back of the photograph in her mad handwriting the message says: "We are really having a divine time, if aching from head to foot can be called divine . . . in these fairy-tale villages in perpetual Christmas mood . . . it's incredible . . . we were on our way to St. Christoph in a sleigh to have lunch out in the sun when a local photographer leapt out (a Tyrolean Fink) . . . we've canceled going to Egypt because the snow has got us bad . . . when the ski bug bites you it's fatal" . . . the handsome gentleman in the right foreground, Dr. Pressman, Claudette's husband, told me about one of their ski adventures . . . he had gone out early in the morning to negotiate a difficult ski slide . . . which he did . . . and, stopping at the foot of the long hill to catch his breath, he noticed a tiny figure silhouetted at the top against the sky . . . he watched her descend, making a marvelous job of it . . . he thought he'd tell Claudette about this graceful girl . . . and then when she slid alongside it was Claudette herself . . . that's the kind of fun those two have. . . .

LISTENING to Jeanette MacDonald sing Gounod's exquisite "Ave Maria" in "The Girl of the Golden West" reminded me once more of one of our favorite Hollywood yarns which Jeanette told me herself . . . she has long wanted to sing "Ave Maria" on the screen and tried to work it into "San Francisco" . . . the only trouble there was that Woody Van Dyke was the director and Woody likes things to move very rapidly . . . anyway, Jeanette did a recording of the song . . . "I think it had better be a little faster, kid," said Woody listening to the playback . . . they did it again . . . "I think it is a little bit slow," said Mr. Van Dyke . . . they re-recorded, faster, then re-recorded, still faster . . . then once more . . . by this time Jeanette was practically swinging it . . . "I think it still drags," said Woody . . . it ended by Jeanette singing "The Palms" which came out in about the tempo for "Minnie the Moocher" . . . but Jeanette felt that didn't matter so much as "The Palms" is a much more secular song than the "Ave Maria" . . . the pace on "The Girl" is so slow, however, that Mr. Gounod's aria seems positively bustling in it . . . nothing has moved as slowly as this film since the last pair of oxen crossed the Great Divide. . . .



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If you have ever said, "I just can't use vanishing cream," then you certainly want to try this new Pond's Vanishing Cream. It's

a triumph of modern science—a true nourishing cream—yet nothing greasy or heavy about it. Pond's Vanishing Cream is light and delicate in texture!

Put it on always before you powder. Again after coming in from outdoors. And of course for overnight after cleansing.

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The Shadow Stage

(Continued from page 53)

SAILING ALONG—GB

THIS is not Jessie Matthews' best picture. Something slipped! Not Jessie's dancing, which was as graceful as ever; not Roland Young's sly wit, which he puts over with such a deprecating grin; not Jack Whiting's singing, which was the highlight of the picture. The whole trouble is that the principals worked too hard, and emerged as wooden characters in an English Horatio Alger story of a tough little barge girl who becomes the hit of London, and never, never lets down her poorer pals of other days. The tunes are delightful, but we still wish that someone like Travis Banton or Adrian could design some glad rags for Jessie's cuteness.

BULLDOG DRUMMOND'S PERIL—Paramount

THIS time it's diamonds that lead to murder and subsequently to *Bulldog Drummond's* adventures. Interrupted at his wedding, John Howard, as *Drummond*, dashes off on the trail of sinister Porter Hall, inventor. Louise Campbell plays *Drummond's* fiancée, John Barrymore is the unco-operative Inspector, and Reginald Denny is Howard's man Friday. The cast have played their parts so often that they're perfect in their rôles. It's excellent melodrama.

ISLAND IN THE SKY—20th Century-Fox

A NIGHT club atop a skyscraper is the locale for this murder mystery. Michael Whalen, prosecuting attorney, and Gloria Stuart, his fiancée, do the detecting with much dashing about, earnestness, and charm. Robert Kellard is the wrongly accused youth; Paul Kelly, his convict father. It's an amusing story, exciting, and so well done that it's excellent entertainment.

MR. MOTO'S GAMBLE—20th Century-Fox

PINCH-HITTING for *Charlie Chan*, genial *Mr. Moto*—Peter Lorre, as ever was—turns his talents to solving a murder that occurs in a prize-fight ring. Into the fray enter crook fight managers, high-powered gamblers and expert double-crossers, but, with the aid of Keye Luke, *Mr. Chan's* eager son, *Moto* manages to solve the mystery. Dick Baldwin and Lynn Bari furnish the romance, and Maxie Rosenbloom the comedy.

JUDGE HARDY'S CHILDREN—M-G-M

THESE successful sequel pictures—"the continued adventures of So-and-So's family"—so carefully follow a designated formula it is hard to comment on them from any fresh viewpoint. We can only record, with a small sigh, that here is *Judge Hardy* again, this time in Washington with spies in the offing. Cecilia Parker plays the daughter, Lewis Stone the Judge, and Mickey Rooney is still one of Hollywood's finest actors as *Hardy's* son.

CONDEMNED WOMEN—RKO-Radio

SURPRISINGLY good is this newest in the new bunch of prison stories. Grim and pretty dreary, there's sustaining in-

terest in the plight of women convicts who need help rather than punishment. Sally Eilers is the outstanding prisoner, Louis Hayward the forward-thinking psychiatrist who falls in love with her. A new slant on a social problem.

PENROD'S DOUBLE TROUBLE—Warners

GIVE Junior his dime and send him off to Saturday matinee with clear conscience, if this film is playing. It's the Mauch Twins again, with Warners' idea of *Penrod*; the basic story of boys playing G-men and surprising everybody by capturing the bandit is here twisted so that the kids rescue their own leader. Gene and Kathleen Lockhart are *Penrod's* new parents.

GOODBYE BROADWAY—Universal

EVERYBODY is very nice and performs excellently, but this slow, tired story of a pair of outmoded vaudevillians who buy a small-town hotel just doesn't get anywhere. Alice Brady and Charles Winninger are bright spots in a desert of dullness. Tom Brown and Dorothea Kent supply the romance. Tommy Riggs, of radio fame, entertains with his Betty Lou imitations. Jed Prouty goes villainous.

MAID'S NIGHT OUT—RKO-Radio

IT'S an unpretentious little story, but amusingly done. You'll enjoy Allan Lane as the millionaire's son who drives a milk truck, and Joan Fontaine as the society girl who he thinks is a servant. Complications to their romance are caused by Hedda Hopper, Joan's financially embarrassed mother, and William Brisbane, the rich fiancé. There's a fight in a night club, a police chase, and the whole thing is really very funny.

THE FIRST HUNDRED YEARS—M-G-M

THIS frothy little domestic comedy revolves around a quarrel over the question of their respective careers between happily married Robert Montgomery and Virginia Bruce. Their attempts to bluff each other into surrender result in alimony to Montgomery, blundering interference by Warren William, Virginia's partner, and by Alan Dinehart, attorney. Binnie Barnes makes a play for Bob, too. It's all very gay and adroitly handled.

★ THE GIRL OF THE GOLDEN WEST—M-G-M

METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER officials remarked to this reviewer that "The Girl of the Golden West" was, they hoped, the last of that studio's cycle of unfortunate pictures; Irving Thalberg's loss, they explained, was still being felt. Although the above judgment of this film is true—it doesn't jell nor is it up to the other Jeanette MacDonald-Nelson Eddy song fests—you nevertheless should see it for its magnificent beauty. Done in Technicolor, it presents California's best scenery at its best.

The loosely linked story, held together by the fine singing of both stars, is a fantasy in which Mr. Eddy is a kind of Wild-West Robin Hood and Miss MacDonald a saloon owner. She meets the bandit as she is journeying from her hill home to Monterey, he falls in love, pretends to be in the Governor's party, and follows her. Later he traces her to her home, learns about the saloon, has a fight with Sheriff Walter Pidgeon—who also yearns for gorgeous Jeanette—and is wounded. Then comes the famous scene from the David Belasco play in which our heroine, knowing at last the identity of her lover, gambles for his life—and cheats.

Costumes apropos of the period—a lusty era of padres and Indians and gold fever—lend great glamour to the production. Buddy Ebsen, H. B. Warner, Bill Cody, Jr., and others are neatly fitted into the cast. Music includes "Shadows on the Moon," "The Wind and the Trees," "Who Are We To Say?" and "Mariachi," all by the Romberg-Kahn team.

★ PORT OF SEVEN SEAS—M-G-M

OUT of the bedlam of slapstick, there occasionally emerges a picture so appealing, so honest it is difficult to classify.

Such a picture is "Port of Seven Seas"; a misleading title for this story of unwedded love. Maureen O'Sullivan, daughter of a French grocer has a child by John Beal, a selfish young man who leaves his sweetheart to roam the seven seas. Frank Morgan marries Maureen and, in the security of his love, she finds peace. The lover returns and attempts to win Maureen back. It is then that Wallace Beery, father of Beal, turns against his own son. Beery is outstanding in his simple crudity; the surprise, however, is Frank Morgan, who forgets his stammering stupidities to lend dignity and charm to his rôle of protector.



For seventeen years on the screen Warner Baxter has been able to make feminine hearts flutter. At Santa Anita, he obviously holds more interest for pretty Virginia Walker than the horses. Watch this young player's star rise! Her amusing headgear suggests that all Spanish influence these days is not confined to war

Brief Reviews

(Continued from page 4)

★ GOLD IS WHERE YOU FIND IT—Warners

Based on the battle between farmers and miners in the lowlands of California's Sacramento Valley, this rugged, gripping drama, its scenic beauties enhanced by Technicolor. George Brent, Olivia de Havilland and Claude Rains are extremely competent in their respective rôles. Highly recommended. (April)

★ GOLDWYN FOLLIES, THE—Sam Goldwyn-United Artists

This incredibly beautiful musical has a dizzy story of Hollywood's original "no" girl (Andrea Leeds) and the producer whom nobody "noes" (Colphee Menjou). The "Follies" are glorified by Blanche's lovely American ballet, Metropolitan Opera's soprano, Phil Baker's wit, Charlie McCarthy's deadly sallies, the Ritz Brothers' dancing, Ella Logan and Kenny Baker's tuneful song and the poignant music of George and Ira Gershwin—the whole wrapped in Technicolor. A \$100,000 picture you'll never forget. (Feb.)

★ HAPPY LANDING—20th Century-Fox

There are prime requisites for good cinema—style, fine music, comedy and, first and last, a Henie on ice. The thin story concerns Cesar Romero's dalliance with a little Norwegian who, of course, manages to become A-1 skater of the world under Don Ameche's tutelage. Hot swing by Raymond Scott; Ethel Merman's voice; a ballet on ice—well! (April)

★ HAWAII CALLS—RKO-Radio

The reedy, sweet voice of small Bobby Breen dominates this saccharine travelogue to the Islands. Alan Francisco wharf waif, Bobbie stows away, eludes his police pursuers and aids Warren Hull in solving a navy spy plot. Sourpuss Ned Sparks is sometimes amusing and you will like "Down Where the Trade Winds Blow." (May)

★ IN THE JUNGLE LOVE—Paramount

Alligators, apes and aviators adventure around in the latest meandering of Dorothy Lamour into the exotic strip field. The aviators are Ray Milland and Gene Overman, the ape belongs to Dorothy, whom they find in a jungle isle in the Pacific. The alligators have fun trying to eat everything in sight. Don't say we didn't warn you. (May)

★ HOLLYWOOD HOTEL—Warners

This is a potpourri of music and buffoonery put together with abundant, but not too brilliant enthusiasm. Directed by Dick Powell, the Lane Sisters, Lola and Remary, Louella Parsons and her radio clan, including Frances Langford. The happiest contributions are Bennie Goodman's swing band, and Raymond Paige's arrangement of "Black Eyes." (March)

★ I'LL TAKE ROMANCE—Columbia

Trace Moore's new romantic film with opera is her best since "One Night of Love." Directed by her domineering aunt, Helen Westley, Moore tries monkey business to get out of a contract, falls in love instead with impresario Melvyn Douglas. Miss Moore sings both popular and dramatic airs with vocal and physical appeal. (March)

★ IN OLD CHICAGO—20th Century-Fox

The legend of Mrs. O'Leary's cow is God's gift to Eryl Zanuck who has here achieved a vivid picture of Chicago's early days before the famous fire of 1871. The whole fighting clan of O'Learys, other Alice Brady, sons Don Ameche, Tyrone Power and Tom Brown, live, love and learn in the midst of many colorful figures. The holocaust itself is breath-taking, and the huge cast, including Alice Faye and Andy Devine, superlative. Save your pennies and go. (March)

★ INTERNATIONAL SETTLEMENT—20th Century-Fox

Shanghai, during the air raids, is the breathing backdrop for speedy action and sinister intrigue. George Sanders finds himself a pistol target for spies; Dolores Del Rio finally foils the villains. Kirk Baldwin and June Lang furnish the secondary romance. (April)

★ JEZEBEL—Warners

Bette Davis' best performance—in one of the best pictures of the year. Beating the gun on "One With the Wind," Director William Wyler moulded a brilliant, shocking story of a Louisiana flit's consuming passion for one of her southern kinsmen. The yellow fever epidemic of 1913 is absorbing background. Miss Davis, Henry Fonda, George Brent and Richard Cromwell contribute glittering performances. (May)

★ KENT'S SECRET, THE—Universal

As you've probably gathered, a courtroom furnishes the background for this mild effort. When Kent Taylor refuses to find a prisoner guilty in the face of overwhelming evidence, Fay Wray is busy, uncovers some monkey business. Nan Grey, Samuel Hinds and Jane Darwell complete the cast. Don't break any blood vessels getting to this. (May)

★ LOVE AND BEHAVE—Republic

Somewhere between the newsreel and the main feature you will watch Sally Eilers getting into trouble—and romance—because of her sister. This one, already married to Joseph Schildkraut, is tight, marries Neil Hamilton. Sally does a good needy job and Marcia Mae Jones is really very funny. (March)

★ LOVE AND HISSES—20th Century-Fox

Walter Winchell and Ben Bernie return with gusto to another battle of wits and half-wits and music and gags, built around a foreign star, Simone Simon, whose abilities each takes credit for. Much hilarity goes on; the new Gordon and Revel tunes are a delight; and Simone Simon shoplifts the picture with her exceptional singing. Elegant. (March)

★ LOVE, HONOR AND BEHAVE—Warners

With the exception of Priscilla Lane's enthusiastic portrait of a modern wife's attempts to make a man of her hubby and untie the usual mother-in-law knots, this picture is uninspiring. Wayne Morris is the mistaken young spouse, Mona Barrie gives a superior performance. (May)

★ LOVE IS A HEADACHE—M-G-M

No longer forced to be an artificially wrinkled hag, a lovely Gladys George finally comes to light. Playing an actress bitten by the publicity bug, her adoption of Mickey Rooney and Virginia Weidler causes her best friend (Franchot Tone) to become her severest critic. The acting is superfine. (April)

★ MAD ABOUT MUSIC—Universal

Don't think it is mere repetition when we say that Durbin child has done it again—because she has! Her lilting voice carries a tender story of a neglected adolescent placed in a Swiss school by a selfish actress mother. Deanna breaks the cocoon with the friendly help of Herbert Marshall, and the entire cast including Gail Patrick, Arthur Treacher, Marcia Mae Jones and Bill Frawley is splendid. Fly. (May)

★ MANNEQUIN—M-G-M

Again Joan Crawford is magnificently the shop girl, who by beauty and brains overcomes a hideous environment and an unfortunate marriage to blackmailer Alan Curtis, to emerge chin high to happiness with Spencer Tracy. Joan looks stunning, does some nice singing; Tracy is staunch support. (March)

★ MAN-PROOF—M-G-M

Without the delicious humor of Myrna Loy this would be a dull conversation piece about a young emotionally uninvolved girl in love with a young rake (Walter Pidgeon). When he marries Rosalind Russell, Myrna sets out to get him back—with astonishing results. Franchot Tone lurks in the background. A lulu because of Loy. (March)

★ MERRILY WE LIVE—Hal Roach-M-G-M

Another of those mad hatter tea parties the studios have been throwing us these days—this is one of the funnier ones. It has to do with a rich giddy mother (Billie Burke) who likes to befriend tramps, daughter (Connie Bennett) who likes tramping too, Brian Aherne who plays hobo for a day, and Alan Mowbray, the buttlingest butler ever. Better go. (May)

★ MY OLD KENTUCKY HOME—Monogram

The sole reason for seeing this setup south of the Mason Dixon is the Hall Johnson Choir of colored singers. There's a to-do over the centennial of the founding of a molasses factory and a domineering matriarch's attempts to run the love life of Evelyn Venable. Molasses from start to finish. (April)

★ OF HUMAN HEARTS—M-G-M

Beautifully directed by Clarence Brown, this gentle, sincere picture is serious cinema at its best. Against a Civil War background, it tells the story of the heroic sacrifices of a poverty-stricken pioneer minister's family to subsidize their son who becomes a famous surgeon. Beulah Bondi, Walter Huston, Jimmy Stewart, the whole cast deserve enormous credit. Don't fail to see this. (April)

★ PARADISE FOR THREE—M-G-M

Frank Morgan, Mary Astor, Edna May Oliver, Florence Rice and Robert Young are the fun-makers in this hilarious tale of a wealthy old duck with a roving eye who goes vacationing incognito in the Alps. You'd better see this picture to find out what happens then. The direction is as smart as the dialogue. (April)

★ PENITENTIARY—Columbia

Here is a vivid commentary on convict psychology, though you might find it a bit on the somber side. When District Attorney Walter Connolly sends John Howard to jail and later attempts to help him out, he finds Howard prefers to live by a new found prison code. Jean Parker is the love interest. (May)

★ PENROD AND HIS TWIN BROTHER—Warners

Again the classic American brat returns to delight the children and amuse their elders. This time, there are two of them, the Mauch Twins who organize as young G-men, tangle with real gangsters. Preposterous and sentimental, but peanuts for small-town audiences. (April)

★ PRESCRIPTION FOR ROMANCE—Universal

A slow-moving story of romance on the run. Henry Hunter, embezzler, deserts his sweetheart, flees to Wendy Barrie, a young doctor in Budapest, for protection from Detective Robert Kent, out to get his man. Guess who falls in love with whom? You're right. (March)

★ RADIO CITY REVELS—RKO-Radio

Hollywood has put out another musical and this is it. There is a lot of good music, some nice dancing and no story. Kenny Baker croons, Bob Burns bazoos, Jack Oakie romps airily about, and there's a to-do about an Ozark hillbilly who composes songs in his sleep. Jane Froman and other ether favorites do their stuff. (May)

★ RANGERS ROUNDUP, THE—Stan Laurel Production

Another singing troubador of the plains rides into the public eye in this unpretentious but clever (Continued on page 96)

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PHOTOPLAY fashions on pages 66 and 68 of the Fashion Section in this issue
are available to readers at these stores.

ALABAMA	
Pizitz Merc. Co.	Birmingham
Blumberg & Son's	Dothan
Hagedorn & Co.	Gadsden
Fowler Bros.	Huntsville
L. Hammel D. G. Co.	Mobile
The Fashion	Montgomery
Bedsole S. G. Co.	Thomasville
Rosenberg Bros.	Troy
Pizitz Merc. Co.	Tuscaloosa
ARIZONA	
Capin's Dept. Store	Nogales
Korrick's D. G. Co.	Phoenix
ARKANSAS	
Tilles, Inc.	Fort Smith
House of Fashion	Jonesboro
M. M. Cohn Co.	Little Rock
The Fashion	Pine Bluff
CALIFORNIA	
Malcolm Brock	Bakersfield
May Co.	Los Angeles
Bamburg's	Napa
Le Trianon	473 E. Colorado St., Pasadena
The Fashion	Red Bluff
The Harris Co.	Redlands
The Fashion	Salinas
Harris Co.	San Bernardino
Louis Levy	San Francisco
Prussia & Co.	San Jose
Ranken D. G. Co.	Santa Ana
The Fashion	Woodland
COLORADO	
Albert Kahn, Inc.	Boulder
The Duff-Moyle Co.	Canon City
Hat & Dress Studio	Colorado Springs
Mortons	439 16th St., Denver
Julians	Fort Collins
J. V. Smith & Son	Greeley
Crews Beggs	Cueblo
H. Moses & Son	Trinidad
CONNECTICUT	
Arcade Dress Shop	Bridgeport
Sage Allen & Co.	Meriden
Styletex	New London
Rockwell & Co.	110 Main St., Norwich
Simon Mandell	Stamford
Mantell & Martin	Winsted
J. P. Davidson	
DELAWARE	
Kennard Pyle	Wilmington
DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA	
Mrs. Florence Forrest Klein	121 "B" St., Washington
FLORIDA	
Napi A. Akras	Daytona Beach
Dreka's Dept. Store	De Land
M. Flossie Hill	Fort Meyers
Purcell's	Jacksonville
L. A. Cherry	Miami Beach
Rheinauer's	Ocala
Sam's Style Shop	Pensacola
J. S. Miller	St. Petersburg
Linden's	Tallahassee
Ernest Maas, Inc.	Tampa
GEORGIA	
Michael Bros.	Athens
J. B. White Co.	Augusta
Turners Shoppe	Bainbridge
Kiralfy & Co.	Columbus
Smith Roberts Co.	Griffin
H. S. Wooding	La Grange
The Friedlander Corp.	Moultrie
J. Kuttner	Rome
Cohen Bros.	West Point
IDAHO	
Brookover's	Boise
Brattons	Lewiston
David's	Moscow
Fargo Wilson Wells	Pocatello
Vogue	Twin Falls
ILLINOIS	
Fellner Rathem	Belleville
Carson Pirie Scott	Chicago
W. H. Roland	Bloomington
W. H. Carpenter	Champaign
Fashion Shop	Danville
Field's	Decatur
Myron's	Harrisburg
C. B. Blakely	La Salle
Worthington's Apparel Shop	La Salle
Wm. Y. Gilmore & Son	Oak Park
Klein's	Peoria
Owens, Inc.	Rockford
W. H. Roland	Springfield
Sam Arsh	West Frankfort
INDIANA	
Morton Roth	Anderson
A. E. Leiter	Connersville
Salm Bros.	Ellettsville
S. M. C. Operating	Fort Wayne
H. Gordon & Sons	Gary
The Mode	Kendallville
Loeb & Hene	Lafayette
Alice Phillips Shoppe	Marion
Bull Stores, Inc.	Muncie
Senger D. G. Co.	Peru
Sprowl Bros.	Princeton
Root Store	Terre Haute
IOWA	
Klein's	Burlington
The Killian Co.	Cedar Rapids
The Bee Hive	Davenport
Norman Cassidy	Des Moines
La Parisian	Dubuque
Sullivan & Auwerda	Keokuk
The Merkel Co.	Mason City
Davidson Bros. Co.	Sioux City
KANSAS	
Frolich Style Shop	Pittsburg
Stieff Store	Salina
Nightingale's	Topeka
Stewart D. G. Co.	Wellington
Lewin's Fashion Shop	Wichita
KENTUCKY	
Lyda Ellis	Ashtand
B. B. Smith & Co.	Lexington
H. G. Lewis & Co.	Louisville
The Vogue	Madisonville
Levy's	Owensboro
LOUISIANA	
Wellans	Alexandria
Parisian Shop	Crowley
La Parisienne, Inc.	Lafayette
New Palais Royal	Lake Charles
Barham & Richards	Marksville
The Hub (J. Weil)	New Iberia
Hearne D. G. Co.	Shreveport
MAINE	
Chernowsky's	Augusta
B. Peck Co.	Lewistown
Smiley's	Portland
MASSACHUSETTS	
Chandler's	Boston
Edith Goodell	Cambridge
Peck's	Fall River
New York Specialty Shops	Haverhill
Griffins	Holyoke
Cherry & Webb	Lawrence
Bon Marche	Lowell
Goddard Bros.	Lynn
Hardwick, Inc.	Malden
McCray & Tatro	New Bedford
McCallum's	No. Adams
England Bros.	Northampton
Evelyn Jenny	Pittsfield
MARYLAND	
Baxtons	Baltimore
Richardson Style Shop	Cambridge
MICHIGAN	
Elizabeth Dillon	Ann Arbor
W. Robinson Co.	Battle Creek
Demery & Co.	Detroit
The Vogue	Flint
Paul Steketee & Sons	Grand Rapids
Jeanne's Shonee	Holland
O'Donnell, Inc.	Ironwood
Fred Mahoney	Kalamazoo
Sprowl Bros.	Lansing
W. P. Lahey's, Inc.	Muskegon
D. M. Christian Co.	Portage
Rosenthal Blumrosen Co.	Port Huron
J. B. Sperry Co.	St. Joseph
The Grace Shop	
MINNESOTA	
Stevenson's	Albert Lea
M. C. Albenberg	Duluth
MISSISSIPPI	
Benoits	Brookhaven
Powers & Co.	Clarksdale
Addie Locke	Columbus
W. T. Fountain Co.	Greenwood
The Vogue, Inc.	Jackson
Hins, Mrs. Matison Co.	Laurel
Marks Rothenberg Co.	Meridian
R. W. Reed Co.	Tupelo
MISSOURI	
Bartell's Merc. Co.	Cape Girardeau
John Taylor D. G. Co.	Kansas City
Huff & Davidson	Kirksville
Tansil Grantages	La Plata
Mr. R. M. Johnston	Moberly
Braufman's	St. Charles
A. J. Einbender	2102 S. 10th St., St. Joseph
T. W. Garland, Inc.	St. Louis
C. W. Flower D. G. Co.	Sedalia
Heer Stores	Springfield
Foster's	Warrensburg
MONTANA	
The Gregory Shop	Billings
Riddies	Bozeman
Sullivan's Inc.	Great Falls
F. A. Buttrey	Harlow
Fligelman's N. Y. D. G. Co.	Helena
NEW JERSEY	
Hamburger's	Atlantic City
Morris's	Ashville
Casper Cheren	Passaic
Meyer Bros.	Paterson
Rosenbaum Bros.	Plainfield
Lillian Charm	Trenton
A. Holthausen	Union City
Alice Kind	Westfield
NEW YORK	
The Fashion Shop	Albany
Holzheimer & Shaul	Amsterdam
Jer-Mays	30-44 Steinway Ave., Astoria
Hill, McLain & Haskins	Binghamton
Irette Shop	945 Flatbush Ave., Brooklyn
J. N. Adam Co.	Buffalo
Ann Callan	Chatham
Stemen's	Corland
Hurp's	Endicott
Modern Dress Shop	Flushing, L. I.
Bernstein's	136-39 Roosevelt Ave., Flushing, L. I.
L. C. Coat, Suit & Dress Co.	Hornell
Rothschild Bros.	Ithaca
The Bon Ton	165th St., Jamaica
La Mode	Jamestown
Hall's Fashion	Lockport
John Schoonmaker's	Newburgh
The Kinter Co.	Olean
Lynch Robertson	Penn Yan
Helen Wright	Poughkeepsie
J. E. Thompson Co.	Rochester
Phil. G. Horowitz	Schenectady
La Chalfonte	Syracuse
Wm. H. Frear Co.	Troy
Linen Shop	Utica
Pauline Davis Dress Shop	74 Mamaroneck Ave., White Plains
NORTH CAROLINA	
Riff's Dept. Store	Albemarle
M. A. Moore & Co.	Asheville
B. A. Sellers & Sons	Burlington
Brook's	Charlotte
Ellis Stone & Co.	Durham
Fleishman's Big Store	Fayetteville
Neil Joseph	Goldboro
Ellis Stone Co.	Greensboro
Brook's	Raleigh
Dave Ostricher	Salisbury
Mrs. Hayes Shop	Southern Pines
Ramsay Bowles Co.	Statesville
W. Tarboro	Wilmington
The Julia	Winston Salem
Anchor Stores	
NORTH DAKOTA	
Scutt's Store for Women	Minot
OHIO	
The M. O'Neill Co.	Akron
C. C. Crawford	Alliance
Melvin Goldstein	Ashtabula
Harry E. Rosenberg	Cambridge
W. M. Norvell's	Cincinnati
Stearns	Cleveland
Roberts Cloak & Suit	Columbus
Golden's	Coshocton
B. Fienberg	Dover
D. M. McGilvie	E. Liverpool
Simon's	Findlay
C. P. Wiseman Co.	Lancaster
R. T. Gregg & Co.	Lima
Goldstein Sons Inc.	Lorain
Russell	Mansfield
Goldstein Sons, Inc.	Marion
J. S. Ringwalt	Mt. Vernon
John J. Carroll	Newark
Marting Bros.	Portsmouth
R. S. McCullough	Salem
Ph. Wm. S. Frankel Co.	Sandusky
Cooper Kline Co.	Steubenville
Lacey's	Wilmington
Bechtel's	Wooster
G. M. McKelvey Co.	Youngstown
H. Weber & Son	Zanesville
OKLAHOMA	
Henry Baum	Ardmore
Dixie Store (Levine & Miller)	Duncan
Lowenhaus	End
Levine & Miller	Lawton
Goldberg, Joseph	McAlester
Calhoun Dry Goods Co.	Muskogee
Stewart Lucky	Muskogee
French City Style Shop	Port City
Mammoth Dept. Store	Shawnee
OREGON	
Milady's Shop	Salem
Chas. F. Berg Co.	Portland
PENNSYLVANIA	
H. Leh & Co.	Allentown
Simmonds	Altoona
Cabot Shop	Ardmore
Berman's	Beaver Falls
F. P. Pursel	Bloomburg
Rose E. Kreinson	Bradford
Eleanor Marshall	Brookway
J. M. Jaffee	Butler
Webber Bros.	Chester
Wm. Brady	Clearfield
Grollman Bros.	Easton
Belmont Shop	Erie
Brien Smith & Royer	Greensburg
Fellies	Harrisburg
P. Deisioth's Sons	Hazleton
Robbins Shop	Homestead
M. Grimson	Huntingdon
Brody Bros.	Indiana
Penn Traffic Co.	Johnstown
Ladies Bazaar	Lewistown
Kutzmans	McKeessport
Florence Wise	Mt. Carmel
Strauss Hirschberg Co.	New Castle
Silverman's	New Kensington
Edwards Bros., Inc.	Oil City
Boyd Shop	1734 Chestnut St., Philadelphia
McCreary & Co.	Pittsburgh
Croll & Keck	Reading
Blum Bros.	Scranton
Maude Jane Shop	Shamokin
Sharon Store	Sharon
Ohrbach-Benkaim Stores	Shenandoah
Polly Jane Shop	Somerset
Fenn Bros.	Soubury
Kaufman Dept. Store	Uniontown
Mayer's Fashion Shop	Upper Darby
Russell L. Shepler	Vandergriff
Fowler, Dick & Walker	Wilkes Barre
Brozman's	Williamsport
RHODE ISLAND	
Jean's, Inc.	Providence
Avedon's	Woonsocket
SOUTH CAROLINA	
Gallant Belk	Anderson
Furchgotts	Florence
Meyers Arnold Co.	Greenville
Carpenter's	Cherry
August W. Smith	Spartanburg
SOUTH DAKOTA	
Olwin Angell	Aberdeen
TENNESSEE	
Pickett's	Chattanooga
Anderson Bros. & Foster	Columbus
Style Shop	Dyersburg
Nathan's	Jackson
Fuller & Hillman	Kingsport



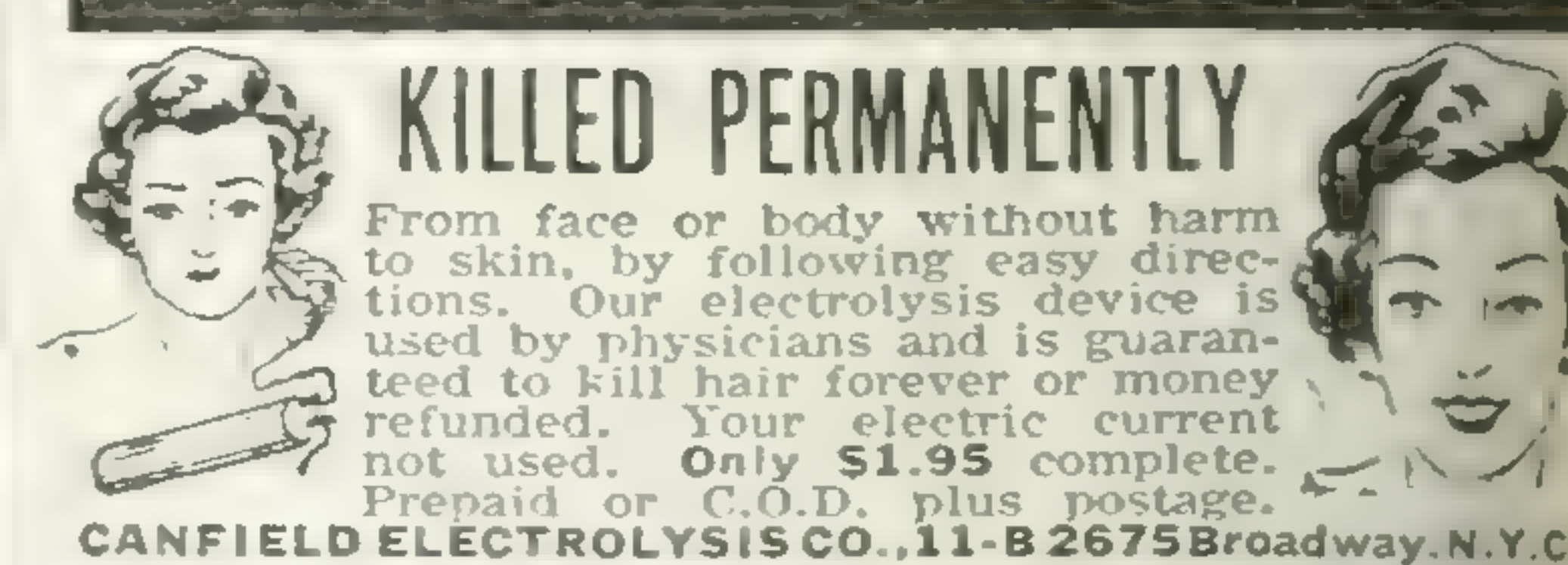
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Georgianna Shoppe.....Wichita Falls

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W. G. Reynolds Co.....Burlington

VIRGINIA
Pauline Shop.....Chase City
Jos. Ney & Sons Co.....Harrisonburg
La Vogue Shoppe.....Newport News
A. Berson.....Portsmouth
S. H. Heironimus.....Roanoke
Ballard & Smith.....Suffolk

WASHINGTON
Mallahan's.....Bellingham
C. C. Chaffee.....Everett
MacDougall Southwick.....Seattle
Lumberman's Merc. Co.....Shelton
Spokane Dry Goods Co.....Spokane
Frank M. Skinner Co.....Tacoma
A. M. Jensen Co.....Walla Walla
Barnes Woodin Co.....Yakima

WEST VIRGINIA
Coyle & Richardson.....Charleston
Watts Sartor & Lear.....Clarksburg
J. M. Hartley & Son Co.....Fairmont
Anderson McComb Co.....Huntington
Goldstein Sons, Inc.....Parkersburg
The Vogue.....Welch
Nobby's.....Williamson

WISCONSIN
Stevenson's.....Eau Claire
Nan Sommers, Inc.....Green Bay
Cinderella Shop.....Madison
E. F. Bretz.....Milwaukee
Benj. Rosenberg & Co.....1101 Mitchell St., Milwaukee
Frank Stein & Co.....Oshkosh
Hill Bros.....Sheboygan
Stack & Co.....Superior

FOREIGN
Curtis, Ltd.....Honolulu, T. H.
P. Guisti & Co.....San Juan, Porto Rico
Maison Doree.....Mexico City, D. F.

PHOTOPLAY HOLLYWOOD HAT FASHIONS

BYRON HOLLYWOOD MODES—1938

ARIZONA
Gertude Rubin Shop.....Tucson

ARKANSAS
Eugenie I. Frank.....Little Rock

CALIFORNIA
The May Co.....Los Angeles
Hastings.....Oakland
O'Connor Moffatt Co.....San Francisco

INDIANA
Helman's.....New Albany

IOWA
Dawson's.....Fort Dodge
The James Black Dry Goods Co.....Waterloo

LOUISIANA
Hearne Dry Goods Co.....Shreveport

MINNESOTA
Steele's.....Duluth

MISSISSIPPI
Nelms & Blum.....Greenville

MISSOURI
Stix, Baer & Fuller Co.....St. Louis

NEW JERSEY
J. B. Wilson Co.....Trenton

NEW MEXICO
Neithercutt Dress Shop.....Hobbs

NORTH DAKOTA
Rose Shop..... Fargo

OHIO
The May Company.....Cleveland
Ferris Millinery.....Youngstown

OKLAHOMA
Durnil Dry Goods Company.....Muskogee

OREGON
The Hub, Inc.....Marshfield

PENNSYLVANIA
Brett's..... Altoona
Patsy-Anne Shop.....Easton
Leinbach.....Lancaster

SOUTH CAROLINA
Gallant Belk Co.....Anderson
Cabaniss Co.....Columbia

TENNESSEE
Kate Rice Hat Shop.....Chattanooga
Anderson Bros. & Foster.....Columbia
B. Lowenstein Co.....Memphis
Cain Sloan.....Nashville

TEXAS
Kitty Kerrigan's Mill'y.....Amarillo
Bettis & Sturges.....Ballinger
Albert M. Fisher Co.....Big Spring
Lichtenstein Sons.....Corpus Christi
Mrs. Kate Smalley.....Corsicana
Battelstein's.....Houston
Parisian Hat Shop.....Paris
The Vogue.....San Antonio
The Fashion Bazaar.....Waco

VIRGINIA
Belk Leggett Co.....Danville
Rice's.....Norfolk

WASHINGTON
Bon Marche.....Seattle

WEST VIRGINIA
Grayce Shop.....Charleston

ROXFORD HOLLYWOOD FASHIONS—1938

ALABAMA
Odum, Bowers & White.....Birmingham

ARKANSAS
H. S. Cooper.....Helena

CALIFORNIA
The White House.....San Francisco

CONNECTICUT
Sage-Allen.....Hartford
Dorothy's Millinery.....Stamford

DELAWARE
Braunstein's.....Wilmington

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA
The Hecht Company.....Washington

FLORIDA
Nordell's.....Miami
The Smart Shop.....Panama City
Goodwyn Mitchell.....St. Petersburg
The Sport Shop.....Sarasota

GEORGIA
A. C. Cobb Co.....Cedartown
Florence's, Inc.....Marietta
Marnez Shop.....Savannah
C. C. Varnedoe & Co.....Valdosta

INDIANA
Wolf & Dessauer.....Fort Wayne

ILLINOIS
Hollywood Shops.....Benton
Emporium.....Jacksonville
S. A. Barker Co.....Springfield

IOWA
The Tilden Store.....Ames
Fishgall's.....Sioux City

KANSAS
Wiley's.....Hutchinson
Ackerman's.....Lawrence
Kimball's.....Newton
Wiegner's.....Salina
Allen W. Hinkel Co.....Wichita

KENTUCKY
Simond's.....Louisville
The Smart Shop.....Winchester

LOUISIANA
Rosenfeld, D. G.....Baton Rouge
Nancy Hat Shop.....Shreveport

MAINE
Chernowski's.....Augusta
Owen Moore Co.....Portland
Emory Brown.....Waterville

MARYLAND
Fleisher's.....Hagerstown

MICHIGAN
Goodyear's.....Ann Arbor

MINNESOTA
Stevenson's Store.....Mankato
Stevenson's Store.....Rochester
Stevenson's Store.....Winona

MISSISSIPPI
Natchez Dept. Store.....Natchez

MISSOURI
Doyle's.....Cape Girardeau
Scruggs, Vandervoort & Carney.....St. Louis

NEBRASKA
Nebraska Clo. Co.....Omaha

NEW JERSEY
Tanney Milly.....Hackensack

NEW YORK
Lu Nette Shop.....Auburn
Fowler, Dick & Walker.....Binghamton
Flint & Kent.....Buffalo
The Cornish Shop.....Elmira
Kayle Hat Shoppe, Inc.....Freeport
Hirshy Milly.....Oneonta
Boeckel Shop.....Poughkeepsie

NORTH CAROLINA
J. B. Ivey Co.....Charlotte
Eloise Shop.....Morgantown

NORTH DAKOTA
Rose Shop.....Bismarck
Stevenson's Store.....Fargo
Rose Shop.....Grand Forks

OHIO
Halle Bros.....Canton
Halle Bros.....Cleveland
Mabley & Carew.....Cincinnati
Gail Gassman Shop.....Findlay
Irene Hat Shoppe.....Lima
J. W. Brown Store.....Piqua
The Hub.....Steubenville

OKLAHOMA
Moore's.....Wewoka

OREGON
The Paris.....The Dalles

PENNSYLVANIA
Vanity Fair Hat Shop.....Bethlehem
Weinberg's.....Chester
Nathan's, Inc.....Chambersburg
The Hat Shop.....Ellwood City
Bowman & Co.....Harrisburg
Gimbel Bros.....Philadelphia
Capitol Hat Shoppe.....Washington

SOUTH CAROLINA
G. H. Bailes Co.....Anderson
Holtwanger's.....Columbia

SOUTH DAKOTA
Barron Bros.....Mitchell
Collen's Hat Shop.....Pierre
Barron Bros.....Rapid City

TENNESSEE
Phil A. Halle Co.....Memphis
Morgan Verhine.....Union City

TEXAS
Ernest Grissom's.....Abilene
Sanger Bros.....Dallas
La Mode Shop.....Kilgore
La Mode Dress Shop.....Mt. Pleasant
Joske Bros.....San Antonio

VERMONT
Abernathy, Clarkson, Wright.....Burlington
The Grey Shoppe.....St. Johnsbury

VIRGINIA
Ames Brownley.....Norfolk
Geo. T. Horne Co.....Roanoke

WASHINGTON
Graham Milly.....Tacoma

WEST VIRGINIA
Mary V. Conway.....Beckley
Diamond.....Charleston

WISCONSIN
Stevenson's Store.....Eau Claire
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Brief Reviews

(Continued from page 93)

Western. Fred Scott, the warbling cowhand, shares honors with pretty Christine McIntyre. Several good blood and thunder battles interrupt the music at times and Al St. Johns offers a few comical turns. (May)

★ REBECCA OF SUNNYBROOK FARM—20th Century-Fox

Just forget you ever read the original "Rebecca" and enjoy every minute of the tantalizing Temple in the songs and dances with which she enlivens this story of radio broadcasting methods. Randy Scott and Gloria Stuart are a mild romance and Helen Westley is the sardonic owner of Sunnybrook. Shirley is delightful and Bill Robinson can't be sneezed at either. (May)

★ ROMANCE IN THE DARK—Paramount

A sophisticated farce with definite emphasis on the musical side, this is Gladys Swarthout's best picture to date. Playing a maid in opera star John B. Les' home, together they concoct a scheme to win the attention of maestro John Barrymore. Boles and Gladys sing several solos and three duets together in superb style. (May)

★ ROSALIE—M-G-M

Metro spent almost \$2,000,000 on this and it ought to be pretty special. You get Nelson Eddy singing Cole Porter songs, Eleanor Powell's dancing and Frank Morgan's funny speech. If the garbled story of a West Pointer in love with a princess doesn't throw you for a loop, the colossal sets probably will. Better go anyway. (March)

★ SALLY, IRENE AND MARY—20th Century-Fox

Another musical from the Zanuck mold. The slim story revolves around the ambitions of three chorines. You will love Alice Faye's singing, Joan Davis' awkwardness and Marjorie Weaver's charm. You will laugh at Fred Allen's wit, Gregory Ratoff's accent, Louise Hovick's vamping and Jimmy Durante's nosing. The songs are fun, too. (May)

★ SLIGHT CASE OF MURDER, A—Warners

Belonging to the addleheaded cycle of pictures started by "Nothing Sacred," a morbid humor is here squeezed from murder. The story concerns the plight of a gangster (Edward G. Robinson) and his low-brow wife (Ruth Donnelly) who try to go straight after Repeal. They fail in a mad, shocking, but outrageously witty way. (April)

SPY RING, THE—Universal

William Hall is the army hero of this fast melodrama on how to catch an enemy spy with a polo mallet. Jane Wyman aids Hall and Leon Ames and Ben Alexander are tossed an occasional scene. There is a timely entente with current headlines in the subplot. (April)

START CHEERING—Columbia

Bright as a new penny, this novel collegiate musical tells the story of a movie hero who gives up fame to attend a university. His manager, Walter Connolly, and Joan Perry, the dean's lovely daughter, fight to lure him back to the spotlight. Gertrude Niesen sings some swellish songs. You'll like it. (May)

SWING YOUR LADY—Warners

A picture with an idea, even if it disappoints as a musical. Nat Pendleton, as a moron wrestler matched with Amazonian Louise Fazenda, will keep you in stitches; there is some good hillbilly music and a dandy "Big Apple" sequence. Add it up—and you have laughs galore. (April)

TELEPHONE OPERATOR—Monogram

You'll find this a neat package of entertainment dealing with the inside doings of a metropolitan exchange. Judith Allen and Alice White are the two "hello" girls who risk their lives when the dam breaks. Linesmen Warren Hymer and Grant Withers give Cupid something to work on. Adequate B material. (May)

WALKING DOWN BROADWAY—20th Century-Fox

Be advised not to believe a word of this dismal pseudo-portrait of Broadway. It pictures the careers of six chorus girls, several of whom get liquidated in the vortex! Claire Trevor survives to claim Michael Whalen, but who cares? (May)

★ WISE GIRL—RKO-Radio

Crisp Miriam Hopkins gives an electric performance here—aided by a fine story, Leigh Jason's direction and a cast that immensely enjoys itself. Two orphaned children are adopted by struggling artist Ray Milland. Miriam resents his interference—and how. Milland was born for his rôle, and Henry Stephenson and the children are delicious. Catch this quick. (March)

★ YANK AT OXFORD, A—M-G-M

In this picture made in England, Robert Taylor emerges less the dandy, more the male. As the son of a small-town editor (Lionel Barrymore—can he act!) Taylor wins a scholarship, wins and loses Maureen O'Sullivan, takes a beating from his classmates, generally does a fine job. Credits to the entire cast. (April)

★ YOU'RE A SWEETHEART—Universal

A Broadway show in the making is the background of this story and fortunately provides the most important elements in the plot. George Murphy really comes into his own as a dancer and singer, and Alice Faye also sings song hits as only she can. Ken Murray and Oswald of radio fame lend support. It's a nifty. (March)



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Casts of Current Pictures

"ADVENTURES OF ROBIN HOOD, THE"—WARNERS.—Original screen play by Norman Reilly Raine and Sexton I. Miller. Based upon ancient Robin Hood Legends. Directed by Michael Curtiz and William Keighley. The Cast: Robin Hood, Errol Flynn; Maid Marian, Olivia de Havilland; Sir Guy of Gisbourne, Basil Rathbone; King Richard, the Lionhearted, Ian Hunter; Little John, Alan Hale; Will Scarlett, Patric Knowles; Prince John, Claude Rains; Friar Tuck, Eugene Pallette; High Sheriff of Nottingham, Melville Cooper; Bess, Una O'Connor; Bishop of Black Canon, Montagu Love; Sir Ralf, Robert Noble; Sir Geoffrey, Robert Warwick; Sir Ivor, Lester Matthews; Captain of Archers, Howard Hill; Much, Herbert Mundin; Sir Essex, Leonard Willey; Sir Mortimer, Kenneth Hunter; Sir Baldwin, Colin Kenny; Dickon Malbete, Harry Cording; Proprietor of Kenil Road Tavern, Ivan Simpson.

"BATTLE OF BROADWAY, THE"—20th CENTURY-FOX.—Screen play by Lou Breslow and John Patrick. Original story by Norman Houston. Directed by George Marshall. The Cast: Big Ben Wheeler, Victor McLaglen; Chesty Webb, Brian Donlevy; Linda Lee, Louise Hovick; Homer C. Bundy, Raymond Walburn; Marjorie Clark, Lynn Bari; Mrs. Rogers, Jane Darwell; Jack Bundy, Robert Kellard; Turkey, Sammy Cohen; Opal Updyke, Esther Muir; Svenson, Eddie Holden; Agatha, Hattie McDaniel; Professor Halligan, Paul Irving; Pinky McCann, Frank Moran; Judge Hutchins, Andrew Tombes.

"BULLDOG DRUMMOND'S PERIL"—PARAMOUNT.—Screen play by Stuart Palmer. Based on "The Third Round," by H. C. (Sapper) McNeile. Directed by James Hogan. The Cast: Colonel Nielson, John Barrymore; Capt. Hugh "Bulldog" Drummond, John Howard; Phyllis Clavering, Louise Campbell; Algy Longworth, Reginald Denny; Gwen Longworth, Nydia Westman; Professor Bernard Goodman, Halliwell Hobbes; Tenny, E. E. Clive; Anthony Greer, Michael Brooke; Aunt Blanche, Elizabeth Patterson; Sir Raymond Blantyre, Mathew Boulton; Dr. Botulian, Porter Hall.

"CONDEMNED WOMEN"—RKO-RADIO.—Story and screen play by Lionel Houser. Directed by Lew Landers. The Cast: Linda Wilson, Sally Eilers; Phillip Duncan, Louis Hayward; Millie Anson, Anne Shirley; Malron Glover, Esther Dale; Big Annie, Lee Patrick; Kate, Leona Roberts; Warden Miller, George Irving; David, Richard Bond; Sarah, Netta Packer; Cora, Rita LaRoy.

"FIRST HUNDRED YEARS, THE"—M-G-M.—Screen play by Melville Baker. Original story by Norman Krasna. Directed by Richard Thorpe. The Cast: David Conway, Robert Montgomery; Lynn Conway, Virginia Bruce; Harry Borden, Warren William; Claudia Weston, Binnie Barnes; Samuel Z. Walker, Alan Dinehart; Uncle Dawson, Harry Davenport; Midge, Nydia West-



The life of a glamour girl is definitely not all sugar and spice. No sooner had Merle Oberon stepped off the boat from England and made the trip cross-country to Hollywood, than the cameras of Sam Goldwyn's "Graustark" began to grind, and the pretty star was back at work again.

man; Chester Blascow, E. E. Clive; Karl, Torben Meyer; Mariha, Bodil Rosing; Wilkins, Irving Bacon.

"FOOLS FOR SCANDAL"—WARNERS.—Screen play by Herbert Fields and Joseph Fields. From the play, "Return Engagement," by Nancy Hamilton, James Shute and Rosemary Casey. Directed by Mervyn LeRoy. The Cast: Kay Winters, Carole Lombard; Rene, Fernand Gravet; Phillip Chester, Ralph Bellamy; Dewey Gilson, Allen Jenkins; Lady Paula Malverton, Isabel Jeans; Jill, Marcia Ralston; Lady Potter-Porter, Heather Thatcher; Bessie, Temple Piggott; Myrtle, Marie Wilson; Agnes, Tola Nesmith; Papa Joli-Coeur, Jacques Lory; Mme. Brioche, Michelle Burani; Specialty, Jeni LeGon; and Les Hite and his orchestra.

"GIRL OF THE GOLDEN WEST, THE"—M-G-M.—Screen play by Isabel Dawn and Boyce DeGaw. Based on the play by David Belasco. Music by Sigmund Romberg. Directed by Robert Z. Leonard. The Cast: Mary Robbins, Jeanette MacDonald; Ramirez, Nelson Eddy; Lieutenant Johnson, Nelson Eddy; Jack Rance, Walter Pidgeon; Mosquito, Leo Carrillo; Alabama, Buddy Ebsen; Pedro, Leonard Penn; Nina Martinez, Priscilla Lawson; Sonora Slim, Bob Murphy; Trinidad Joe, Olin Howland; Minsrel Joe, Cliff Edwards; Nick, Billy Bevan; The Professor, Brandon Tynan; Father Sienna, H. B. Warner; Governor, Monty Woolley.

"GOODBYE BROADWAY"—UNIVERSAL.—Screen play by Ray Chanslor and Dorian Otvos. Original story by James Gleason. Directed by Ray McCarey. The Cast: Pat Malloy, Charles Winniger; Molly Malloy, Alice Brady; Chuck, Tom Brown; Tommy, Tommy Riggs; Jeanne, Dorothea Kent; Harry, Frank Jenks; Mr. Higgins, Jed Prouty; Oglethorpe, Donald Meek; Jushead, Willie Best; Lancaster, Del Henderson; Cromwell, Jack Daley; Merriweather, Rollo Lloyd; Calderway, Julius Tannen; Freddie, Charles Sullivan; Elmer, Steve Strelch; Mrs. Pettengale, Virginia Howell.

"ISLAND IN THE SKY"—20TH CENTURY-FOX.—Screen play by Frances Hyland and Albert Ray. Original story by Jerry Cady. Directed by Herbert I. Leeds. The Cast: Julie Hayes, Gloria Stuart; Michael Fraser, Michael Whalen; Peter Vincent, Robert Kellard; Doyle, Paul Kelly; Lucy Rhodes, June Storey; Happy, Paul Hurst; Marly Butler, Leon Ames; Walter Rhodes, Willard Robertson; Trompas, George Humbert; Mrs. O'Shea, Aggie Herring; Inspector Whitehead, Charles D. Brown.

"JOY OF LIVING"—RKO-RADIO.—Based on an original story by Dorothy and Herbert Fields. Screen play by Gene Towne, Graham Baker and Allan Scott. Directed by Tay Garnett. The Cast: Maggie, Irene Dunne; Dan, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.; Minerva, Alice Brady; Dennis, Guy Kibbee; Harrison, Jean Dixon; Potter, Eric Blore; Salina, Lucille Ball; Mike, Warren Hymer; Cafe Owner, Billy Gilbert; Bert Pine, Frank Milan; Dotsy Pine, Dorothy Steiner; Betsy Pine, Estelle Steiner; Marie, Phyllis Kennedy; Orchestra Leader, Franklin Pangborn; Mac, James Burke; Oswego, John Qualen; Magistrate, Spencer Charters.

"JUDGE HARDY'S CHILDREN"—M-G-M.—Screen play by Kay Van Riper. Based on characters created by Aurania Rouverol. Directed by George B. Seitz. The Cast: Judge James Hardy, Lewis Stone; Andrew Hardy, Mickey Rooney; Marian Hardy, Cecilia Parker; Mrs. Hardy, Fay Holden; Aunt Milly, Betty Ross Clark; Polly Benedict, Ann Rutherford; Wayne Trenion, Robert Whitney; Suzanne Cortot, Jacqueline Laurent; Margaret Lee, Ruth Hussey; John Lee, Jonathan Hale; Miss Budge, Janet Beecher; Steve Prentiss, Leonard Penn; Radio Announcer, Boyd Crawford.

"LIFE DANCES ON" (UN CARNET DE BAL)—A. F. E. CORPORATION.—Written and directed by Julien Duvivier. The Cast: Christine, Marie Bell; Madame Audie (the Mother), Francoise Rosay; Jo (Night Club Owner), Louis Jouvet; Alain Regnault (Priest), Harry Baur; Eric Irvin (Alpine Guide), Pierre-Richard Willm; Francois Palusset (Mayor), Raimu; Dr. Thierry, Blanchard; Pierre Fabien (Hairdresser), Fernandel; Jacques (Young Boy), Robert Lynen.

"MAID'S NIGHT OUT"—RKO-RADIO.—Screen play by Bert Granet. Directed by Ben Holmes. The Cast: Sheila Harrison, Joan Fontaine; Bill Norman, Allan Lane; Popopolis, Billy Gilbert; Geoffrey, Cecil Kellaway; Mrs. Harrison, Hedda Hopper; Wally Martin, Wm. Brisbane; Adele, Vicki Lester; Mary, Hilda Vaughn; Rufus Norman, George Irving; Mac, Frank M. Thomas; Mischa, Solly Ward; Hogan, Eddie Gribbon.

"MR. MOTO'S GAMBLE"—20TH CENTURY-FOX.—Original screen play by Charles Belden and Jerry Cady. Based on the character "Mr. Moto" created by John P. Marquand. Directed by James Tinling. The Cast: Mr. Moto, Peter Lorre; Lee Chan, Keye Luke; Bill Steele, Dick Baldwin; Penny Kendall, Lynn Bari; Nick Crowder, Douglas Fowley; Linda Benton, Jayne Regan; Lieutenant Riggs, Harold Huber; Wellington, Maxie Rosenbloom; Philip Benton, John Hamilton; Connors, George E. Stone; Clipper McCoy, Bernard Nedell; Gabby Marden, Charles Williams; Biff Moran, Ward Bond; McGuire, Cliff Clark; Sammy, Edward Marr; Joey, Lon Chaney, Jr.; Frankie Stanton, Russ Clark; District Attorney, Pierre Watkins; Editor, Charles D. Brown.

"PENROD'S DOUBLE TROUBLE"—WARNERS.—Based on the book by Booth Tarkington. Story by Ernest Booth. Scenario by Crane Wilbur. Directed by Lewis Seiler. The Cast: Penrod, Billy Mauch; Mrs. Schofield, Kathleen Lockhart; Danny, Bobby Mauch; Mr. Schofield, Gene Lockhart; Tex, Dick Purcell; Mr. Bits, Charles Halton; Vermin, Phillip Hurlie; Donald, Billy Lechner; Monk, Sunny Bupp; Chuck, Donald Hulbert; Professor, Hugh O'Connell; Delia, Bernice Pilot; Sam, John Perrone; Piggie, Billy Wolfstone; Rodney, Jackie Morrow; Jerry, Jerry Tucker; Jack, Jack Cunningham.

"PORT OF SEVEN SEAS"—M-G-M.—Screen play by Preston Sturges. From the play "Fanny" by Marcel Pagnol. Directed by James Whale. The Cast: Cesar, Wallace Beery; Panisse, Frank Morgan; Madelon, Maureen O'Sullivan; Marius, John Beal; Honorine, Jessie Ralph; Claudine, Cora Witherspoon; Bruneau, Etienne Girardot; Captain Escartefigue, E. Allyn Warren.

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"ROSE OF THE RIO GRANDE"—MONOGRAM.—Screen play by Ralph Bettinson. Original story by Johnston McCulley. Directed by William Nigh. The Cast: Rosita, Movita; El Gato, John Carroll; Lugo, Antonio Moreno; Don Jose, Don Alvarado; Anita, Lina Basquette; Pedro, George Cleveland; Sebastian, Duncan Renaldo; Castro, Gino Corrado; Luis, Martin Gerralga; Maria, Rose Turich.

"SAILING ALONG"—GB.—Based on an original story by Selwyn Jepson. Directed by Sonnie Hale. The Cast: Kay Martin, Jessie Matthews; Gulliver, Roland Young; Dick Randall, Jack Whiting; Steve Barnes, Barry Mackay; Windy, Noel Madison; Sylvester, Alistair Sim; Victoria Gulliver, Athene Seyler; Skipper Barnes, Frank Pettingell; Stephanie Randall, Margaret Vyner; Jill, Peggy Novak; Butler, William Dewhurst.

"STOLEN HEAVEN"—PARAMOUNT.—Screen play by Eve Greene and Frederick Jackson. Based on a story by Andrew L. Stone. Directed by Andrew Stone. The Cast: Carl, Gene Raymond; Steffi, Olympe Bradna; Rita, Glenda Farrell; Languier, Lewis Stone; Von, Porter Hall; Bako, Joseph Sawyer; Lubert, Ferdinand Gottschalk; Klingman, Douglas Dumbrille; Wenzel, Bert Roach; Leischen, Esther Dale; Gottlieb, Rolfe Sedan; Policeman, Ferdinand Schumann-Heink; Sergeant Lerner, Hooper Atchley.

"TEST PILOT"—M-G-M.—Screen play by Vincent Lawrence and Waldemar Young. Original story by Frank Wead. Directed by Victor Fleming. The Cast: Jim, Clark Gable; Ann, Myrna Loy; Gunner, Spencer Tracy; Drake, Lionel Barrymore; General Ross, Samuel S. Hinds; Landlady, Marjorie Main; Joe, Ted Pearson; Mrs. Benson, Gloria Holden; Benson, Louis Jean Heydt; Sarah, Virginia Grey; Mable, Priscilla Lawson; Mrs. Barton, Claudia Coleman; Mr. Barton, Arthur Aylesworth.

"THERE'S ALWAYS A WOMAN"—COLUMBIA.—Screen play by Gladys Lehman. Story by Wilson Collison. Directed by Alexander Hall. The Cast: Sally Reardon, Joan Blondell; William Reardon, Melvyn Douglas; Lola Fraser, Mary Astor; Anne Calhoun, Frances Drake; Nick Shane, Jerome Cowan; Jerry Marlowe, Robert Paige; District Attorney, Thurston Hall; Mr. Ketterling, Pierre Watkin; Grigson, Walter Kingsford; Faller Fraser, Lester Matthews.

"THREE COMRADES"—M-G-M.—Screen play by F. Scott Fitzgerald and Edward E. Paramore. From the book by Erich Maria Remarque. Directed by Frank Borzage. The Cast: Erich Lohkamp, Robert Taylor; Patricia Hollmann, Margaret Sullivan; Otto Koster, Franchot Tone; Gottfried Lenz, Robert Young; Alfons, Guy Kibbee; Breuer, Lionel Atwill; Dr. Becker, Henry Hull; Local Doctor, Charley Grapewin; Dr. Jaffe, Monty Woolley.

"TRIP TO PARIS, A"—20TH CENTURY-FOX.—Original screen play by Robert Ellis and Helen Logan. Based on characters created by Katharine Kavanaugh. Directed by Mal St. Clair. The Cast: John Jones, Jed Prouty; Bonnie Thompson, Shirley Deane; Mrs. John Jones, Spring Byington; Herbert Thompson, Russell Gleason; Jack Jones, Ken Howell; Roger Jones, George Ernest; Lucy Jones, June Carlson; Granny Jones, Florence Roberts; Bobby Jones, Billy Mahan; Tommy McGuire, Marvin Stephens; Marguerite Varloff, Joan Valerie; Willie Jones, Harold Huber; Countess Varloff, Nedda Harrigan; Emile, Leonid Kinskey; Hotel Manager, Armand Kaliz; Duroche, Clay Clement.

"WOMEN ARE LIKE THAT"—WARNERS.—Screen play by Horace Jackson, from the Saturday Evening Post story by Albert H. Z. Carr. Directed by Stanley Logan. The Cast: Claire Landin, Kay Francis; Avery Flickner, Herbert Rawlinson; Howard Jones, Gordon Oliver; Mainwaring, Melville Cooper; Bill Landin, Pat O'Brien; Claudius King, Thurston Hall; Martin Brush, Ralph Forbes; Charles Bradin, John Eldredge; Mrs. Conroy, Phyllis Claire; Mr. Snell, Grant Mitchell; Mrs. Amelia Brush, Georgia Caine; Mrs. Snell, Sarah Edwards; Halliwell, Edward Brodley; Larraby, Wm. Hopper; Miss Perkins, Loia Cheaney; Miss Douglas, Josephine Whittell; Maude, Bernice Pilot; Miss Hall, Joyce Compton; Frazier, Harry C. Bradley.

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Preserve the loveliness of your coiffure days longer this becoming way. Insist on the original, tailored DON-A-CAP... fits perfectly, is comfortable and affords better wave protection. Millions in use everywhere.

Special Model at Ten Cent Stores Only Look for Original DON-A Label

At stores and beauty shops everywhere... If not obtainable write DONA MANUFACTURING CO. San Diego, California

No. 800 25c
DONA-MAID
No. 300 25c
DON-A-CAP
No. 500 50c
DON-A-BAN



Young love grabs its chance at last! Bonita Granville, heretofore always a brat on the screen, goes soft—and over Jackie Cooper, too. Both these starlets appear as the romance in Warners' new picture "White Banners"

Exclusive
PHOENIX
process
creates hosiery that *blooms*
with *life..strength..beauty*



THE REASON FOR VITA-BLOOM

1 Raw silk is protected by a natural protein substance that gives the thread its amazing strength and vitality. This vital element is removed from the silk in the making of hosiery. Hosiery manufacturers have tried to overcome this for years.

WHAT VITA-BLOOM IS

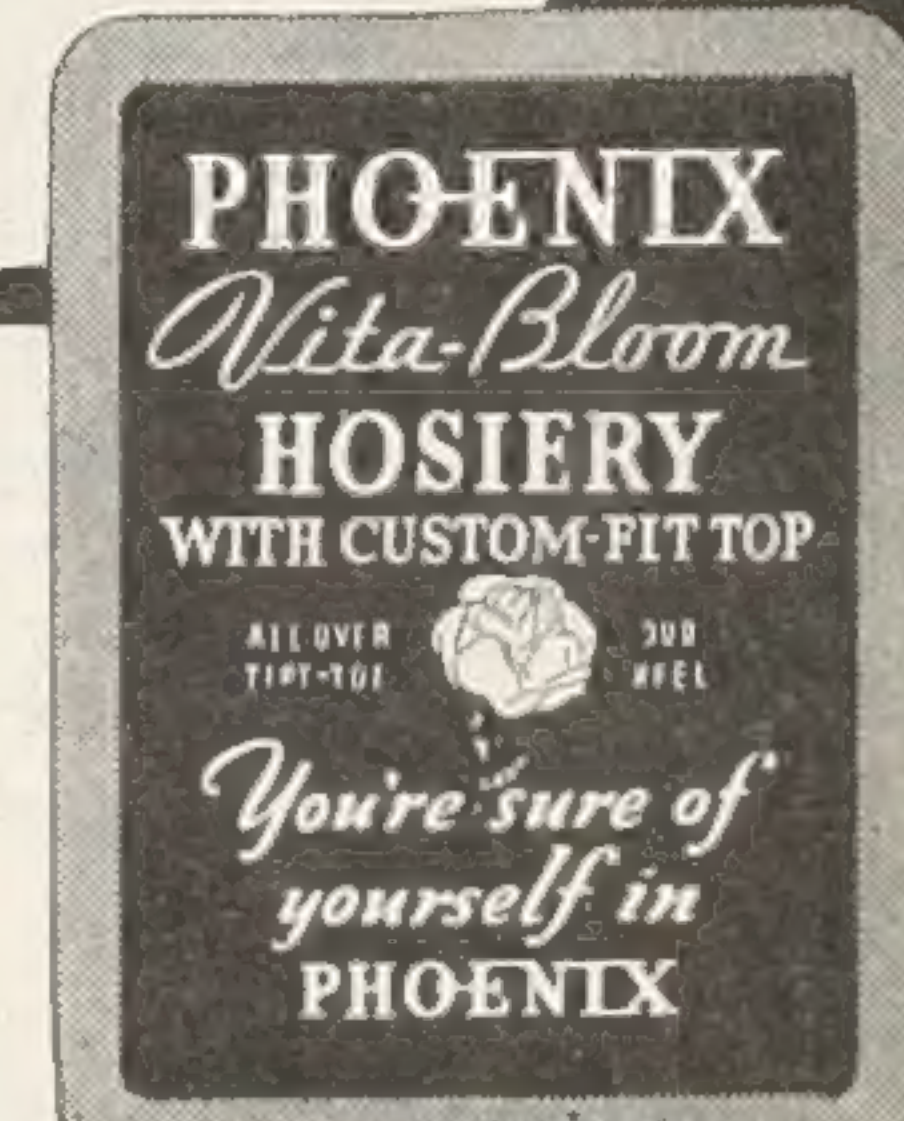
2 Now Vita-Bloom, a new secret method (patents pending), an extra manufacturing process used only by Phoenix, *restores* this life-giving protein. Vita-Bloom definitely improves Phoenix Hosiery.

WHAT VITA-BLOOM DOES

3 You can see the new depth and "bloom" of color. You can *feel* the smooth, soft, even texture. You can *prove* the longer life, the snag-and-wear-resistant quality by trying the new Phoenix Vita-Bloom.

Vita-Bloom

PHOENIX
Vita-Bloom
HOSIERY



FASHION HINT: The new Phoenix 5-thread Vita-Bloom hosiery looks as sheer as fine evening hose, yet wears like the heavier street weights. There is no extra cost for Vita-Bloom. Featured by leading stores. If your favorite store does not handle Vita-Bloom, write us for name of nearest dealer. Look for this label on every pair.

You're sure of yourself in **PHOENIX**



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With quality, style and dependability
never before available at these prices

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many other fine points of construction combine to make a
watch of extremely high value at very moderate price.

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price you want to pay.

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to us if you do not know his name.

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AZURA \$19.75



MAXINE — 17 jewels \$24.75



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